

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1977 • \$2.25

PLAYBOY

SEX STARS OF '77

**THE PLAYMATE
HOUSE PARTY
YOU DIDN'T
SEE ON TV**

**FAT, JUICY
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE—OUR
BIGGEST
EVER!**

- ☆ A FAR-OUT INTERVIEW WITH JOHN DENVER
- ☆ CLOSE-UPS OF BILL WALTON, KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, BURT REYNOLDS
- ☆ GREAT MOMENTS IN SEXUAL CENSORSHIP
- ☆ ON TOUR WITH KISS IN JAPAN
- ☆ THE ULTIMATE EXERCISE PRIMER
- ☆ "SWINGERS' SCRAPBOOK" A WEIRD, WILD PHOTO ESSAY
- ☆ PLAYBOY'S DO-IT-YOURSELF PAPER STARSHIP



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FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine,
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

PLAYBILL

LAST SEPTEMBER, we found ourself trapped in an airport with nothing to read. Having already memorized the most recent issue of *PLAYBOY*, we decided it was time for our biannual check-in with that other magazine. You know—*Penthouse*. There, in official purple prose, we found a celebration going on: "Let the champagne flow, the music blare, and the candles blaze. . . . *Penthouse* has surpassed *PLAYBOY* to become the biggest selling men's magazine in the world." Imagine our surprise. Obviously, the copy writer at Bob's place had been letting the champagne flow instead of doing his research. According to the publisher's statements filed with the Audit Bureau of Circulations for the first half of 1977 by both *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse*—and certified by each publisher—*PLAYBOY* is not only alive and well, it is the largest-selling men's magazine in the world. Our circulation is 4,919,977 copies per month, over a quarter million more than the claims of *Penthouse's* self-promotion department. The six foreign-language editions of *PLAYBOY* sell another 1,600,000 copies a month. Those 6,500,000 copies reach an estimated audience of more than 20,000,000 readers. Facts like that could drive a man to drink, especially if he's in the number-two slot. So let the champagne flow, Guccione, and dream on. *PLAYBOY* is the biggest and the best—a fact that our readers know from past experience, that our advertisers know from their own surveys and that our imitators know from their own unfulfilled fantasies.

If fiction is your holiday bag, start out with **Bernard Malamud's** *Abhorrent Green Slippery City* (an excerpt from *Dubin's Lives*, to be published in 1978), a sardonic account of one man's difficulties securing a little piece of heaven in Venice (her name is Fanny). Next, join **Philip José Farmer** in an old folks' home where a group of zanies as old as Santa valiantly try to quench the fire that time cannot douse. Illustrated by **Warren Linn**, the story is called *The Henry Miller Dawn Patrol*, and we suspect that the author of the same name would be proud to think his legendary powers provided inspiration for this tale of geriatric lust.

Everyone loves an air ace, so we put Senior Art Director **Kerig Pope** and artist **Ron Villani** to work designing your very own cutout rocket ship. *WHOOOOOOSH—When Rocket Ships Were Really a Blast* was a labor of love for Pope and Villani, both of whom are highflying nostalgia freaks.

But *PLAYBOY* isn't an outpatient work-therapy project for art directors only. Senior Articles Editor **Laurence Gonzales**, when asked what inspired *Star Spats*, his parody of *Star Wars*, replied, "I was motivated by an insanity that hasn't been cured yet. Experts from Johns Hopkins have been given a grant to study me to find out why I wrote it."

Maybe they can follow that with a study of *PLAYBOY* Staff Writer **David Standish**, who joined the reptilian rockers Kiss on their 1977 tour of Japan, returned to write *How I Spent My Spring Vacation*, "then collapsed in an inscrutable stupor" from which he could be roused only by a jackhammer played very close to his right ear.

By contrast, *PLAYBOY* interviewer **Marcia Seligson's** visit with **John Denver** was about as informal as they come. She joined the Rocky Mountain picker and grinner on a camping trip and was impressed by Denver's complete competence in the wilderness. "It's hard," she says, "for an ordained cynic to believe someone like Denver exists—cheerful, optimistic, a perennial sunflower and all—but he's for real, and then some."

If there is anything more all-American than John Denver, it's football, or at least it was until Dan Jenkins got hold of it with his satirical novel, *Semi-Tough* (readers of *PLAYBOY's* September 1972 issue saw it first.) It was a natural for a movie, of course, and **Mark Goodman**, in *The Humminest Little Football Movie in Town* (illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**), reports on



MALAMUD



FARMER



SELIGSON



STANDISH



LINN



POPE, VILLANI



GONZALES



CRAFT



GREEN



GOODMAN



PALULIAN



LOWE



GROSS



MURPHY



ZOLOTOW



WILSON



WAX



NOLAN, BLUMENTHAL



CRONLEY



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HOOPER, HOLMES



CASILLI

the making of the \$5,500,000 production starring Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson. "I was envious of Kristofferson and Reynolds," Goodman says, "because the rest of us aging jocks can only replay those tunes of glory around the bar; Burt and Kris got to put on uniforms again and go out and do it."

Speaking of jocks, there is no question that the world-champion Portland Trail Blazers' 6'11" star center, Bill Walton, is among the most controversial. Ted Green's *Not Just Another Great White Hope*, illustrated by Dickran Palulian, provides a closer look at what makes the big guy tick.

If the mention of superathletes reminds you that you've been feeling a little run down, what with holiday hassles, you should pick up on our special health-and-fitness package, starting off with *Don't Pay Attention to Any Advice on Physical Fitness . . . Except This*, by Leonard Gross, which contains exercises developed by Dr. Laurence E. Morehouse that are described in the book *Maximum Performance*, co-authored by Morehouse and Gross and published by Simon & Schuster. On the other hand, if you find the whole subject of exercise an intrusion on your normally flaccid existence, you will want to turn directly to PLAYBOY Executive Editor G. Barry Golson's *Shrug-and-Stay-Fit Program*. Should you nonetheless become inspired to begin your own exercise regimen, be sure to read Gahan Wilson's *Cautionary Calisthenics* and avoid the problems he so wryly illustrates. In case you're wondering what kind of shape we're in these days, Assistant Editor Walter L. Lowe, who put the exercise package together, took an informal poll of our editorial staff and reports that only five of 32 people quizzed have any kind of formal exercise routine, though 19 regularly engage in some sport (tennis, racquetball, bicycling, swimming). The other respondents, he says, seem to favor walking, laughing and getting laid a lot.

Gambling requires just enough strength in the wrists to push a stack of chips across a table, but winning requires a grueling set of mental exercises, which Maurice Zolotow describes in *Blackjack for Blood*. If the article sends you off to Vegas, you'll want to cut the dashing figure of a gambler; Fashion Editor David Platt, New York Photo Editor Hollis Wayne and photographer Bruce Laurance show you how in our fashion feature, *Club Date*.

No Christmas issue would be complete without the usual holiday sugar and spice, and as we said before, we've got it. For a warm-up, there's *Playboy's Playmate House Party*, a gatefold girls' frolic at the Playboy Mansion West. Next, consult *Sex from the Sages*, a collection of comments on the subject by famous men and women compiled by Edward F. Murphy. And what's a December issue without Arthur Knight's overview of *Sex Stars of 1977*? And, fresh from the cutting-room floor, we have *Great Moments in Sexual Censorship*, compiled by Associate Editor John Blumenthal (who is just a crazy guy) and researcher Kate Nolan, both of whom prudishly refused to pose naked with Xs over their particulars for their *Playbill* photo.

Never mind. We can think of nothing more liberating than a peep through our *Swingers' Scrapbook*, a pictorial by photographer Robert Scott Hooper and his assistant, Theresa Holmes.

And what would a feast of Christmas reading be without dessert? Have a few laughs on Jay Cronley, who recounts his disillusionment with American mothers and children while working as a street-corner Kriss Kringle in *The Dirtiest Old Santa on the Block*. (The fact that Doubleday is publishing Cronley's funny novel *Fall Guy* in the spring has erased some of the pain.) And Judith Wax returns, tongue planted firmly in cheek, with *Playboy's Christmas Cards*.

We've got some dessert for your tummy, too. Photographer Mario Casilli admits to experiencing intense hunger pangs while shooting those consummate mimes Shields and Yarnell in *A Spirited Finale*. Emanuel Greenberg's guide to the art of combining your favorite liqueurs with other ingredients to make a dessert with a punch. In the proper spirit of the season, Shields and Yarnell donated their "modeling" fees to the American Heart Association. Merry Christmas.

A QUARTZ WATCH YOU CAN TRUST

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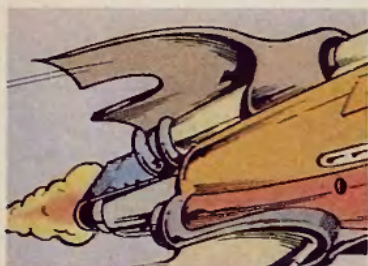


INTRODUCING BULOVA ACCUTRON QUARTZ

PLAYBOY®

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Rocket Ships

P. 146



Liberated Lifestyles

P. 167



Abhorrent Green

P. 138



Sex Stars

P. 208



Kriss Kringes

P. 151

PLAYBILL	3
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	13
DEAR PLAYBOY	15
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	23
ADVENTURES	26
How to see Yellowstone at its best: off season.	
MOVIES	28
Raves for <i>Julia</i> and <i>Equus</i> , but <i>Valentino's</i> a good-news/bad-news joke.	
RADIO	48
Down Dallas way, <i>Hotline</i> doubles as a matrimonial agency.	
BOOKS	51
The latest from Plimpton and Buchwald; secrets of <i>Inner Skiing</i> .	
MUSIC	59
Dexter Gordon, the Animals return; bargains in Mozart discs.	
TELEVISION	68
A racy <i>I, Claudius</i> begins on PBS; ABC offers <i>Gathering</i> for holidays.	
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	71
SELECTED SHORTS	
HOW THE SOUTH SPREAD—	
AND THEN ROSE AGAIN	JULIAN BOND 76
Georgia's outspoken black legislator answers the question: Which came first, Southern chic or Southern political power?	
BUCK ROGERS AND I	RAY RUSSELL 77
The author, who wrote <i>Buck Rogers</i> scenarios, remembers the first great rocket man with nostalgic affection.	
PLAYBOY SEX POLL	HOWARD SMITH 79
More of the great responses we received to last month's question: Where do you like to make love most outside of bed?	
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	85
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN DENVER—candid conversation	105
Joining Denver on a camping trip, our cynical interviewer is amazed to discover that Denver is just what he seems to be.	
ABHORRENT GREEN SLIPPERY CITY—fiction	BERNARD MALAMUD 138
A married man takes a young girl to Venice and finds out that when you're being taken for a ride, a gondola is the same as a limousine.	
BLACKJACK FOR BLOOD—article	MAURICE ZOLOTOW 143
The author apprentices with a gambling expert and finds it isn't easy.	
STAR SPATS—parody	LAURENCE GONZALES 144
A revisionist view of <i>Star Wars</i> that is pungent with chicken soup and cologne.	
WHOOOOOOSH—WHEN ROCKET SHIPS	
WERE REALLY A BLAST—pictorial	146
Old-time rocket designs and a specially designed do-it-yourself rocket.	
THE DIRTIEST OLD SANTA ON THE BLOCK—humor	JAY CRONLEY 151
He who laughs last laughs best, but not necessarily he who ho-hos all day.	
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE HOUSE PARTY—pictorial essay	152
You know how some parties get kinda loose after a while? Well, the party you saw on TV was like that. The fun really began the following day.	
NOT JUST ANOTHER GREAT WHITE HOPE—personality	TED GREEN 164
Despite his unusual political profile, Portland Trail Blazers center Bill Walton is really a jock at heart.	
SWINGERS' SCRAPBOOK—pictorial essay	167
Some folks who've done it all do a show-and-tell in our pages.	

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COVER STORY

Sondro Theodore, who will be forever remembered for her picture as our July Playmate playing the piano with her elbows, displays her versatility as a model by impersonating Santo Claus. Except for her face, her body, the vinyl jacket and the Rabbits on her boots, she's a dead ringer for Saint Nick, don't you think? Arny Freytag, who in no way resembles a little helper, was the photographer.

THE HENRY MILLER DAWN PATROL—fiction . . . PHILIP JOSE FARMER 174

An old ex-fighter pilot flies his last missions in the beds of an old folks' home.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS—verse . . . JUDITH WAX 176

A few timely sentiments you won't find on the Hallmark rack.

SCORPIO RISING—playboy's playmate of the month . . . 178

Ashley Cox has her eyes set on the stars, but we've got our eyes set on her.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor . . . 190

A SPIRITED FINALE . . . —food . . . EMANUEL GREENBERG 192

With some unusual help from Shields and Yarnell—socko desserts.

THE HUMMINEST LITTLE FOOTBALL

MOVIE IN TOWN—article . . . MARK GOODMAN 194

On the set of *Semi-Tough*, Kris Kristofferson and Burt Reynolds amid hundreds of screaming predatory cheerleaders.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE—gifts . . . 197

It's worth having a tree just to put some of these goodies under it.

SEX FROM THE SAGES—symposium . . . EDWARD F. MURPHY 203

Everybody thinks about it, but not everybody has something interesting to say about it. Those who have, you'll find here.

CLUB DATE—attire . . . DAVID PLATT 204

Step out for the holidays like a disco hustler and a fancy-Don dancer.

SEX STARS OF 1977—article . . . ARTHUR KNIGHT 208

We'll give you a clue: This was a big year for blondes with perfect teeth.

HOW I SPENT MY SPRING VACATION:

ON TOUR WITH KISS IN JAPAN—article . . . DAVID STANDISH 223

How an all-American rock group makes partial amends for World War Two.

GREAT MOMENTS IN

SEXUAL CENSORSHIP—humor. JOHN BLUMENTHAL and KATE NOLAN 227

It began in the Garden of Eden, and it's been going downhill ever since.

THE 1978 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL—music . . . 234

Once again, you have a chance to play critic by voting for your favorites.

SHAPING UP ONCE AND FOR ALL—compendium

DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO ANY ADVICE ON

PHYSICAL FITNESS . . . EXCEPT THIS—article . . . LEONARD GROSS 241

The co-author of *Total Fitness in 30 Minutes a Week* tells you how to become as fit as you can be. It's accompanied by an illustrated exercise program.

THE GOLSON SHRUG-AND-STAY-FIT

PROGRAM—opinion . . . G. BARRY GOLSON 244

For all those who feel that blinking and yawning are quite energetic enough.

CAUTIONARY CALISTHENICS—humor . . . GAHAN WILSON 245

Only the muscle-headed begin arduous exercise without proper guidance, and ghoulish Uncle Gahan is just the man to help you out.

TOMEU AND HIS DAUGHTERS—ribald classic . . . 246

CARD TRICKS—pictorial . . . 251

Ricky Jay can do more things with a deck of cards than you can do with a Veg-O-Matic, a 13-blade scout knife and a jar of K-Y jelly.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor . . . 255

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI . . . 330

Big-time billiards, expensive old cars, rare smoking gear and thick necks.

LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire . . . HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 363

Our heroine finds herself lat-deep in musclemen. Let's see what develops.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE . . . 367

Exercycles, nude-stamp collecting and an unusual calendar.



Star Spots

P. 144



Playmate Gel-together

P. 152



Noteworthy People

P. 234



Ashley Ascending

P. 178



Trail-blazing Waltan

P. 164

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



PEARL HARBOR WILL REMEMBER SONDRA

Spreading cheer among our boys in blue and white, Playmate Sondra Theodore signs autographs at Pearl Harbor Naval Station, where she dedicated a coffee shop.



BARON WEDS BUNNY

Baron Sepy Debronyi has long had a soft spot in his heart for PLAYBOY. For our August 1956 issue, he sculpted Anita Ekberg (above right); this year (above left), he wed ex-Miami Bunny Rita Lino.



PLAYBOY EDITOR, ART DIRECTOR COLLABORATE

Walter Sublette, the Assistant Fiction Editor of PLAYBOY, has a new book of poetry out. Jacket design for *The Resurrection on Friday Night*, published by Swallow Press, is by PLAYBOY Associate Art Director Bob Post. Sublette has also written a novel, *Go Now in Darkness*.

HEFNER ATTENDS DALLAS OPENING

At the gala opening of the Dallas Playboy Club, Bunny Teresa greets Editor and Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, Playmate Karen Christy (right). Texas keyholders gave Playboy a warm welcome.



BLUEGRASS FUN AT LAKE GENEVA

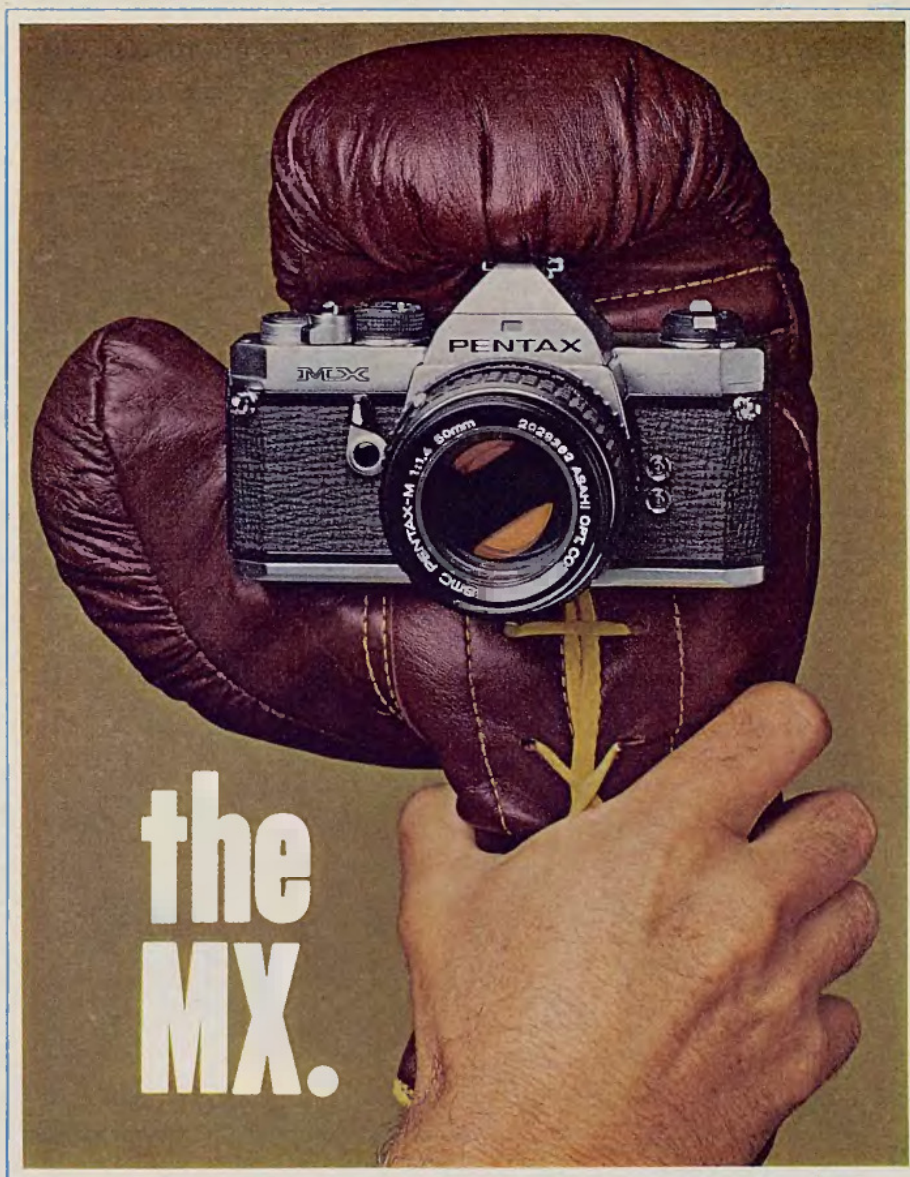
Little Maggie! Actually, it's Bunny Debi in a backstage shady grove, kissin' none other than bluegrass legend Ralph Stanley. A passel of groups gave a crowd of several thousand a fine bluegrass festival at Playboy Lake Geneva.

FLEETWOOD MAC HONORED

Honored at a Chicago Playboy Mansion party as winners of the Playboy Music Poll Pop/Rock Group category, here's Fleetwood Mac: John and Christine McVie, Stevie Nicks, Mick Fleetwood, Lindsey Buckingham.



PENTAX delivers a technical knockout



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

JAMES EARL RAY

Your interview with James Earl Ray (PLAYBOY, September) is excellent. Laurence Gonzales and James McKinley should be given time off for good behavior. It goes without saying that Ray should be strung up with piano wire through pierced ear lobes until he learns the difference between right and wrong, true and false—anything short of feeding him to the lions; those beautiful cats might get sick.

David B. Rothman
Leonora, New Jersey

Didn't we have enough of glorified murderers with the Gilmore interview? Ray is nothing more than a lying, cold-blooded murderer who shot and killed one of the greatest men who ever lived and seems to have no remorse about it.

D. Layman
Dodge City, Kansas

First it was Gary Gilmore, now it's James Earl Ray. Does a man need a gun to get recognition?

Arnie Roper
Platteville, Wisconsin

As a recently graduated lawyer, I cannot pretend to know all the answers; however, if that interview is the best story Ray can come up with, he'd better hope the FBI keeps its material classified. A new trial would sure as shit net him at least 299 years—and that's before eligibility for parole.

Robert Somerleigh
Thunder Bay, Ontario

Conflicting testimony, weak alibies, damaging evidence and expert polygraph interpretation all flagrantly denounce Ray's credibility. Indeed, the text of the interview itself reveals several blatant lies. The most obvious:

Page 76, PLAYBOY: "Where were you at 6:01?"

Ray: "A tavern about two and a half blocks north. I had a sandwich and a beer there."

Page 82, Ray: "I seldom drink beer. I never buy it. I would have bought whiskey."

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

If there is any reason for doubting Ray's guilt, I can't find it in your interview.

Bo Matthews
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Another fine interview from PLAYBOY. How do you manage to reach the unreachable?

Thomas Gilley
New York, New York

Bravo, PLAYBOY! Your interview technique is flawless. Too bad Ray's story isn't.

Ron Petrillo
Los Angeles, California

Your interview with convicted assassin James Earl Ray has brought about a lot of speculation as to the type of monetary arrangement worked out with Ray and prison authorities. You owe it to your readers to reveal your payment policies with such criminals as Ray and Gary Gilmore.

David Meyers
Berkeley, California
No payments were made to either James Earl Ray or Gary Gilmore.

THE ILLUSTRATED POLYGRAPH-CHART SECTION CONTAINS AT LEAST FOUR DEVIATIONS FROM GENERALLY ACCEPTED STANDARDS OF PROFESSIONAL POLYGRAPH TECHNIQUE, AND THAT'S WITHOUT COUNTING THE MOST SERIOUS ERROR OF ALL—THE CONCLUSION THAT THE ILLUSTRATED PORTION OF THE CHART SHOWS THAT JAMES EARL RAY WAS LYING WHEN HE

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"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end." Robert Service



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DENIED HAVING KILLED MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT NO COMPETENT POLYGRAPH EXAMINER WOULD EVER MAKE A DETERMINATION BASED ENTIRELY ON ONE CHART—LET ALONE ON MERELY A SMALL SECTION OF ONE CHART.

Joseph F. Greber
Irvine, California

The excerpted portions of Ray's polygraph charts are obviously meant only as illustrative examples of the full day-long examination. The entire selection of graphs was used by the examiner in forming his conclusions. Furthermore, large portions of those charts were shown to other polygraph firms, which concurred with the conclusions of John E. Reid & Associates. In fact, they found the test results to be decidedly unambiguous and striking in their clarity.

HIGH CAMP

The article *Camping Out* (PLAYBOY, September) by Jay Cronley is just hilarious.

Mark Ghis
Montreal, Quebec

My husband has always commented on the interesting interviews, stories and other written items in PLAYBOY; but in the September issue, there is a story that, to me, is really tops. I laughed till I cried. The story is *Camping Out* by Jay Cronley. We need more laughs like that.

Mrs. C. J. Hunkapilla
Athena, Oregon

A cockroach will not be killed by a 15-story fall, as mentioned in *Camping Out*, because there is not enough mass for a critical impact.

Doug Deschaine, Jr.
Windsor, Ontario

True, but the fall gives it such a headache that it commits suicide soon after.

BIG TEN BEAUTIES

As a former Hoosier, I looked at your *Girls of the Big Ten* (PLAYBOY, September) pictorial with some interest. I think it supports my contention that the best-looking girls in the Midwest are at Bloomington, Indiana. Pamela Jean Bryant and Sylvia Jean Hogan, baring their all with smiles on their faces, should be considered future Playmate material.

Marshall Morgan
San Francisco, California

Once again, lens wizard David Chan comes through with a dynamite pictorial on a group of very beautiful ladies. I think Grace Packard, Kathryn Sue Benson, Kathy Ball and Pamela Jean Bryant would all make excellent Playmates.

Richard Dieffenbach
Montoursville, Pennsylvania

I would like to commend you on your magnificent pictorial *Girls of the Big*

Ten. David Chan did one helluva job photographing those beautiful girls.

Mitch Ables
Armuchee, Georgia

Pamela Jean Bryant is absolute perfection. Will you please pursue the matter of getting her to appear in a future issue?

Ralph Rathjen
Kevin Van Pelt
Gorham, Illinois

Having noticed Pamela Jean Bryant in your September issue, I cannot understand why she wasn't chosen by your magazine as the next or an upcoming Playmate of the Month. Why is that?

Frank Pasterino
Astoria, New York

Hold on, fellas, these things take time. Pamela Jean has, in fact, been chosen to



be a Playmate and will appear early next year. You obviously know a good thing when you see it. And so do we.

AGNEW'S AGONY

I have just finished reading Aaron Latham's article *Spiro Agnew Looks for a Good Time* (PLAYBOY, September). My expectation when I began reading it was that yet another forthright American would supply further evidence to confirm that Agnew was a disaster not to be repeated in American politics. However, it became increasingly clear to me that I was bearing witness to a new American phenomenon, the well-educated, privileged, erudite, cheap-shot liberal. This new liberal is obviously a keyhole-pecking confidence man who expects rewards for taking advantage of personal confidences.

H. A. Poley
San Francisco, California

No doubt, Nixon and Agnew did dirt. So what's new? I firmly believe that 99 percent of all politically motivated individuals have to do dirt. So why are

journalists still getting their licks in? It must make good copy or something.

Stan Baumann
Omaha, Nebraska

Liberal intellectuals have turned their backs on the crimes and corruption of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations for years but still enjoy getting their digs in on a conservative when they can. As bad as Watergate was, I'd rather relive it 100 times than go through one more Bay of Pigs.

Steve Vassallo
Pompano Beach, Florida

Detailed rebuttal of Aaron Latham's juvenile attempt to embarrass me and destroy the good will that I enjoy in the Arab world would only dignify his vicious fantasy. I can only say that, after befriending and buying dinner for two apparently decent young people, I am shocked to find two years later that I have been commercially exploited by a horse's ass in desperate need of a buck. Forgive me, media people, if I feel a surge of *déjà vu*.

Spiro T. Agnew
Crofton, Maryland

Latham replies:

Thanks to the above letter, I feel a surge of *déjà vu*, too. But Agnew seems to have lost his touch, at least for alliteration. The least he could have done was to call me a hopeless, hysterical horse's ass or a nattering nag's nadir of negativism. By the way, we paid our share of the evening's bill.

REMEMBER THE MANE

It was an arousing pleasure to see photographer Robert Scott Hooper's exquisite treatment of your September Playmate, Debra Jo Fondren. Debra Jo is absolutely devastating and Hooper's pictorial interpretation of her is certainly stunning.

Subrata Chatterjee
Douglassville, Pennsylvania

I've waited impatiently for many months and it is finally here. Your feature on Debra Jo has cured my impatience. There aren't enough words to describe her or the work of Robert Scott Hooper.

R. Leca
Middletown, Connecticut

Your September centerfold is still sending vibes through my body. You might as well quit publishing PLAYBOY, because you will never find another woman as sensuous and as beautiful as Miss Fondren.

Joey D. Jones
Portsmouth, Ohio

I would like to thank your September Playmate, Debra Jo Fondren, for stopping my urge to cut my knee-length hair. Debra Jo, you're right—a woman's hair is her glory. If a woman can vote for

You may already have won up to 20,000 silver dollars.



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Everyone has a chance to win.

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Playmate of the Year, you've got my vote and best wishes.

Cinka Lewis
Berkeley, California

I must congratulate you and thank you for what is absolutely the finest centerfold you have ever presented. In the past, when reading *Dear Playboy*, I've often wondered how anyone making that statement could be sure after seeing all those beautiful gatefold girls. Now I know.

Tom Stedman
Leslie, Arkansas

Debra Jo exemplifies what PLAYBOY is all about: beautiful women, informative articles and amusing stories. I've been a reader and collector of PLAYBOY for 11 years and that issue is by far the best yet.

Paul Jones
Phoenix, Arizona

Debra Jo Fondren has such a seductive look it could make any man forget his name.

Doug Bennett
San Antonio, Texas

We've heard of that reaction before. So brace yourself, because we're giving



you another look at Debra Jo, Doug. Doug? We're talking to you.

SCI-FI SURPRISE

I enjoyed the illustrated science-fiction short *A Moon in June*, by Loyd Little, in your September issue and would like to see more of the same or a regular section in the magazine each month. I'm sure many science-fiction-fantasy fans would agree. A delightful surprise!

Joseph Knapp
South Haven, Michigan

PYRAMID MADNESS

When I began to read John Hughes's article on pyramids (*Pyramid Power*, PLAYBOY, September), I was sorely

disappointed to see another article knocking this important field of research. However, as I read on, I erupted in spite of myself with a few chuckles and some hearty guffaws. The article is really funny, which was a pleasant surprise. Besides knocking the many unsupported claims and poking fun at those who take the whole thing too seriously (no part of life should be taken too seriously), it is so outlandishly humorous I realize it was actually a compliment to the power of pyramids.

Dr. Serge V. King, Author
Pyramid Energy Handbook
Santa Monica, California

More out of boredom than with any hope of success, I painstakingly constructed the paper pyramid you so thoughtfully provide in the September issue. But the results I obtained were so striking they could never be taken for coincidence. I swear to you that after 48 hours in the pyramid, my electric shaver (sorry, I don't use blades) showed no signs whatsoever of spoilage. Thanks for the fun!

Lee Watkins
Trumansburg, New York

You forgot pyramid hats, which increase your intelligence—usually on the first day you wear them.

Larry Mault
Trenton, New Jersey

If you mean you learn not to wear them the second day, we agree.

THE POLE POLL

I never had any problems about the size of my penis—until I read your September *Sex Poll*. Now I'm a neurotic mess. (Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

Some of the ladies polled expressed a desire for length and thickness, so in reality, they are concerned with the total volume. What we need is an internationally standard way to correctly measure our tools in volume and convert the reading into the metric system. How about some suggestions?

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

Archimedes devised such a system in the Third Century B.C. Now you know what he was really doing in that bathtub.

THE LAWYERS RESPOND

PLAYBOY's September *Pipeline* item *How to Choose a Lawyer* suggests that one check his lawbooks. Next, prospective clients will be wanting to see his etchings. Lawyers, *en garde!*

Lakenan Barnes
Attorney at Law
Mexico, Missouri

As for your comments on big firms, you're right. I make my living practicing law against the "boy lawyers" sent in by

the big firms. But 4:30 P.M. is wrong. By that time, lawyers hope that they will never see another client. Also, anyone who would go through the law-library routine suggested in the article would be thrown out by any lawyer I know.

W. Francis Wilson
Attorney at Law
Phoenix, Arizona

PIGSKIN PICKS

I always enjoy matching wits with Anson Mount in your annual *Pigskin Preview* (PLAYBOY, September), though he's right more often than I am. I agree with most of his picks for the All-America Team this year, but I'm wondering about the structure on which they are standing for the team photo. Was it built especially for the picture?

Jared Evans
Chicago, Illinois

The sculpture by Charles Moeller stands on the grounds of PLAYBOY's Lake Geneva Resort and Country Club. Aside



from its aesthetic appeal, it also serves as a rain shelter for golfers out on the course.

CHEWERS, BEWARE

D. Keith Mano's article *A Man's Gotta Chew* (*Selected Shorts*, PLAYBOY, September) doesn't tell your readers the whole tobacco story. A eugenicist named Orson Fowler published a dire warning during the mid-19th Century: "As alcoholic liquors and the grosser forms of sensuality are twin sisters, so tobacco-eating and devilry are both one; because the fierce passions of many tobacco chewers, as regards the other sex, are immensely increased by the fires kindled in their systems, and of course in their cerebellums, by tobacco excitement."

David Thomasson
Columbia, Missouri

So that's why it got so popular?



Soft Drinks

The Soft Piña: Calvert Extra and Piña Colada Mix. Bottom: the Soft Collins. Other coolers: the Soft Sour, the Soft Gimlet, and (for a tang of pineapple) Soft Whiskey and Mai Tai Mix.

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A movie poster for 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind'. The background is a dark, starry night sky. In the foreground, a two-lane road with a dashed white center line stretches from the bottom towards a bright, glowing horizon. The road is flanked by dark, silhouetted hills. The text 'WE ARE NOT ALONE.' is centered in the upper half of the image.

WE ARE NOT ALONE.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE THIRD KIND

**CLOSE ENCOUNTER
OF THE FIRST KIND**
Sighting of a UFO

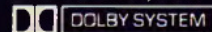
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A COLUMBIA/EMI Presentation CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND
A PHILLIPS Production A STEVEN SPIELBERG Film Starring RICHARD DREYFUSS with FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT as Lacombe
Music by JOHN WILLIAMS Visual Effects by DOUGLAS TRUMBULL Director of Photography VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.
Produced by JULIA PHILLIPS and MICHAEL PHILLIPS Written and Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG

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Wittnauer ladies' Diamond Bolero, men's Diamond Award. Manufacturer's suggested prices from \$105.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Practical Joke of the Month: An English manufacturing company that won the bid to package a particular brand of male contraceptive received 2000 samples of the product that it put into storage for future use. When the day came to test-package the condoms, however, only 300 remained. To discuss the matter of the 1700 missing rubbers, the management gathered its employees—whose self-incriminatory smirks faded abruptly when informed that all 2000 samples were faulty.

This rather bizarre classified ad ran in the Mammoth, California, *Lakes District Review*: "Want to sublease our house to anyone needing to store meat carcasses [sic] and/or dead bodies, as house retains coldness very well."

Sorry we missed the series of lectures given by a visiting pastor, Ernie Moore, at the Danville, Illinois, Faith Baptist Church. According to an ad in the *Commercial-News*, the Reverend Mr. Moore promised to tackle such topics as "The Sanctified Snatch," using a 20-foot chart and slides.

Massachusetts' Governor Michael S. Dukakis, hoping to bolster the state's industry with Middle East oil money, showed a visiting group of Arabs an industrial promotion film that pictured a Boston baker holding up—a bagel. Then, as if that weren't enough, the reception following the film featured coffee and—you're right—bagels. Not a very sheik affair.

In Missoula, Montana, where back-room card games are legal, the Stockman's Bar offers University of Montana students a T-shirt emblazoned: LIQUOR IN THE FRONT, POKER IN THE REAR.

Gumming up the works: We suspect some wag in the composing room of

Fayetteville's *Northwest Arkansas Times* was responsible for the line in the obituary of Helen B. Wrigley, widow of the chewing-gum magnate, which stated that "she was found in her apartment apparently dead from an overdose of juicyfruit." In a correction the following day, *Times* readers learned that, on the contrary, "Mrs. Wrigley's death was natural."

Judge Richard Simeone of Union City, New Jersey, performing a wedding ceremony in municipal court, concluded with the traditional "I now pronounce you man and wife." What he said next, though, was not quite as traditional: "Young man, you're under arrest." Apparently, his Honor recognized the bridegroom as someone who was wanted for having jumped bail.

When Jugs and Suds, a fast-food operation featuring hamburgers, hot dogs, beer and wine—and topless waitresses wearing hotpants and tassels—opened in New Port Richey, Florida, the owner said, "It's our answer to McDonald's." The wrong answer evidently—the city closed it down.



He's waiting for a B-R-O-K-E sequence before he gives up. Ever since the Pennsylvania State Lottery began, Gerard Iannelli has been buying five dollars' worth of tickets each week. He hasn't won a cent yet, but he's undeterred, though he recently encountered what might be interpreted as a discouraging omen. Seems he ventured into his neighborhood Wa Wa market in Woodlyn and purchased three one-dollar instant-lottery tickets. The letters appearing in sequence on the right side of each card spelled out S-A-P.

An official at Alabama's Mobile County school district compiled some of the more interesting—albeit sincere—absentee excuses received from students' parents.

"My son is sick and under the doctor's care and should not take P.E. Please execute him."

"Please excuse Jack Friday. He had loose vowels."

"My daughter was absent yesterday because she was tired. She spent the weekend with the Marines."

"Please excuse Donna. From being absent yesterday. She was in bed with gramps."

"Please excuse Randal from being. It was his father's fault."

In Washington, D.C., most agencies are referred to by their acronyms—the name formed from the first letter of each word. No wonder a State Department official balked at the newly formed Committee for Realignment of American Policy.

The coveted Double Feature of the Month Award goes to the Plaza Theater in Asheville, North Carolina, which ran *The Last Hard Men* on the same bill as *The Devil Within Her*.

When the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches scheduled a convention in Denver, Mayor William McNichols—apparently unaware

that the fellowship is a religious organization for gays—sent the group a welcoming form letter reading: "All citizens of our city welcome you and hope that this international conference will be a fruitful and pleasant one."

A British army bomb-disposal unit came upon a barrel left in the streets of Londonderry—scene of some of Northern Ireland's stormiest fighting—and proceeded with utmost caution to detonate the "bomb." Rather than risk moving the explosive, the squad attached a small charge to the barrel, stepped back to trigger the mechanism—and was splattered by 84 pints of Guinness stout.

Chicago Tribune columnist Aaron Gold spotted this Las Vegas hotel marquee: HONEYMOON SUITE \$20 PER NIGHT; \$2 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL PERSON.

According to a California research group that studies human factors in safety, problems in a pilot's personal life may well contribute to airplane crashes. As one staff member put it, "Stress is when the pilot's wife, the stewardess and the mortgage are all overdue at once."

Research can be fun, if we can believe a Toronto Sun report on choosing a properly fitting brassiere: "After a little heart-to-heart talk with the experts, we've picked up a few tits and put together some facts about fitting each bosom type, and a few other tricks."

The U. S. Department of the Interior used to tag migratory birds with metal strips inscribed WASH. BIOL. SURV.—an abbreviation for Washington Biological Survey—that is, until it received this angry letter from an Arkansas farmer: "Dear Sirs: I shot one of your crows the other day. My wife followed the cooking instructions on the leg tag and I want to tell you it was horrible."

Late one night, while driving home from a bar near Wolverine, Michigan, a motorist was startled when a 6'6", 200-pound woman—"wearing nothing but glasses, red hair and a smile . . . and with a set of lungs you wouldn't believe"—leaped out of the woods and attacked his car, making lewd gestures. Understandably frightened, the man drove to his home, about a mile and a half down the road, where he called police to report the incident. Shortly thereafter, though, pounding on his door was the red-haired amazon. By the time police arrived, the naked stranger had fled and a careful search of the area failed to produce the tempestuous terrorist. Police gave up their search after the man said he didn't think he could identify the woman with her clothes on—and the cops doubted that they could produce a nude line-up, anyway.

ELVIS REMEMBERED

a selection of distinguished memorabilia

In the months since Elvis Presley's death, there have appeared literally thousands of memorial records, magazines and objects of every description. Some, it must be admitted, have shown less taste than might be hoped for; but others seem destined to stand as lasting tributes to The King—and are certain to become collector's items that will keep his memory alive forever, if only in the Swiss bank accounts and stock portfolios of those producing them. Herewith, David Standish and Warren Leming present a discriminating selection of Elvisiana.



Located just off Highway 61, near the Bob Dylan Cloverleaf, Heartbreak Motel is the first link in a new chain of highway homes. Each of the cabins is done in a different period of Presleyana—from the Memphis Punk Cottage, with spit-shined black-leather walls and a floor made of moon cleats, to the Vegas Fat Cat Honeymoon Suite, which comes complete with candy bars and your own sequined Betamax unit.

A mourning nation sips and munches thankfully on Elvis-Up and Elvis Pretzels—both are ideas of Steve Stigmata, a former priest who ran a chain of all-male go-go bars in Alaska but loved Elvis and has never forgotten the real meaning of the sacrament. When it pours, it's Presley!



Below: An overnight children's best seller, "Elvis and Lassie," by Eric Seagull, is soon to be a sensational TV movie of the week. The book features the adventures of Elvis and the original Wonder Dog in heaven, where they are both pursued, once again, by people who are trying to exploit them.



Left: The El-Dō is being advertised as "the big hunk of love!" It's ten full inches of lifelike flesh-tone latex, erotically sculpted in the shape of Elvis. Flip the switch to "Love Me Tender" for a sensuous slow crooning you'll never forget. Or set it at "All Shook Up" and feel those legendary hips gyrate in places you never realized were there. And when he shakes that pompadour—lawdy, Miss Claudie! For more serious fans, the advanced Treat Me Mean & Cruel model comes with the guitar included. You can still get off on Elvis!

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ADVENTURES

The first time I saw Yellowstone National Park was during the summer before my tenth birthday. Shoehorned into the family car, my mother, my sister, my grandparents and I peered at the scenery while my father fought traffic that was thicker and slower than the five-o'clock rush on the freeway. Feckless bears, their moral fiber completely unraveled by generations on welfare, stood along the roadside and begged for handouts. We waited in line to see the Fountain Paint Pots and when Old Faithful erupted, you could hear the cameras clicking from half a block away.

On my last visit, I saw more elk than people and no bears at all. Old Faithful was as constant as ever, but this time I caught the eruption in a special private showing: just for me and two companions.

For everything there is a season, and for Yellowstone, the season is winter and skis are the way to travel. I spent a week late last winter exploring ski trails in the park and in the adjacent Gallatin National Forest with guidance from an outfit called Yellowstone Nordic of West Yellowstone, Montana. To get there, I flew into Bozeman, Montana, and took a bus directly from the airport up Gallatin Canyon to West Yellowstone, with an intermediate stop at the Big Sky ski resort.

West Yellowstone, I soon discovered, is a town completely dependent on tourists. It used to go into a torpor as deep as anything achieved by the local grizzlies when autumn weather hit. When the snowmobile boom began, the town began to stay awake through the winter. Now it closes down only in the few weeks between the end of the winter season and the arrival of the first summer tourists.

Land is scarce in this vast country, because everything around the town is Federally owned. People live where they work and the motels and restaurants run right up to the edge of the woods. The lack of private housing gives the place the air of a used-motel lot, but it's a relaxed town. Dogs hang out along the streets and ravens take the place of the pigeons we see in the big city.

Bob Schaap, who runs Yellowstone Nordic, fled the big-city rat-race for the peace of the mountains several years ago. Today he owns a guide service, a mountain shop and a dude ranch complete with log walls, stone fireplaces, mooseheads, a restaurant, a bar and a herd of horses. The dude ranch lies between Big Sky and the 50,000-acre Spanish Peaks Wilderness Area. There are 35 miles of groomed trails extending from the ranch, plus a back-country cabin for overnight trips.

In the park itself, off-road vehicles are banned and ski tracks often provide the only grooming the trails get—or need. Skiers who go for a week can spend part



Tired of being
trampled by tourists
on the way to Old Faithful?
See Yellowstone the way the
bison do—in winter.

of their time at the ranch and part at the Old Faithful Snow Lodge in the park. Or, if you want a real adventure, you can undertake an expedition into the park and spend a few nights sleeping in tents or snow caves. I did things the soft way, spending my nights snug in a warm bed and my days skiing. We usually started our day around nine, had lunch on the trail and got back to West Yellowstone in time for a shower and a drink before dinner. Our party numbered six skiers and two guides.

The skiing was great, especially for a Midwesterner like me. I am used to striding along narrow trails cut through woods so thick they would hide a strip mine if it were more than 50 yards off the path. Our woods are lovely, dark and deep, but after a long day's skiing, they can leave you feeling rather enclosed. It isn't big news that they have wide-open spaces in the West, but what those great sweeping vistas will do for a day's skiing is something I didn't realize until I got out on the trail. It seemed a marvelous luxury to come upon open hillsides where we could make long, easy serpentine downhill runs without worrying about flattening ourselves against a spruce.

I suppose Westerners are used to that sort of thing, but they probably aren't used to a place where they are as likely to

meet a herd of bison as another skier. If you choose your trails carefully, you can reasonably expect to see elk, moose, bison, mule deer and coyote in the course of a week. Take a trip, as I did, from West Yellowstone to Old Faithful via snowmobile or snow coach, and you can see them all in a single morning. Viewing animals from a snowmobile has certain overtones of a visit to Safariland, but the machines will get you around fast.

The road to Old Faithful follows the valleys of the Madison and Firehole rivers. Hot water from 1000 springs keeps those rivers open all winter, so you may see snowy-white trumpeter swans dabbling in the streams. Here and there, the ground is so hot the snow won't stay on it. Seeing Yellowstone in winter made me realize that the place is so familiar, even to people who haven't been there, that it's easy to develop a rather offhand attitude toward its wonders. Imagine if you had never heard of the place and you suddenly came upon a valley where steam rose in great sheets from the ground and mud bubbled in great potholes in the earth!

We took our skis along to the Firehole one day and stopped for a short ski through the woods to Fairy Falls for lunch. The falls have a drop of 200 feet and in winter the water splashes down over great chunks of blue ice.

We had the best skiing of the week on the Fawn Pass Trail in the northwest corner of the park. We liked it so well we skied it twice. The trail skirts a broad, shallow valley, climbing slowly from the trailhead to a low pass. The climb is intermittent, up a short easy grade and then down a gentle slope. It was just right for a slapstick skier like me, whose main distinction during the week was pitching headfirst into a snowdrift every time I tried to execute a Telemark turn. I wasn't the only one; the other novice skiers in the group were just as clumsy, and before long, the virgin powder of our hillside started to look like the impact area of an artillery range. But falling is one of the things that you expect to do on cross-country skis and, fortunately, since only your toes are fastened to the skis, the process is not as dangerous as it is on downhill equipment. If it had been, we all would have flown home in traction. As it was, we ended the week with nothing injured but our dignity.

—JERRY SULLIVAN

Yellowstone is not the only area that offers off-the-beaten-track winter-sports activities. For information on several such operations, write (enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope) to Playboy Reader Service, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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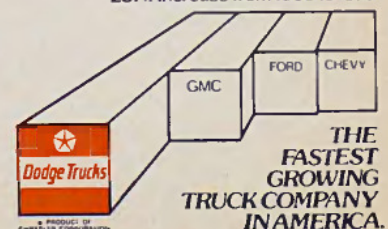
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MOVIES

Movie critics of feminine gender, who seem to outnumber their male colleagues, will be tempted to describe *Julia* as a woman's film or maybe the woman's film, if only because it was adapted (by Alvin Sargent) from a portion of *Pentimento*, the second and best of three autobiographical best sellers by Lillian Hellman. As a lady who was liberated long before the women's movement picked up a catchy label, Miss Hellman is reportedly nervous as hell about seeing what's been wrought on the screen by director Fred Zinnemann—with Jane Fonda (said to be Hellman's own preference) cast as Lillian, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett and Vanessa Redgrave in the title role as Lillian's girlhood chum who abandoned her wealthy, snobbish, socially prominent family and died fighting fascism in prewar Europe circa 1937. Hellman can take a deep breath and relax. Movies about writers and writings are not easy to bring off, but *Julia* is a beautiful work, obviously a labor of love on everyone's part and actually less concerned with Hellman's public triumphs or private affairs than with some other qualities she values—courage, loyalty, friendship and stubborn integrity. The plot is hardly more than an incident—about Hellman's skittish journey from Paris to Moscow, with an unscheduled stopover in Berlin to deliver some contraband cash to the antifascist underground and enjoy a final, touching reunion with her valiant old friend. Fonda has to carry the film, and she carries it like a trouper, her face a steady, crystal-clear prism in which intelligence, fear, uncertainty and solid conviction flare up on cue. Robards and Redgrave have much less to do but do it just about perfectly. The same can be said for Susan Jones and Lisa Pelikan, who portray Lillian and Julia as teenagers in frequent, eloquent flashbacks, all part of a loosely structured poetic reminiscence that flows to and from Cape Cod, Paris, Vienna, Broadway and Berlin over a time span of some 40 years, with more voice-over narration than usual in the wham-bam school of contemporary film making.

Julia represents the literate and literary kind of cinema for which Zinnemann is famous (*High Noon*, *From Here to Eternity*, *A Nun's Story*, et al.) and damned well deserves to be. He has brought *Julia* to the screen in a sumptuous physical production that heightens the dramatic suspense of Hellman's original story without sacrificing either her searching insights or her impeccable taste. Also, thank God, without explaining too much for the benefit of moviegoers who may never have thought twice about Hellman, Hammett or *Pentimento*. This is a class act—exquisite, subjective and



Classy Julia.

A year-end bonanza of classy movies brings *Julia* and *Equus*. Also, a treat for George Burns fans.



Firth and friend.

made to order for a crowd that appreciates the difference between popcorn movies and caviar.

The year seems to be winding down—or winding up—in a burst of brilliance with big, bookish movies that make fools

of those dour Cassandras who said they couldn't be made. If *Julia* sounded challenging, *Equus* sounded impossible. Playwright Peter Shaffer's long-run stage hit dazzled London and New York as a theatrical tour de force, an imaginative, nonrealistic re-creation of the psychological tug of war between a talkative analyst and a deranged stableboy who has worked out his sexual hang-ups in a horrifying burst of violence by blinding six horses with a spike. Actors wearing stylized horses' heads made the case history endurable as well as morbidly fascinating in the theater. There were a thousand risks in redoing *Equus* on film with real horses, buckets of blood, actual night riding stark-naked across the moors to replace the inventively choreographed revelations of a boy who can't get it off any other way. Director Sidney Lumet, fresh from his triumph over touchy material in last year's *Network*, has solved those problems by opening the play up cinematically without dissipating its dramatic force. Lumet takes chances, lots of them. He has Richard Burton, as the acerbic doctor, address the audience head on, without shame, coming right at you to divulge that he is an intellectual ravaged by self-doubt, trapped in a loveless, antiseptic marriage and secretly envious of his patient, a boy possessed by "spiritual ecstasy . . . a passion more ferocious than I have known in any second of my life." Burton is a dangerously flashy actor for such delicate work, but he gets away with it and delivers his most corrosive, praiseworthy screen performance since *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* And young Peter Firth, repeating the role he originated in London in 1973 (and introduced to Broadway a year later), is stupendous as the vulnerable, neurasthenic lad whose erotic impulses have been hidebound by too much old-time religion at home. Watching his madness in conflict with a commonplace real world full of smother love and flowered wallpaper adds rather than detracts from the impact of *Equus* as a hypnotic psychosexual thriller. Playwright Shaffer's meticulous adaptation helps considerably in a relatively wordy movie; he throws out taut lines, one after another, without noosing the actors. Jenny Agutter, as the seductive girl who accompanies the boy from a porno flick back to the stables on the fateful night; Joan Plowright and Colin Blakely, as his baffled parents; Eileen Atkins, as the doctor's confidante; and Harry Andrews, as the outraged stable owner, all distinguish themselves in showstopping scenes. Yet sensitive cinematography by Oswald Morris minimizes the staginess throughout. There's nothing really new or revolutionary about the notion that some forms of craziness make so-called normalcy look



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dull, but you'll find the argument compelling, pro and con. *Equus* finally works wonders on film because Lumet dared to do it *his* way, removing the veneer of hard-sell theatricality to let us see, clearer than ever, some disturbing human truths at the core.

In his zeal to attract moviemakers to New York, Mayor Abe Beame allowed them to shoot *Short Eyes* inside the Tombs, Manhattan's notorious city jail. For that, they gave him a screen credit. They should also have given him a special citation either for indecent exposure or for reckless political blundering, since *Short Eyes* taps into the Tombs as a hotbed of fear, violence, racial conflicts and rampant homosexuality—the kind of place where a guard stands by, offering encouragement, yet, while one poor bastard gets his throat cut. Based on an award-winning 1973 play by Puerto Rican-born Miguel Piñero, who wrote it while he was doing time in Sing Sing and clearly knows the scene, man, *Short Eyes* is directed with searing documentary accuracy by Robert M. Young (whose *Nothing but a Man*, made in 1964, was a milestone film about black America). The movie succeeds so well as a brutal and scary slice of life that all the actors appear to be living their parts rather than playing them, though Joseph Carberry, Shawn Elliot, José Perez and Bruce Davison certainly manage to separate themselves from the faceless crowd (Davison having the advantage of a title role of sorts, since short eyes is prison jargon for a child molester). *Eyes* is ugly and probably painfully true, and we have seldom seen a better argument for staying out of jail. But was it really necessary—in such a doggedly naturalistic movie—to include a Curtis Mayfield musical score, plus irrelevant cameo roles (and a song) for Freddy Fender and Mayfield himself? Maybe Mayor Beame was wistfully hoping they'd call it *Singin' in the Tombs*.

Deftly spoofing Walt Disney's *Fantasia*, among other things, in *Allegro Non Troppo*, Italian animation genius Bruno Bozzetto illustrates six musical classics with wild imagination and the bright, incisive wit of a Swiftian satirist. Bozzetto has a go at everything from Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun* (in which an aged, lusting faun dodders across voluptuous landscapes where real live girls no longer give him a second glance) and Ravel's *Bolero* (the story of evolution, no less, brilliantly depicting the origin of the species as a long march from there to eternity that begins with a seminal drop of matter in a Coke bottle) to Vivaldi's *Concerto in C* (as experienced by a honeybee on a picnic before he's rudely interrupted by a passionate human couple enjoying a quickie in the grass). For continuity, oddly enough, Bozzetto sets his audio-visual mastery against some live-action comedy

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featuring an orchestra of ancient overdressed ladies, a captive artist and a brutish conductor, whose antics seem to be a cross between Laurel and Hardy low-jinks and some footage that Fellini might have left on the cutting-room floor. Otherwise, Bozzetto is *boffo*.

• *The Kentucky Fried Movie*, director John Landis' saturation comedy in the zany vein of *Groove Tube*, just grew out of some madness conceived six years ago by a group called Kentucky Fried Theater



Kentucky Fried fun.

at the University of Wisconsin. A tube-fed generation hip to TV and film references should relish *Cleopatra Schwartz* (a spoof of Pam Grier movies, in which a voluptuous bundle of black dynamite teams up with a small Hasidic Jew), *A Fistful of Yen* (the martial arts mixed with spaghetti Westerns and, somehow or other, Dorothy's dream from *The Wizard of Oz*) and *Zinc Oxide* (a hilarious take-off on TV educational films). There are lapses into tastelessness, such as *United Appeal for the Dead* (how a family cheerfully lugs a deceased child's body around to sporting events and pool parties), with Henry Gibson in a guest spot as narrator. Special appearances by Donald Sutherland, Bill Bixby and George Lazenby suggest that *Kentucky Fried* is a semichic cultural slumming expedition. Still, the good things outweigh the bad in a yok fest that ought to captivate the youth market like a barrel of beer at a frat-house social.

• Sex is used as a lethal weapon in *Submission*, made in Italy by writer-director Salvatore Samperi and so expertly dubbed into English that you will forget about language while witnessing a unique display of erotic fireworks between Franco Nero and Lisa Gastoni. Previously

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known more as a brawny beefcake type than as an accomplished actor, Nero is dynamic as a lowly cleanup man in a pharmacy who quite literally brings the cool, beautiful boss lady to her knees and forces her to admit that she loves it. Ardent feminists are going to abhor her, detest him. Before long, his sexual acts of aggression have reduced her to abject surrender as his whore—willing, on command, to walk naked at night outside her shop and flaunt her infidelity in front of her dullish husband (Raymond Pellegrin), who gets excited only when fondling his collection of antique glass. Finally, milady even consents to let the horny lout have a go at her teenaged



Nero, Gastoni in *Submission*.

daughter. Although set in wartime France, *Submission* focuses its burning glass upon the battle of the sexes, and Gastoni's portrait of a respectable middle-aged woman slowly consumed by uncontrollable carnal desire is spectacular. Several references to Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, a classic of illicit passion, are relevant enough but hardly necessary. Samperi works some class-consciousness into his tale, though *Submission* leans to the left only as a gesture; it's about as political as *Lady Chatterley*. This steamy saga runs on too long and might lack credibility in spots but for the sizzling teamwork of its stars—plus a musical score by Riz Ortolani, slyly arranged to suggest aural sex, and smashing cinematography by Vittorio Storaro (whose ingenious camerawork has also been a big help to Bernardo Bertolucci) that makes even a street scene throb with wicked sensuality.

There is good news and bad news about Ken Russell's long-awaited *Valentino*, with *primo ballerino* Rudolf Nureyev in the title role. The good news is that Nureyev, taking his first shot as an actor in a major film, has a dazzling screen presence almost equal to his onstage charisma. The bad news is that the movie

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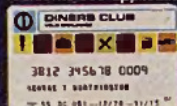
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itself is an unmitigated disaster—overblown, muddled and misguided from first to last. More than once, to be blunt, Nureyev looks and sounds like a *lousy* actor, photogenic but striking poses in front of the camera as if he were a gilded icon to be frozen on film—with every angle perfectly lit, every gesture planned. He is still Nureyev, still magnificent, and easily eclipses Michelle Phillips (as Valentino's second wife, Natasha Rambova), Leslie Caron (as flamboyant superstar Alla Nazimova), Carol Kane (as a budding starlet), plus a host of other performers who vanish into the garish caricatures created for them by Russell and co-author Mardik Martin. They are more to be pitied than censured, since *Valentino's* dialog sounds as quaintly corny as any silent-movie title of yore, running the gamut from "He wanted to take my baby away from me" (spoken by a lady who shoots her husband because of Rudolph) to "I only know there will *never* be another Valentino" (flatly spoken by the hopelessly miscast Miss Phillips, who portrays the bossy, envious, wild Natasha as if she couldn't decide whether to imitate Debbie Reynolds or Doris Day). The film's finest moment—right up front, before Russell starts recklessly burning his bridges—is a tango danced by Nureyev with Anthony Dowell of Britain's Royal Ballet, playing Nijinsky. Was Valentino gay or straight? Russell never gets around to answering

the question; he's far too busy setting up splashy scenes, most of them purple showmanship rather than valid biographical



Nureyev as a legendary swinger.

data—the carnival of freaks in the funeral parlor where Valentino's body lies in state; the night he is jailed for bigamy and brutally gang-raped by fellow prisoners; the fight scene in which Rudolph enters the ring with a muckraking journalist to prove his manhood. Until his untimely death at 31, Rudolph and his minions also conduct a nonstop battle

with studio moguls against "pictures that debase our talent." If *Valentino* does not abort his own hopes for a movie career, Nureyev should take that argument to the court of public opinion and demand a second chance.

French writer-director Claude Lelouch (the man who gave us *A Man and a Woman* and *Happy New Year*) has brought forth *Cat and Mouse*, a cheeky suspense comedy with plenty of sex appeal, sophisticated humor and almost total irreverence toward the forces of law and order. The only missing element, in fact, is violence. Despite some guesswork about the murder victim (Jean-Pierre Aumont)—a wealthy construction tycoon who may have been a suicide, after all—there's more concern shown for a batch of art masterpieces taken from the scene of the crime. *Cat and Mouse* stars durable love goddess Michelle Morgan, still ravishingly beautiful as the rich man's widow, opposite Serge Reggiani as an aging, lustful police inspector with a taste for whores and easy money. Forced into early retirement, the inspector marries his favorite whore (Ann Libert) and moves to a farm in Normandy to write a book about the dead tycoon's case—he's convinced the wife did it. He becomes rather fond of her, all the same, and Lelouch drums up a carload of clues before bringing the mystery to a wry conclusion. Among the

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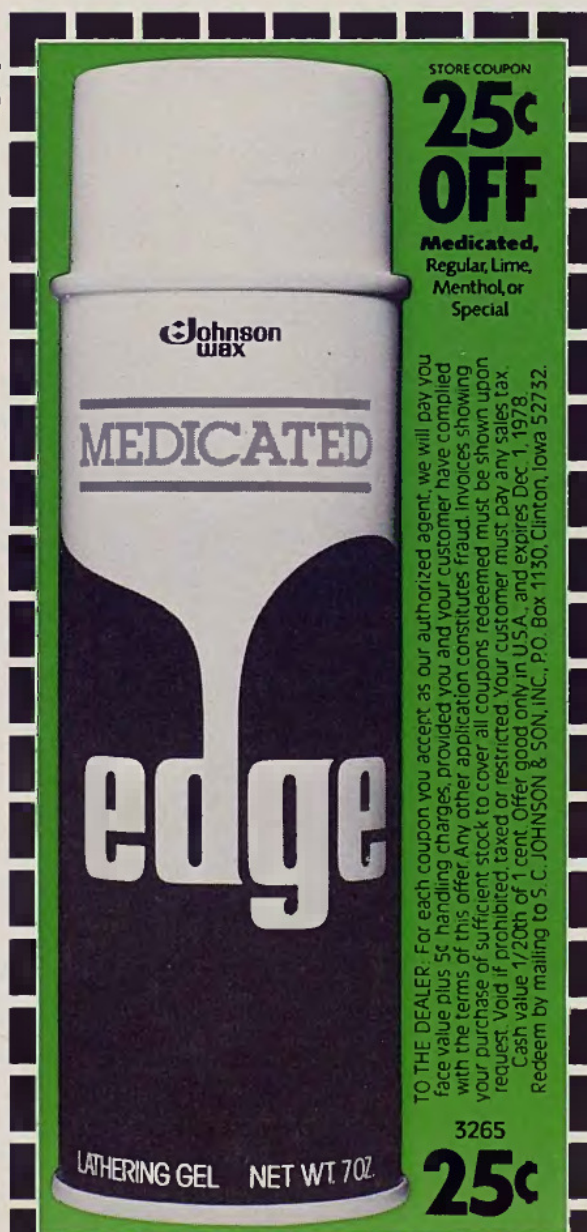
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secondary characters involved are the detective's marriageable daughter (Christine Laurent), his former assistant (Philippe Leotard), who marries the girl, and the late tycoon's mistress (Valerie Lagrange), a notorious sex-film star. You'd have to hark back to the *Thin Man* series to find murder, infidelity and larceny handled with such airy nonchalance. Typical of Lelouch, *Cat and Mouse* has other things in mind—romance, mostly—and proceeds from whodunit to who'll-do-it? in a series of slick, spirited comic improvisations that make you want to hop on a jet to Paris.

The view from here is that George Burns can do no wrong. He's always funny, whatever he does, even when you half suspect he ought to be old enough to know better (may he never be old enough to know better). Probably, though, only other certified Burns nuts should proceed without caution to *Oh, God!* in which Burns, as the Almighty, summons a supermarket manager from Tarzana, California, to save the world. "The last miracle I did was the 1969 Mets . . . before that, you have to go back to the Red Sea," growls George, who whimsically appears and disappears as a taxi driver, a park attendant or a disembodied voice. Singer John Denver, this month's *Playboy Interview* subject, making his feature-film debut without benefit of song, plays the befuddled lug from Food World, a non-believer who can't fathom why he has been chosen to carry God's message (brotherhood, peace and all that) to the world at large. Pumpkin fresh and wholesome, Denver manages his role with appealing spontaneity, ably abetted by Teri Garr as his wife, whose wry, bemused embarrassment is the movie's second-best asset—particularly when she writhes in agony while her husband, the prophet, does a TV guest shot with Dinah Shore. It all moves toward a conventional courtroom scene in which God reluctantly materializes to testify to His own existence. Director Carl Reiner and author Larry Gelbart, who are no slouches, were wise to cast Burns in a comedy that treads an unnervingly narrow line between *Miracle on 34th Street* and dozens of other precious little comic fantasies—cluttered with wee folk and Good Fairies—that we'd all rather forget. *Oh, God!* has some sure-fire laugh lines, plus lovable George, virtually irresistible when he acknowledges with a shrug that the creation was OK except that he goofed on a few items: "Ostriches and avocados . . . made the pits too big. You try." If that doesn't grab you, stay home and read the Good Book.

FILM CLIPS

You Light Up My Life: A belted-out title song by arranger-conductor Joseph Brooks sets the tone of this brassy, atmospheric showbiz saga about today's Hollywood. The protean Brooks also wrote,

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produced and directed it and discovered newcomer Didi Conn to play the would-be star who specializes in smilin' through her tears—and who may remind you of Mickey Rooney as a schmaltsy teenaged trouper, though she's more like *Saturday Night's* Gilda Radner doing a brisk parody of *A Star Is Born*.

The American Friend: German director Wim Wenders recruited Dennis Hopper to co-star with Bruno Ganz in a convoluted thriller based on Patricia Highsmith's suspense novel *Ripley's Game*, in which someone hires Ganz to murder a couple of men he doesn't know for reasons never quite made clear. U.S. directors Nicholas Ray (as an art forger) and Samuel Fuller (as a Mafia chieftain) play cameo roles, perhaps because their trashiest B-movie potboilers are widely admired abroad. Hopper's part remains a puzzlement to the end. That's exactly what it takes, of course, to stir controversy in Cannes and guarantee a travel visa for *American Friend* to the New York Film Festival, where utter confusion is often hailed as political allegory or earth-shaking profundity—or both.

One Sings, the Other Doesn't: A quotation from Simone de Beauvoir, who observed that "women are made, not born," inspires French writer-director Agnès Varda to examine the unlikely friendship between two likable *jeunes filles* as they grow and change—over a period of years—through various men, motherhood, thwarted ambitions, fresh starts and a measure of self-fulfillment. Valérie Mairesse, as the street singer whose fairy-tale romance goes sour, and Thérèse Liotard, as a girl who bears a couple of children out of wedlock before she takes up a career in family planning, are both unforgettable in a charming, tender and perceptive human comedy. This understated feminist manifesto, selected to kick off the New York Film Festival, is a must for militants but ought to captivate every sensible man and maid.

A Woman's Decision: The trend toward superior films by, for or in praise of women (see *Julia*, first and foremost) continues with Polish writer-director Krzysztof Zanussi's beautifully played, emotionally supercharged drama starring Maja Komorowska as a bored young working wife in modern Warsaw, a chronic do-gooder who's so weary of it all that she decides to abandon her home, her young son and her conscientious husband (Piotr Fronczewski) for a handsome gymnast (Marek Piowski). With his splendid cast and superb script fused together in almost painful intimacy, Zanussi arrives at a rather conventional solution yet reveals much about the quality of life in socialist Eastern Europe by suggesting—oh, so slyly—that extramarital dalliance may be just one way to find temporary relief from the dull, dispiriting bureaucratic treadmill.

—ALL REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

X-RATED

A movie's credits are often considered discredits in the world of porn, where *noms de film* abound. Thus, the sound man for *Joy*—a hard-core comedy put together with top professional skill and more than a smidgen of wit—is someone who calls himself Solomon Gemorrah. All the guys who made *Joy*, whoever they are, ought to come out of the closet and take small bows for a rollicking rip-off of *Death Wish* (originally titled *Sex Wish* until the film's natural gusto outgrew the desire to

emulate a box-office bonanza starring Charles Bronson). *Joy* stars Sharon Mitchell, a sweetly sexy performer—no beauty but bursting with energy and born with the instincts of a mink—who insists she is giving up porno pics to study serious theater in England. Perhaps to prime her for the classics, Sharon plays *Joy's* title role as a teenaged girl who is brutally raped, discovers that she likes it and goes around New York accosting male victims in subways, alleys and airport men's rooms. Her one-woman wave of wooing inspires other lusty ladies to start attacking men in the street, in elevators, anywhere and everywhere. "JOY GRIPS CITY," proclaim newspaper headlines. And New York's finest are called onto the case by police lieutenant Handcock. "Show me your weapons," he barks, as a squad of special plainclothes investigators open their flies and take off to bring Joy to justice, Handcock's final words ringing in their ears: "Any man who jerks off on this assignment is in trouble with me." Enough said. *Joy* is hot stuff, handsomely photographed and refreshingly irreverent about putting Fun City through a sexual shakedown that makes crime in the streets look pretty cozy.

Sharon Mitchell returns in *The Violation of Claudia*, more or less replaying the role played by Catherine Deneuve in Luis Buñuel's *Belle de Jour*, an erotic landmark film about a bored, well-to-do housewife who takes up hustling in her spare time. It's Claudia's tennis coach (Jamie Gillis) who turns her on to



Joy to the screen.

Looks as if we'll
be seeing a lot
of Sharon Mitchell
and Jamie Gillis
at the porn palaces.

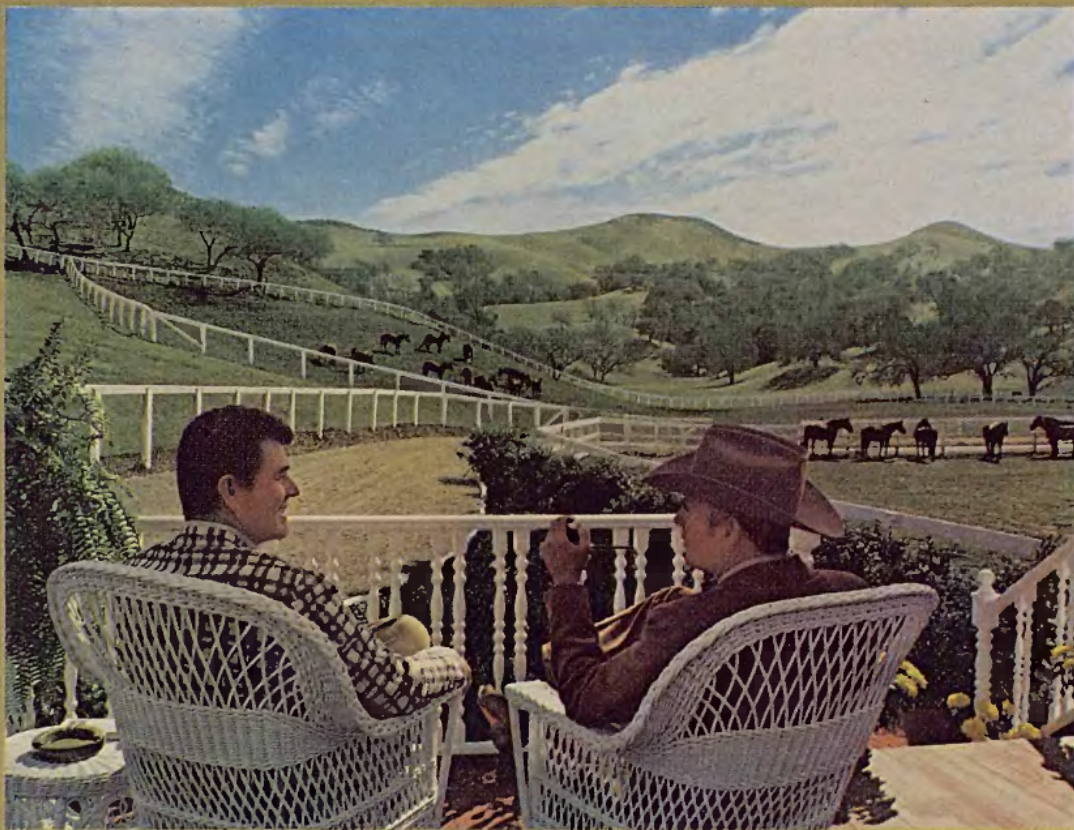
if proof were still needed—that the Deneuve of *Belle de Jour* is a hard act to follow.

Feelings, slickly produced and directed by Kemal Horulu, stars luscious Lesllie Bovee (one of the most promising *New Girls of Porno* introduced in PLAYBOY's July pictorial) opposite Jamie Gillis (again, and again) in a downbeat sex drama played with passionate conviction. This story of a drug dealer with heavy debts who lets his girlfriend go to work for a smooth pimp (Ras Keen) doesn't waste much footage on nuances. Whenever Lesllie is in the middle of the action, though, *Feelings* begins to look like a position paper drawn from the *Kama Sutra*. Compared with most of the wind-up mechanical dolls on the sex-film circuit, Lesllie's either a persuasive actress or a terrific lay—possibly both.

Photographed in soft focus with lots of self-conscious attempts to make X-rated action look idyllic—like one of those close-up-to-nature documentaries about how the flowers grow—*Virgin Dreams* stars Jean Jennings, last seen to advantage in the Mitchell Brothers' *Autobiography of a Flea*. Wade Nichols, a handsome and hard-working new porno star who comes on like a Marlboro man, wields his lance in the nightmares of a heroine who doesn't want to go all the way before marriage. Under Zebedy Colt's fuzzy direction, *Virgin Dreams* might be mistaken for a sloppy shampoo commercial if he hadn't spliced in so many cum shots. —B.W.

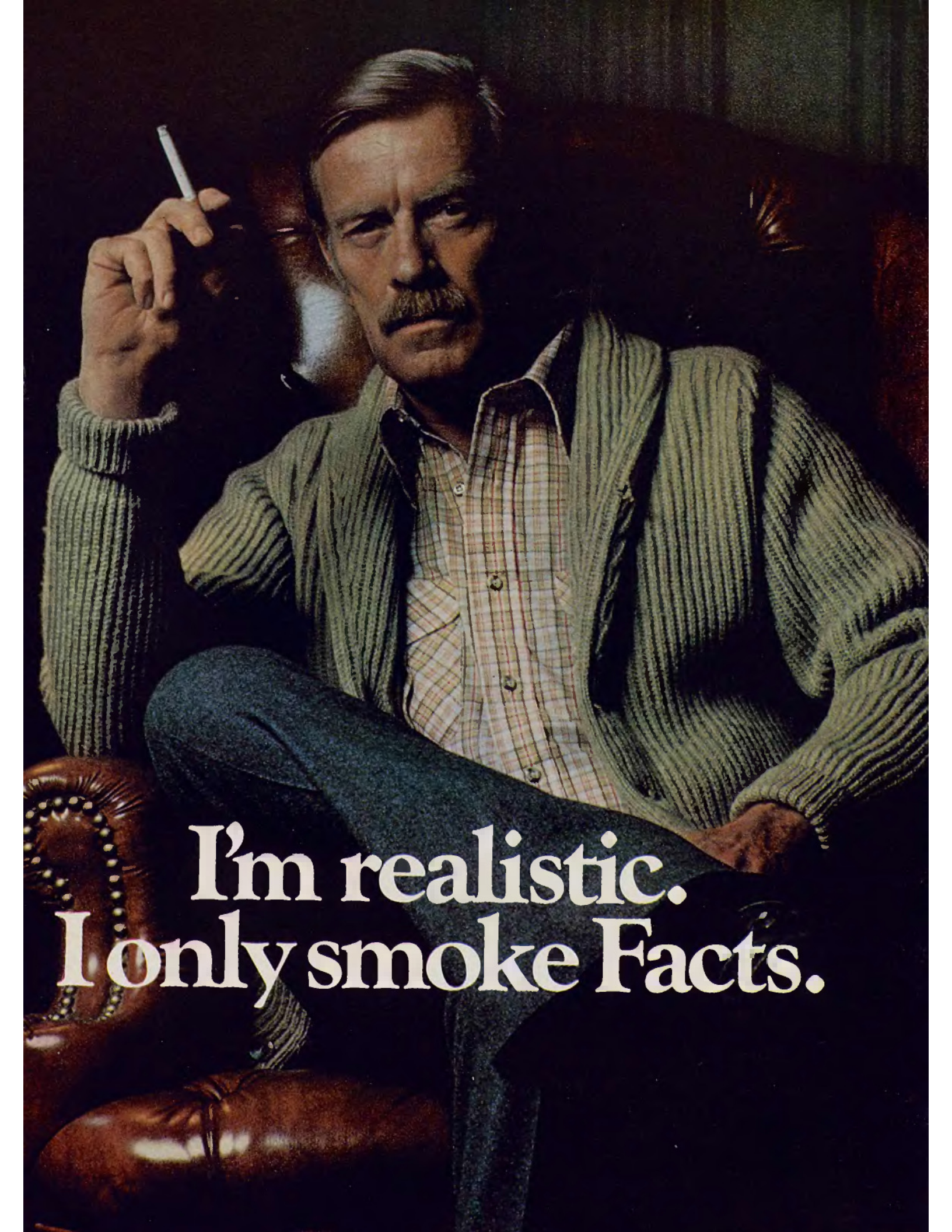
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The hottest dating game in Texas began as "kind of a joke," a playful diversion on an otherwise boring and cold night last December in Dallas. "I thought it'd be fun to try," says WFAA radio host Dick Syatt, the cupid of the air who started this contagious madness. "But I never realized it would go over like this."

Syatt's program is called *Hotline* and its formula is simple—a person calls in, is given a code number, then is put on the air to describe himself/herself and the type of man or woman he or she would like to meet. Interested listeners then call the radio station and request the phone number and first name of the self-described caller.

On a typical night, Syatt gets about 150 eligible but lonely people on the air.

"WFAA *Hotline*. Who's there?"

"What's happenin', man?" says number 192, as some 70,000 listen in.

"Not much, man. Can you tell us about yourself and what kind of person you'd like to meet?" asks Syatt.

"Well, I'd kinda like someone who likes motorcycles, ya know. I like to ride motorcycles and stuff like that, ya know. I just don't go anywhere without my motorcycle—I got it back in my bedroom right now."

"What else do you like to do?"

"Well, I like to hang around people with motorcycles and I like to meet chicks."

"Are you pretty successful at it?"

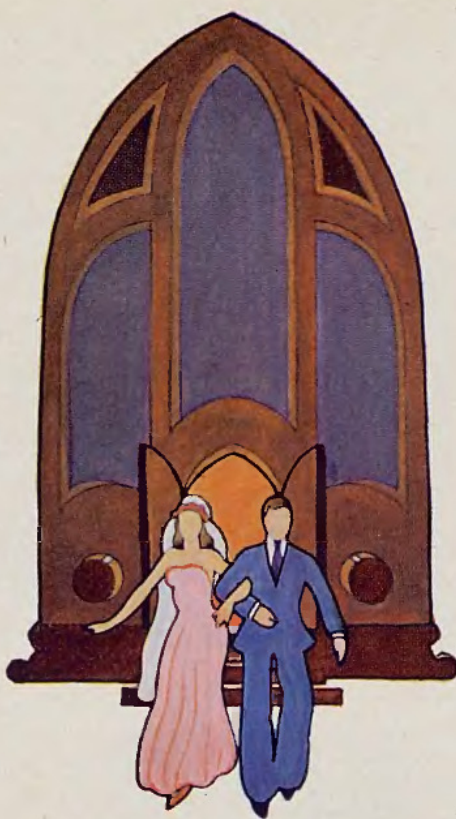
"Well, no, not really," admits 192.

"Thanks for calling and good luck," replies Syatt as he gives a thumbs-down sign and switches to the next caller.

Syatt urges participants to get their lines straight before they pick up the phone, and to sound upbeat. "You get some who sound as if their noses are stuffed with towels, or others who get too specific about what they want—like saying they want a guy 6'2" who looks like Robert Redford. The ones who get the best response are those who sound happy and just want to have a good time with a nice person."

The callers range in age from teens to grandparents. Men and women call in equal numbers. They're college students, cleaning ladies, businessmen, nurses and, yes, motorcycle nuts. One describes himself as "a cowboy type" and says he knows 15 different Western dances and doesn't like aggressive women. A woman calls and says she likes to dance but doesn't smoke or drink and doesn't want any "foreigners" to contact her. Others want someone who's intelligent or a Leo or likes Chinese food or enjoys sports or is a good Christian. They all want someone to talk to.

Well before *Hotline* begins at seven P.M. each Thursday, the phone lines are tied up with callers hoping to locate their



Lonely? Tired of
singles bars?
Down Dallas way,
you can tune in to AM and
dial a date.

dream date. Some wait as long as three hours to get on the air. They call from cities all over Texas; one reported he had heard about the program in New York. Syatt estimates he's introduced more than 25,000 people to each other, and his *Hotline* T-shirts (with WHAT'S YOUR CODE NUMBER? lettered on the back) have been seen all over the state by his radio fans.

The callers are surprisingly honest in their self-evaluations. "I'm about 100 pounds overweight and I'm not very pretty," says one. "But I've been on a diet since January and I'm a lot of fun to be around."

Although his show seems a perfect setup for weirdo sex maniacs, Syatt—who is in his 20s and married—claims that is not the case. "I have fun with it, but I play it pretty straight so that people don't get the wrong idea," he says. "Everyone seems perfectly serious about wanting to meet someone nice. I've taken a few questionable calls—like from a man who wants to meet another man or from couples who

want to meet other couples, but no one has complained about getting any offensive calls."

The only complaints so far have been from people who request that their numbers not be given out anymore because they've been flooded with calls. Syatt says that when the program started, the average person would get about three or four responses to his on-the-air self-description. Now they're averaging 20 calls each—and they're not losers, insists Syatt.

"Just calling in indicates that a person has a certain amount of confidence and that he's got something going for him," he says.

Pam Byers didn't consider herself hard up when she called *Hotline* last December. She's blonde, 18, had a job in sales and didn't have trouble meeting new people. She called *Hotline* because, "Well, I'll try anything once."

When she got on the air, says Pam, "I just said I wanted to meet a nice guy who liked to have a good time."

Rick Marcel, a college student, was working at his part-time job at a shoe store when he heard Pam on *Hotline*. "I guess what turned me on was when she said she didn't want a one-night affair. You know—a slam, bam, thank you, ma'am."

Marcel got Pam's number, telephoned her that night and set a date to meet her. He says Pam was everything he expected but admits that maybe she was disappointed at first sight. "I think she was expecting Burt Reynolds," he laughs.

The two hit it off and began dating steadily. Two months later, Marcel called Syatt and said he was going to propose to Pam. Ever the promotion man, Syatt said, "Why not do it over the air?" The scene was set—Marcel called on one line, Syatt got Pam on another and said, "I've got someone who wants to talk to you."

As central Texas listened in, Rick asked, "Pam, will you marry me?" Following a series of 200-decibel shrieks, Rick got the answer he wanted.

"I had no intention of getting married when I first called *Hotline*," says Pam. "But after we'd been together for a while, I knew he was the one I wanted."

It was the first *Hotline* proposal but not the first *Hotline* wedding—that honor belongs to a 72-year-old widow who met her new 65-year-old husband and grandfather of 19 through *Hotline*. Since then, more than 15 *Hotline* couples have married and Syatt has lost count of those who are engaged.

For skeptics who think matchmaking via the airwaves is a little, ah, weird, Syatt has a ready reply: "It's safer than meeting strangers at a bar and more fun than letting Grandmother fix you up."

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BOOKS

George Plimpton, great pretender to almost everything, has taken an incipient double chin into the world of contemporary boxing and come out of it, if not unscathed, still a winner with *Shadow Box* (Putnam's).

As usual, Plimpton good-naturedly describes his own ineptitude and cowardice, then dives headfirst into danger. He begins in the early Sixties, challenging light-heavyweight champion Archie Moore to three rounds. Only Plimpton could so humorously describe the terror of hearing Moore begin to hum in the ring, as he sometimes did when throwing a combination.

After earning his stripes as a boxing writer by letting Moore bloody his nose, Plimpton put his face in jeopardy only once more, when he challenged Muhammad Ali to a few rounds. Ken Norton broke Ali's jaw before Plimpton got a shot at it and the Ali-Plimpton bout was never rescheduled. But if *Shadow Box* is less participatory than Plimpton's previous excursions into professional sports (*Paper Lion*, *The Bogey Man*, et al.), some chapters should nonetheless become classics in the literature of boxing. Among them are the one in which Moore tenderizes Plimpton's head for six minutes; another in which Ernest Hemingway, himself quite a brawler, comes close to beating the tar out of George on the pretext of giving him a boxing lesson; and, perhaps the best of all, a chapter in which Plimpton does his own *Believe It or Not* of boxing history about various amateur boxers who have dared step into a ring with a champion. There's also a marvelous section on the poetic confrontation between Ali and the late distinguished poetess Marianne Moore. Ali convinces the prim and eccentric Miss Moore to join him in creating a poem on his upcoming fight with Ernie Terrell. Ali overtures her, of course.

But perhaps the most fascinating aspect of *Shadow Box* is a hidden one: that Plimpton, white and educated, somehow managed to get inside the training camps of so many black heavyweight contenders and develop a rapport with them and their handlers that enabled him to be around during some very personal moments. It is perhaps the best measure of his extraordinary ability to be a shadow—ever-present but always in the background.

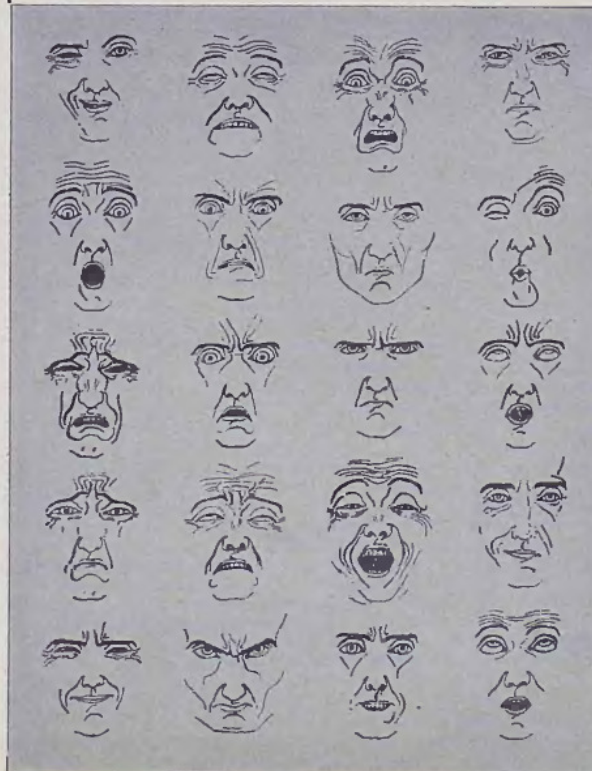
Timothy Gallwey—the West Coast sports guru who gave the



The inimitable Plimpton at work.

What, we always say,
would a year be
without books by
Buchwald and Plimpton?

*It is an old truth that with an itemized bill, you pay more. In **Manwatching** (Abrams), Desmond Morris has itemized human behavior into several thousand separate gestures and expressions; after reading it, you will pay more attention to your fellow man. If you want to profit from the book, you may have to ignore the author's warning: "[Manwatching] is not intended as an aid to dominating one's companions by reading their secret thoughts." Possibly the coffee-table book of the decade....*



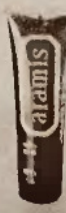
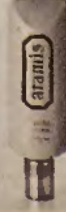
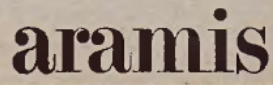
world *The Inner Game of Tennis*—has taken to the slopes with Bob Kriegel to produce *Inner Skiing* (Random House), which might be subtitled "Skiing for Schizophrenics." Gallwey's old side-kicks Self One and Self Two are back. For those of you who didn't read the tennis book, Self One is the Bad Angel—trying, tense, mechanical, bored, unsure, scared, distracted, thinking. It is the inner voice that preconceives, criticizes, holds back, the inner self in acute need of a vacation. Maybe at Vail. In contrast, Self Two is the Good Angel: nonverbal, free, exhilarated, light, flowing, smooth, relaxed, effortless, powerful, tanned. Just back from Portillo. Able to score massive amounts of Valium with a single phone call. Gallwey and Kriegel repeat the basic Inner Game rap: how to silence Self One, to trust your body, to let it happen. Since letting it all hang out on a 45-degree slope with six-foot boards strapped to your feet and high cliffs, rocks or trees on either side of you can be dangerous, Gallwey and Kriegel tackle two new villains—Fear One and Fear Two. (What, no Fear Three? Maybe these guys haven't skied Al's Run at Taos.) Simply put: Fear One is the basic Woody Allen anxiety attack. The self magnifies its perception. Moguls become land mines. The possibility of falling becomes a broken leg. Fear Two is the adrenalin rush, superhero-to-the-rescue type of fear. Where you tear the roof off the overturned truck to rescue a loved one. Where you blast through moguls because you left your wallet with your American Express Card and three grams of coke on the table at the base lodge. In a sense, Gallwey writes pornography for the spiritually dispossessed jock. Read this and you, too, can be graceful. But don't forget to Benden-Zee-Knees.

Art Buchwald has been achieving the impossible—writing humor three times a week—for 28 years, and *Down the Seine and Up the Potomac with Art Buchwald* (Putnam's) celebrates that fact. It's not just another collection of newspaper columns, which in many cases don't hold up beyond the period in which they were written, but a bulging, 480-page book that might be termed *The Portable Buchwald*. Or, better yet, *Buchwald's Greatest Bits*—more than 300 pieces spanning his early days as a Paris correspondent to the more recent times of Watergate, Tricky Dick and Bozo

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Malt-Enriched Conditioning Hair Spray 	Moisturizing Concentrate 	Bath Soap (box of three) 	Super Cologne Natural Spray 		

This month in oui

THE GIRLS OF RUSS MEYER

Ann-Marie, Kitten and June, fresh from Meyer's hottest movie yet.

GUNS FOR HIRE: THE MERCENARY MYSTIQUE

"Soldier of Fortune" editor Bob Brown interviewed.

'78 OUI DATEBOOK CALENDAR PULL-OUT

13—count 'em—13 beautiful reasons why it's going to be a super year.

LATIN LOVERS

From Valentino to Stallone: the secrets of their sex-cess?

THE TOY WARS

All is not fun 'n' games in Santa Claus's favorite industry.

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**DECEMBER OUI
ON NEWSSTANDS NOW**

Jerry. What's particularly instructive is how many touches of satirical folklore—picked up so often by others that they've become clichés—originated with Buchwald. For instance, there's the classic piece "The Six-Minute Louvre," written when Buchwald was a columnist for the Paris-based *International Herald Tribune* in the Fifties, which set the pattern for jokes about tourists tearing past the *Mona Lisa* in record time. There are more, both classic and contemporary, and it's nice to be able to give credit where it's due in the larceny-filled fraternity of humorists. Some of the longer and meatier stuff appeared in magazines (notably, *PLAYBOY*, if we say so ourself; we published the book's title piece in September). Several selections are surprisingly touching, such as "You Kept Telling Me There Was No Better Place to Live," a paean to Buchwald's immigrant father and to the United States on



Art for Art's sake.

its 200th birthday. One publishing criticism: However timeless many of the pieces may be, it would have been helpful to date the columns and thus place them in context. Nonetheless, we recommend a couple of pieces a night as a sure way to fall asleep regularly—for at least a couple of months—with a grin.

For those of you who missed Vietnam, you who were at home smoking dope and licking wheat-colored psilocybin off your finger tips and trying to discern what it was that seemed so menacing about that strange, new music you were hearing—here's a tidbit: Vietnam was the first rock-'n'-roll war. Michael Herr tells it in *Dispatches* (Knopf): "The war seemed . . . an aberration . . . like old acid backing up, residual psychotic reaction. Certain rock 'n' roll would come in mixed with rapid fire and men screaming." Charles Manson with his Helter Skelter madness was simply in the wrong place. One guy "mailed a Gook ear home to his girl and could not understand now why she had stopped writing to him." Armed Forces Radio played Otis Redding in the midst

of fire fights while grunts huddled under space blankets and wiped their faces with Wash 'n Dris. Crossing a rice paddy, Herr and some soldiers were ambushed and finally got to cover while the Cong laid down some heavy heat. Suddenly, Herr heard a whining guitar and a soul singer and turned to see that one of the soldiers had simply pulled out his cassette recorder to dig some sounds until the firing stopped. And the gutsball sound of The Rolling Stones played to a genuine menace. Zappa, Hendrix (a big favorite), the Grateful Dead ("the name was enough"), The Doors and Dylan were constantly with them, made possible by the transistorized tape deck.

Herr spent roughly a year in the royal hunting grounds of the Annamese emperors—Vietnam—and, more than anyone else, he has done what so many correspondents wanted to do when they went over. He nailed it. You can get combat fatigue just from reading this book. He recognized and recorded the poetry of the war, too; most guys painted some slogan or other on their helmets—Herr collected them. For example, A SUCKING CHEST WOUND IS NATURE'S WAY OF TELLING YOU THAT YOU'VE BEEN IN A FIRE FIGHT. In a section called "Khe Sanh," Herr describes the more fantastic guns some C-47s carried: "Mike-Mikes that could fire out 300 rounds per second, Gatling style, 'a round in every square inch of a football field in less than a minute,' as the hand-outs said. They used to call it Puff the Magic Dragon, but the Marines knew better: They named it Spooky. Every fifth round fired was a tracer, and when Spooky was working, everything stopped while that solid stream of violent red poured down out of the black sky."

If you ever thought you missed something in Vietnam, read this book and be glad you did.

QUICK READS

Lindsay Maracotta / *The Sad-Eyed Ladies* (Playboy Press): An engagingly sarcastic look at the singles scene from a woman's point of view. Written as a journal, the book takes us on a tour of the more popular swingles hangouts in New York, California and Chicago and introduces us to some of the characters who populate them. Maracotta's Holden Caulfieldlike sense of humor distinguishes this from the usual guidebook fare.

John Gregory Dunne / *True Confessions* (Dutton): Primarily a murder mystery, Dunne's novel centers on two brothers in post-World War Two Los Angeles. Tom Spellacy is a hard-boiled homicide detective; his brother Desmond is a monsignor with ambitions. A grisly murder pits brother against brother. Since Dunne is a writer of proven talent, one keeps looking in *Confessions*' complex network of events for either a novel twist or heavy messages. Unfortunately, neither is to be found here.

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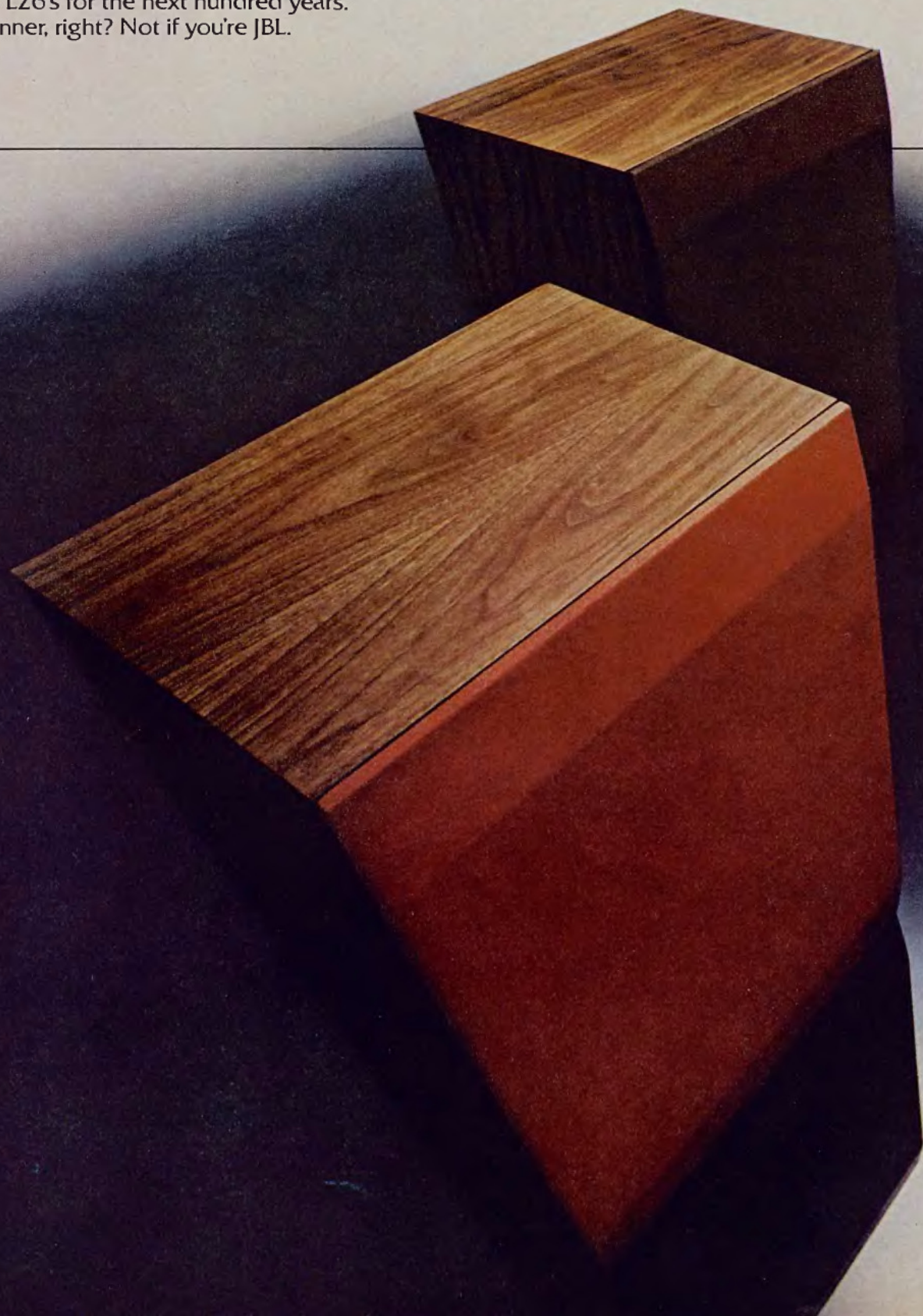
THE LOUDSPEAKER WITH A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW: JBL'S NEW L40.

For the past 2½ years, we've been making a two-way bookshelf loudspeaker called the L26. The critics loved it. The dealers loved it. The customers loved it. 250,000 times to be exact.

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Ranked by the number of Top Fifty albums they produced last year, seven of the ten leading recording studios in the world used JBL to record or mix their music. They used our sound to make theirs. Source: Recording Institute of America.



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It was just about a year ago that expatriate tenor man Dexter Gordon came back to these shores to set Village Vanguard audiences on their ears. Now Columbia has been astute enough to make a two-LP taping of those sessions available under the apropos title *Homecoming*. Gordon, living in Copenhagen, has slipped from America's consciousness. He also has had the misfortune over the years to always rank just a notch below the masters Hawkins, Webster, Young and, later, Coltrane and Rollins in the jazz pantheon. But that should all be changed now. *Homecoming* should prove once and for all that Gordon has always been his own man—hard-edged yet lyrical, in the best bop tradition but without being wrapped up in its stereotypical phrases. Here it's Gordon's good fortune to be backed by the Woody Shaw-Louis Hayes group that is in every way up to his standards. (Shaw, especially, is a severely underrated trumpeter of formidable accomplishment.) Two tracks say it all for Gordon—his marvelously lilting approach to the standard *It's You or No One* and the way he moves effortlessly through his own taking-care-of-business *Backstairs*. It's good to have Gordon with us once more.

Is there life after 30 for L.A. country-rockers? We can look for answers on albums from three of Sin City's most infamous cosmic cowpokes: Chris Hillman, Bernie Leadon and Rick Nelson.

Hillman and Leadon are soul mates. Both grew up in Southern Cal and began careers in the early Sixties as bluegrass pickers in a group called Scottsville Squirrel Barkers (we kid you not). Both belonged to Gram Parsons' quintessential country-rock aggregate, the Flying Burrito Brothers. Both have attained superstardom—Leadon with the Eagles, Hillman first as bassist with the original Byrds, later with Manassas and the ill-fated SHF Band. Steeped in bluegrass, folk, country-and-western and rock, both have recently gone solo.

On *Clear Sailing* (Asylum), Hillman exhibits a commanding ability to draw upon the sum of his musical experience. But, more importantly, a Hillman style is emerging now that he's escaped the domination of his former groupmates. His maturity shows. While *Clear Sailing* is less balanced than his formidable solo debut, *Slippin' Away*, the new album displays more pop-inspired arrangements aided by the addition of saxist Al Garth. Strong melodies and firm vocals add up to tight, tasteful rock 'n' roll.

The Bernie Leadon/Michael Georgiadis Band's *Natural Progressions* (Asylum) challenges belief: Can this be the same guy who co-wrote *Earlybird* and wrote



Dexter Gordon returns.

Mozart for the economy-minded;
a hearty welcome back to
the Animals and Dexter Gordon.

Twenty-One and *On the Border* for the Eagles? To be polite, we'd call this album mellow; to be precise, it's languid and tedious. The lyrics are so sappy and sentimental they'd make Paul Williams blush. Honest. Both Hillman and Leadon have all but abandoned bluegrass, but at least Hillman's LP is fun. We recommend the Leadon/Georgiades effort as a cure for insomnia.

If we need to explain to you Rick Nelson's country-rock contributions, then you've been spending too much time watching *Ozzie and Harriet* reruns and not enough at your record shop. *One by One* (Epic) is Nelson's sixth album with the Stone Canyon Band and, without doubt, the finest. It mixes hybridizations of Rick's own Fifties rock-a-billy style with refreshing pop anthems and highlights compositions by S.C.B. members Dennis Larden and J. DeWitt White. Less country-and-western oriented than anything Nelson's done since *Bright Lights and Country Music* in 1966, the LP presents the best synthesis of country instrumentation and rock framework we've heard—a tribute to Nelson's talent, energy and persistence.

After nearly a decade, the Animals are back with us again. They were originally

a part of the Great English Rock-'n'-Roll Invasion of 1964, and their first hits (*House of the Rising Sun*, *We Gotta Get Out of This Place*) are classic examples of why the world welcomed the onslaught with open ears. But when the British forces fell back to give ground to the San Francisco scene, the Animals split up and went their separate ways. Now, with *Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted* (Jet), they are back for another trip. And they've regrouped with the same style and sound that first brought them fame. As the title suggests, it's as though lead singer Eric Burdon and the rest were just returning to the studio after a matter of weeks instead of years since last recording together. If you missed the Animals the first time around, you've been given a second chance. The outstanding jobs they do on *Many Rivers to Cross* and *Just a Little Bit* suggest that maybe you can go home again.

These days, it seems you can't make an album without a flashy cast of helpers, and Libby Titus certainly has collected a heavy team—Phil Ramone, Carly Simon, Paul Simon and Robbie Robertson—to launch her debut on Columbia. Titus should be known to millions for co-writing (with Eric Kaz) *Love Has No Pride* for Linda Ronstadt. She does the song herself on *Libby Titus*—quite well, as a matter of fact. She does everything on this album quite well, and its range is from Al Kooper through Lieber & Stoller to Cole Porter. But the Carly Simon songs seem best suited to Titus' semisoulful, sexy voice.

Earthquake may be a band on the verge of making it big. The West Coast heavy-metalworkers have been bubbling along just under the monster bands for the past couple of albums. All they need to move into the stadium-filling bracket is one superduper AM smash. *Leveled* (Berserkely) may do it for them. Seven of its eight cuts are driving rockers with enough edge to cut through rush-hour traffic noise and grab the AM commuter audience. Singer John Doukas operates well in the semihysterical style favored by the heavy-metal groups on rockers such as *Nothing Personal* and on the slightly more restrained *Emma*. The rest of the band stays within the genre, too, but its licks are not just rearrangements of old Led Zeppelin chops. It also understands that volume is only a tool. Drive and energy are the heart of heavy-metal music, and Earthquake knows how to keep things shaking.

Frankly, we didn't expect anything monumental from the pairing of David Ruffin, the temperamental star of The

Temptations during the middle Sixties, and Van McCoy, the arranger whose particular brand of bubble soul—*The Hustle*—helped get the discos off and running. But Ruffin, whose hoarse voice is capable of great sensitivity, is no ruffian; McCoy, whose fastidious musical designs are capable of great strength, is the real you-know-what; and *In My Stride* (Motown) is an absolutely beautiful album. The songs, which celebrate love without idealizing it—e.g., *You're My Peace of Mind*—consistently achieve a near-perfect balance of structure and groove; the instrumentation, while heavy—the guitarists, by the way, are Eric Gale and Cornell Dupree—never threatens to overwhelm; and the absence of pretension, at a time when a startling number of R&B albums are laden with preaching and heavy messages, is more than welcome.

It's hard, nowadays, for a singing group to get much attention unless it comes up with provocative material or a slam-bang stage show. It's also hard for outsiders to buck the popularity of the Motown and Philadelphia gangs. Well, all The Dramatics do is sing, and it's a pity they aren't more famous, because their vocal work places them, without question, in the front rank of today's groups. Once past the title tune of *Shake It Well* (ABC)—

a misguided attempt to present them in a disco vein—The Dramatics get into the melodic ballads that they do so beautifully. Lush backgrounds—with occasional shimmering echoes of the guitar intro to their classic of some years ago, *In the Rain*—are fully complementary. We're glad to see these guys come in out of the storm.

Rock 'n' Roll Again (Arista) offers Commander Cody without the Lost Planet Airmen; now it's the new Commander Cody Band, and maybe that's part of the problem. The commander writes interesting—and at times wildly funny—songs and plays a nice barrel-house boogie piano; but this initial effort with the new group is a little disappointing. The songs are not as strong as we've come to expect. *6 Years on the Road* is an enjoyable, raucous bit of autobiography, but there's nothing on the record as memorable as *Seeds and Stems Again*. The commander may still be lost, but this time he doesn't quite make it to the ozone.

In Western music, nobody ever concocted a more powerful or dramatic blend of traditional sounds than Gustav Mahler. That's only our opinion, of course, and there are some people around who find Mahler's music alternately nervous, cataclysmic or cute. Claudio Abbado is clearly not one of those. As a

conductor, he made a brilliant Salzburg Festival debut in 1965 with Mahler's "*Resurrection*" *Symphony No. 2* and continues to show a remarkable affinity for the music in this new recording for Deutsche Grammophon. We offer another opinion: This work, the keystone of Mahler's massive symphonic arch, has never been better played or recorded. It requires an immense orchestral apparatus, here provided by the Chicago Symphony—an ensemble that, we suggest, has no peer in the world today. Marilyn Horne and Carol Neblett are the soloists, accompanied by the Chicago Symphony Chorus. How to characterize this work? The complexities of Mahler's art can be staggering, and that is surely the case where the composer is preoccupied with a spiritual and metaphysical vision, with first and last things. Consequently, the music expresses everything from the flutings of a nightingale to the terrors and grandeurs of the Day of Judgment, from innocence to sophisticated irony to soaring affirmation. It's enough to make believers out of those who have ears.

It may take a couple of listenings for some longtime Dead heads to really get down into *Terrapin Station* (Arista), the latest installment in the continuing miracle of the Grateful Dead. The Dead has been called the best "live" band in creation, and some Dead freaks have a

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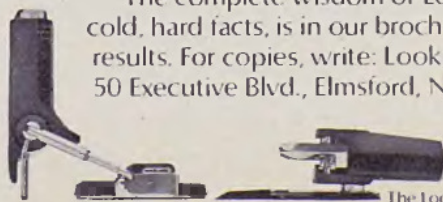
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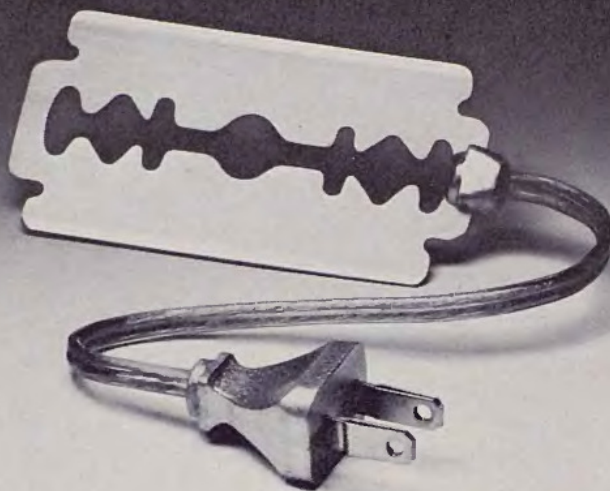
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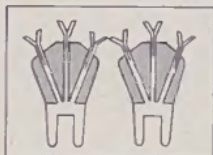
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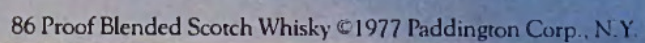
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strong prejudice against studio work—and *Terrapin Station* is the band's most studioish LP yet. Horns, strings and what-not join in exploiting the greater possibilities of the studio—and it all works to give us music that is still the good old Grateful Dead—yet new, rich and exciting. Side one contains the shorter cuts—some familiar, some fresh—and has some excellent vocals by Bob Weir and Donna Godchaux. Side two consists of *Terrapin Part I*, a seven-part cycle with lyrics by Robert Hunter—the Dead's poet in residence. Starting with a hauntingly evocative retelling of the *Lady of Carlisle* story, it proceeds in its acidic cosmic joy to explore and ignite your musical and poetic imagination. The long, strange trip of the Dead is getting still stranger and more wondrous.

Show Time (Warner Bros.) is Ry Cooder's first live album. Recorded at San Francisco's Great American Music Hall, it features many of the same musicians who worked on *Chicken Skin Music*, Cooder's last album. If you have never heard what Cooder's musical intelligence and taste can do with American music, this is a good place to start. Working again with the great Tex-Mex accordionist Flaco Jimenez and his band and backed by three male singers, Cooder does a musical grand tour. *School Is Out* sounds like a Brill Building rocker about New York kids getting out of school for the summer. With Flaco and the boys backing him, Cooder gives it a Latin feel that a lot of kids from the *barrio* could get behind quite naturally. *Jesus on the Mainline* is an old hymn done with bottleneck-guitar backing. *How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live* is an Appalachian ditty that comes out here sounding bluesy; and *Viva Sequin/Do Re Mi* is a genuine Mexican polka.

There is nobody else like Cooder around now. Nobody makes the musical connections he does. He can open you up to the fantastic variety of American music. Listen to him.

Hardly anyone will deny that among the richest and most expressive sounds in nature are the ecstatic utterances of the human voice during sexual intercourse. We prefer them to the whistling of dolphins, the bellowing of whales and the micro-audible squeaks of ants. So does "Fist" Goodbody, whose *Travelling Torture Show* (Hot Waffle) is an oddly moving serenade for piano, percussion and heavily breathing voice. The piece begins cheerfully enough with Goodbody getting laid east of the piano and west of the drums. All too soon, however, zephyrous sighs and tremulous moans give way to prolonged shrieks, and on that disenchanted note, the performance ends. Nevertheless, *Torture Show* is simple but effective



dramaturgy. And although some may consider the sadism and masochism to be in poor taste if not downright crude, we recommend the album if for no other reason than that Goodbody presents a convincing portrait of the artist as a young man with a fist up his ass.

• **Bionic Gold** (Big Sound) is a multiple accomplishment: It launches an independent label; it presents nine New Wave rock artists; and it pays handsome tribute to Phil Spector, that Big Daddy of independent record producers. Each of the album's 13 tunes is one that Spector wrote and/or produced for groups like the Crystals, the Ronettes and even the Beatles—zapped up in circuit-breaking, high-voltage Seventies sound. The transformations are often fascinating, particularly if you have the originals around for comparison. *Uptown*, as sung by the Crystals, exuded warm feminine supportiveness for a man unhappy with his low-level job. *Bionic Gold's* version by the Scratch Band adds an element of harsh anger via power chords and thick, Springsteenlike textures. And wait until you hear the intriguing but respectful updating done on such old favorites as *Da Doo Ron Ron* and *All Grown Up*. True believers in golden oldies, however, should be alerted to the album's one bit of shameless blasphemy: the punk-rock bashing inflicted by one Mick Farren ("formerly of the Deviants," according to the notes) on that bubble-gum classic *To Know Him Is to Love Him*. That line, Spector has said, came off his father's tombstone. If so, Farren's version will probably have Poppa spinning like a turntable—at 78 rpm.

• One is tempted at first to say that *Mutha's Nature* (Polydor) is the standard James Brown LP. It has the usual hard-rocking grooves, the usual screeching and moaning and the usual pontification (this time about conservation). But there are some new touches, and not necessarily because the band has changed (Maceo and Fred, the horny horns, have left—again—to join Bootsy Collins, Dr. Funkenstein and the Parliament/Funkadelic gang). We're talking about the scat singing James does on several tunes and the occasional but intriguing use of the acoustic piano. Not to mention the mellow changes on *People Wake Up and Live* or the uncharacteristic switch to three-four time on *Have a Happy Day*. There's also a new edge to Brown's megalomania, as—in liner notes that really do sound as if he dictated them—he raps about "Beethoven, Bach, Brahms and now Brown." Whatever happened to Bessie, Basie and Bird?

• The late Bruno Walter had a special feeling for Mozart and, fortunately for us, his long career lasted well into the

era of modern stereo recording. A budget reissue of Walter conducting *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik and Other Mozart Favorites* (Odyssey Y-30048) is an ideal introduction to Mozart. Those interested in more of his light orchestral works may choose one or more of three albums of *Mozart: Divertimenti* (Vox, SVBX 5104, 5105 and 5106). Without symphonic form or dramatic context, these charming occasional pieces were written, and should be listened to, as pure fun. They were recorded by the New York Philomusica in stereophonic sound and are really an amazing bargain.

Actually, you can build a whole Mozart collection by shopping in the



Mozart on the cheap.

budget bins at your local record store. The greatest conductors of our century have given us recordings of his last six symphonies (numbers 35 through 41—37 is nonexistent), which show Mozart at the peak of his symphonic powers. Again, however, we could scarcely do better than to turn to Walter, with *Mozart: The Last Six Symphonies* (Columbia M3 S-691). These loving performances tend to be a little slow, but they are never sluggish. For some reason, they have never been issued on Columbia's budget label, Odyssey, but remain on the regular Masterworks label. However, they are sold at a special three-for-the-price-of-two offer, which lets us consider them bargain buys.

There are two fine budget sets of Mozart's piano sonatas. *Mozart: The Complete Music for Piano Solo. Volumes I, II and III* (Seraphim ID-6047, ID-6048 and IC-6049), played by Walter Gieseking, offers the sonatas plus the smaller solo pieces. Gieseking's playing is marked by elegant phrasing, classical balance and spare use of the pedal. His style has been labeled

feminine and lacking in passion by some, but these self-styled arbiters of taste are mere slaves of fashion. The clarity and classical proportion of Gieseking's playing are matchless. These records, cut in the early Fifties, are monaural—but very good mono. Indeed, this set has no replacement in the catalog at any price. Lili Kraus's more dramatic readings of the sonatas on *Mozart: Piano Sonatas, Complete, Volumes One and Two* (Odyssey Y3-33220 and Y3-33224) have more pedal, passion and power than those of Gieseking and are perhaps more critically fashionable. However, the collection is not really complete, as it does not include the great number 18 in F major (K. 533), the smaller number 19 (E. 547a) nor the fragment *Allegro* (K. 312), whereas the Gieseking set contains all of these, plus the smaller variations and rondos. Still, Kraus is highly recommended.

The budget situation could be better for lovers of the two most popular Mozart operas, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. There's a stereo *Marriage* on Seraphim (SIC-6002) but it's in German, which will put most listeners off. The only other budget sets are the pre-World War Two Glyndebourne Festival performances under Fritz Busch: *The Marriage of Figaro* (Turnabout THS 65081-83), *Don Giovanni* (Turnabout THS 65084-86.) The drawbacks here are the dated recorded sound and the use in the recitatives of a piano rather than a harpsichord, which is more familiar to modern listeners. The main assets of these sets are the excellent readings of conductor Busch. The singing in *Figaro* is no great shakes, but the *Don Giovanni* at least offers the splendid Donna Anna of soprano Ina Souez and the great Leporello of Salvatore Baccaloni, the greatest *basso buffo* of modern times in the greatest of *buffo* roles.

With Mozart's other operas, we are more fortunate. The *Così fan Tutte* (Richmond SRS 63508) under the baton of Karl Böhm offers modern stereo and the very fine singing of soprano Lisa Della Casa and mezzo Crista Ludwig. Anton Dermota's nasal tenor in the role of Ferrando is the only real drawback among a fine cast of voices. And when we come to Mozart's last great opera (or, rather, his last great German *Singspiel*), *The Magic Flute*, the budget situation is, indeed, happy. We have both a fine modern recording and a legendary performance from the past. The stereo *Magic Flute* (Richmond 63507), again under conductor Karl Böhm, boasts the excellent Tamino of tenor Léopold Simonéau, whose faultless dynamic control and beautiful *mezza voce* high notes present a model of the art of the lyric tenor. Baritone Walter Berry's fine Papageno has plenty of spirit but none of the

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embarrassingly silly characterization some singers give this role. Soprano Hilde Gueden is a youthful and lyrical Pamina and the rest of the cast is quite fine. For those less fussy about stereo sound, the classic prewar (1937) Berlin Philharmonic recording under Sir Thomas Beecham (Turnabout THS 65078-80) will certainly be of interest. A tremendous performance by an all-star cast. Tiana Lemnitz is an appealing sweet-voiced Pamina; Erna Berger as the Queen of the Night handles the role's coloratura demands in masterful style; Wilhelm Strienz is the most humane and noble of Sarastro; the hefty but lyrical tenor of Helge Roswaenge sets a standard for all Tamínos; and baritone Gerhard Hüsch's is simply the finest sung and most brilliantly acted Papageno we have ever heard. And all of this under the firm, spirited hand of the late Sir Thomas. This recording was considered for decades to be the standard by which to judge all *Magic Flutes*. Originally available in bulky 78-rpm albums and later on very expensive imported LPs, it is now offered at a fraction of its original size and price.

—DAN ZAPP

SHORT CUTS

Jessi Colter / Mirriam (Capitol): A collection of hymns may not be your thing, but this record is more than worth having for one powerful devotional song called *Consider Me*. Every word is the truth.

Average White Band & Ben E. King / Benny and Us (Atlantic): Neither average nor lily-white, this A.W.B. collaboration with King contains some of the most satisfying R&B soul we've heard in a good long time.

Foghat Live (Beatsville): DO YOU WANT TO BOOGIE? I SAID, DO YOU WANT TO BOOGIE? I MEAN BOOGIE!!!

Kevin Coyne / In Living Black and White (Virgin): Avant-gruesome art rock from Britain. Boo! Hiss!—to Coyne a phrase.

Dennis Wilson / Pacific Ocean Blue (Caribou): We thought it was Brian who was having his problems.

David Sanborn Band / Promise Me the Moon (Warner Bros.): He's one of the hotter reed men around, but this set—underworked tunes, overworked charts—doesn't show why.

The Philadelphia International All-Stars / Let's Clean Up the Ghetto (Philadelphia International): A nice gesture. But while the lyrics to *The Big Gangster* put him down, the music makes him sound pretty hip. And so on.

L.T.D. / Something to Love (A&M): With ten guys in the group, it's a wonder the music is so well organized. On the other hand, if you split the money that many ways, you've just got to be good.

The Dictators / Manifest Destiny (Asylum): A fate worse than death.

Who makes the best jogging shoe?

by Don Riggs

The distance-running coach at San Jose State University examines the new Puma® 'Easy Rider.'



Distance-running coach Don Riggs.

A startling find.

I've tested every major brand of jogging shoe and I've come to a pretty startling discovery: *Puma is the only one that toes-off properly*—that bends the right way under the ball of your foot. Only one other brand comes even close.

Is this important? You'd better know it! Improper toe-off can lead to all kinds of foot and leg problems.

But don't take my word for the new Puma toes-off. You can test it for yourself. Grab hold of the new 'Easy Rider' and bend the sole (see photograph). The bend is exactly where the foot bends, at the head of the metatarsal, and it's rounded the way your foot is rounded.

Now try the same thing with other shoes. Some bend too sharply. Some bend in the wrong place altogether. I've even found shoes that bend right in the middle, which can tear the heck out of your metatarsal.



Puma is the only big-name shoe that toes-off properly, says Riggs.

A 1,000-mile sole?

The sole on the new 'Easy Rider' is going to make a few people sit up and take notice. Look closely and you'll see it's covered with rows of truncated cones—in two different heights.

The tall cones give you traction and help to cushion impact and insulate your foot from surface heat. The comfort is fantastic, but that's only half the story.

When you run, the tall cones are squashed down. This is when the short cones come into play.

They're placed where the greatest wear occurs in a shoe—at the heel. They act like firm little bumpers to keep the tall cones from mashing down and wearing out too fast.

Going by the three years of testing I've done—and this depends, of course, on weight, running surface, and how hard you run—don't be surprised if you rack up a thousand miles on this sole.



The 'Easy Rider' sole. Note the two different heights of the cones.

Beware of mushy counters.

Another way to spot a first-class jogging shoe is by checking the counter—which is what they call the part that surrounds your heel.

You take a poor shoe and push against the side or back of the counter with your thumb. You'll find it's soft and mushy. When it breaks down, your heel is going to start wobbling around in there, which can cause anything from shinsplints to knee problems. Avoid this kind of shoe like the plague.

Now try the same test with the 'Easy Rider'. The counter is strong, firm (like the photograph shows). It holds and protects the calcaneus (or heel bone) and its muscle group all the way down.

I like the way Puma pays careful attention to details like this.



The 'Easy Rider' stays firm when you push here. A poor shoe is soft and mushy.

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I'll tell you the same thing I tell my athletes: A good shoe can make a difference in how you run. If you take pride in what you're doing, you've earned the right to wear Puma. You've earned your stripe.



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TELEVISION

The outrageous Romans running amuck in *I, Claudius* make Masterpiece Theatre's *Upstairs, Downstairs* company of past seasons look like pussycats. Viewers are not likely to mourn a death in the family when these bloody descendants of Julius Caesar take over Public Broadcasting's prime time (Sundays, 9-10 P.M. Eastern time, beginning November 6) with a vibrant and gutsy 13-week series based on two classic historical novels by Robert Graves. The good old BBC has performed another miracle here, making wicked ancient Rome sizzle with life; small wonder that PBS decided to move the series up from its originally scheduled air date in mid-January. Adapted by Jack Pulman (who wrote BBC-TV's *Poldark*) and directed by Herbert Wise, *I, Claudius* has featured roles for 175 actors impersonating everyone from Claudius himself (England's brilliant Derek Jacobi, as the narrator recalling his rambunctious family history) to the decadent Caligula (John Hurt), who preceded him as Emperor, and Claudius' whorish third wife, Messalina (Sheila White).

If the first few weekly episodes provide a fair sampling, audiences should expect a barrage of intrigues, orgies, murders and general messing around on the seats of power that promises to outdo *Soap* and any other controversial shockers slated for the current TV season of sinfulness. *Claudius* begins seven years after the Battle of Actium, with Marc Antony and Cleopatra already a fading blot on the family escutcheon, Augustus Caesar (Brian Blessed) reigning as the first Roman Emperor, with the infamous Livia (Sian Phillips) as the real power behind the throne. Claudius has not yet been born, though he introduces himself—in his paranoid dotage, penning his memoirs and suspecting that his wife will have him assassinated before he can finish them—as the future tic-ridden, stammering, unloved grandson of Livia, a lady who lets nothing or no one stand in the way of her royal prerogatives. Having divorced her first husband to rule with Augustus, she poisons Augustus' son-in-law and heir apparent Marcellus so that Augustus' beloved daughter Julia (Frances White) can marry her own son Tiberius, played by George Baker. The Tiberius role is, no shades of incest intended, played by Peter O'Toole, Sian Phillips' real-life husband, in the upcoming film epic *Gore Vidal's Caligula*. The facts that Julia and Tiberius loathe each other and that Tiberius already has a wife he adores are only minor obstacles



Phillips, Blessed in *I, Claudius*.

Ancient Romans run amuck
in a barrage of
intrigues, orgies, murders
to enliven PBS fare;
all-star *Gathering* ushers
in the holidays for ABC.



Asner, Stapleton in *Gathering*.

for Livia. One of the great fixers of all time, Phillips' Livia is a malignantly fascinating creature: cool, reptilian and implacable under her gracious, queenly façade. Week by week, the show's opening titles show a snake slithering across a pastel Roman mosaic, and the symbolism is apt.

There's little reverence for antiquity in Pulman's intelligent, pop-slanted adaptation, which sounds more like good, bristling British theater than verse and chapter on the decline of the Roman Empire. "Not that old *chicken* story again," groans Tiberius the sodomist in

response to his mum's solemn word that she's had a sign from the gods in some entrails. The production is handsome, as usual on Masterpiece Theatre. And director Wise knows how to wield a narrative hook; witness the scene of Julia's downfall—when Livia has cunningly arranged to let the doting Augustus find out about the lady's frequent orgies and the Emperor confronts a long, white, shifty-footed line of aides in togas to ask which of them has had her. Each of them nods, affirmatively. "Is there anybody in Rome who has *not* slept with my daughter?" bellows Augustus. With Caligula's reign of terror and debauchery still to come, it seems safe to predict that *I, Claudius* will make ancient history addictive as well as informative, easy to follow and hugely entertaining.

ABC Television will usher in its yuletide seasonal shows with *The Gathering*, a two-hour drama, Sunday, December 4 (9-11 P.M. Eastern time). Anything but upbeat, James Poe's teleplay (directed by Randal Kleiser) concerns the Christmas reunion of the Thornton family in a small American town. Typical? Well, almost—except that the head of the family (Edward Asner), a brusque businessman, has recently been told by his friendly neighborhood doctor that he's going to die very soon. He is also estranged from his wife (Maureen Stapleton) and has tricky accounts to settle with a son he disowned as a coward during the bad old days of Vietnam, another ambitious older son who is so much like his dad that the two can't be in the same room for five minutes without a fight, plus two grown-up daughters whose feelings toward their old man are mixed, to say the least.

The Gathering is beautifully acted by a fine cast from beginning to end, as you'd expect, with Asner and Stapleton holding open house in their best plain-spoken middle-American manner. Author Poe even strives to stoke up a bit of suspense about which of the kids (none of them *knows*) will finally come home—though it's pretty clear that Christmas morning will bring everyone together again as sure as there's a star on top of the tree. How does Adam Thornton, a doomed man, make peace with himself, his family and his fate? That question stated, *The Gathering* spends a lot of talent and good will arriving just where you know it's got to go. Thanks, anyway, but we'll probably be back visiting another family in Rome.



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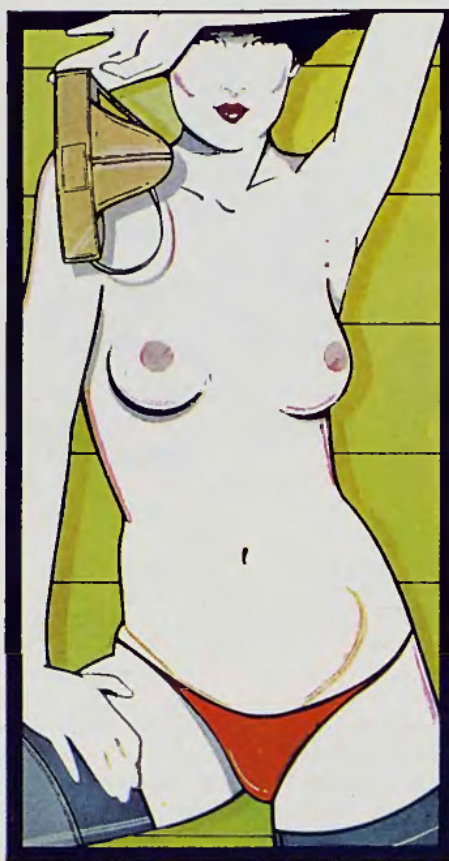
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The other day, some of my friends were talking about kissing. How some people kiss right and others kiss wrong, and never the twain shall meet. One of the guys said that he judges dates on the compatibility of their kissing. If a girl doesn't taste right or kiss right, she doesn't make it in bed. Another wondered why it is that prostitutes never kiss clients, and recalled that there was a sign in the Mustang Ranch in Nevada proclaiming that kissing the girls was unethical, illegal and unhealthy. I'm of the opinion that a kiss is just a kiss and that all of this stuff is superstitious nonsense. What do you say?—D. W., Portland, Oregon.

Kissing is and always has been one of humankind's intimate acts, except when practiced by relatives, especially elderly aunts, and by blind dates set up by vengeful friends. A psychologist we consulted explained that our mouth is our first organ of intelligence. As a mere babe, we test things by putting them into our mouth. If something is bad, we reject it. Later, we develop other organs of intelligence—at least some of us do—and learn to base many of our judgments on them. (Men, for example, are characteristically aroused by sight, while women are turned on by tactile sensations.) But still, in the back of our mind is the basic oral sense. We're not sure if bad kissing is enough to permanently write off a potential partner, but then, we need something to help us sort through the crowds of women beating down our door. As to the question of prostitutes—they choose to keep their intimacy to themselves (and so resist kissing). Supposedly, callgirls will kiss—that's why they cost more. Our own standard: We care how a girl kisses, but more importantly, we judge her by how accurate her aim.

Being an avid cassette taper, I tend to use and re-use cassettes. I tape material directly from the radio, live performances and even the sounds my partners make during sex. Sometimes, in the heat of the moment and the dark of the room, I re-use a cassette that I had meant to save. One of my friends says that there is a permanent way to prevent accidental erasing of a cherished cassette, but he didn't know the details. Do you?—D. R., Miami Beach, Florida.

Sure enough. If you pry loose the two plastic tabs on the back edge of the cassette, the record mechanism of your cassette will not engage. The method is effective, but it is not, as your friend thinks, permanent. If, for some reason, you decide that the 18-minute exchange between you and your boss's wife is not worth saving and want to re-use one of



the altered tapes, you can simply cover the tab areas with small pieces of masking tape or fill the indentations with epoxy.

My new girlfriend seldom has orgasms. When she does, the event is usually the result of manual stimulation. Or she plugs into a massive vibrator that looks something like an electric carving knife with a pinball bumper attached to it. Needless to say, I am freaked. What am I doing wrong? Why can't she come from normal, face-to-face, human intercourse?—M. A., Hartford, Connecticut.

Hey, ease up. It's not your problem. You just met the girl. It's not even her problem—she seems to be making progress toward discovering what turns her on. If she's had an orgasm from one mode of stimulation, then she is more than likely to reach that state from another. In the past, we have commented on the need for men to liberate themselves from the responsibility for their partners' orgasms. It will only make you sad. Leonard Derogatis, a sex researcher at Johns Hopkins University, studied the involvement of the healthy partner in couples with sexual difficulties. He found that where a woman had a problem (e.g., orgasmic dysfunction), the male partner tended to be tense, faultfinding and generally negative. The male was portrayed as a "frustrated individual who is concerned about the

blame and is anxious and ruminative. He is unsure of himself around women, is notably self-deprecating and feels somewhat alienated from other people." In sharp contrast, Derogatis found that when a man had a sexual problem (premature ejaculation or impotence), his partner was relatively unmoved. Indeed, women tended to be more tolerant and relaxed about it. Of course, you might ask yourself what they know about it. Women are so blasé, it makes us wonder why we spend so much time with them. Don't they realize how serious sex is? No? Maybe that's why we spend so much time with them.

Some buddies and I were doing a bit of Monday-morning quarterbacking of a National Football League game and, as usual, we were arguing over some of the referees' calls. What with instant replay showing the entire country how wrong a couple of them were, we got to wondering if anyone keeps score on the refs.—O. J., Buffalo, New York.

Actually, O.J., we wonder why the refs don't smile more during the game, because they are oncamera every week. A film of every N.F.L. game is rushed to headquarters in New York, where a staff of four people reviews every play, usually two or three times each. Talk about Monday-morning quarterbacks! These guys take all week. They look for the ones that got away and didn't get called as well as for those that might have been called incorrectly. If a ref seems to be making too many mistakes, he might get a penalty called against him. Also, if a coach calls up and wants to know the final verdict on any controversial call made during the game, the league will give him the straight dope. It won't affect the outcome of the game, but we guess they figure it might let him sleep that night.

What gives? For years, you've been telling your readers that penis size doesn't count. Then, in the Sex Poll in the October issue, you come out with the findings that it matters to some people. What's the true story?—S. V., Chicago, Illinois.

Are you suggesting that we've been caught with our pants down? OK, we confess. It's all been a conspiracy to delude the masses. The fiends responsible for the misinformation have been fired. Size counts. Now what? The most recent research, reported by J. Scott Verinis in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, suggests that initially the size of a man's penis matters to both the male and the female. "However," he says, "as the relationship progresses, the size of the penis becomes less important to most women



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Playboy Towers

163 East Walton Street
Chicago, Illinois

and factors such as the quality of sexual performance and the nature of the interpersonal relationship receive higher priority." The men, however, continue to value the size of the penis at all stages of the relationship. (That makes sense—it's their burden to bear.) So probably the real truth is this: Size matters to some of the people all of the time and to all of the people some of the time, but not to all of the people all of the time. By the time you figure that one out, you'll be an old man and it won't matter anymore.

Whenver I fill out a form that asks for my religious denomination, I say: Beer. I like the suds several times a night, several times a week, on holidays, whenever. Consequently, I welcomed the thoughtful introduction of the so-called light beers, with their reduced caloric content. My question is this: I drink in part for the buzz that the alcohol gives me. It strikes me that the light beers have a lower alcoholic content and I may be missing something besides calories. What's the skinny?—A. K., New Orleans, Louisiana.

OK: Most light beers average between 95 and 98 calories per 12-ounce glass. Industrial-strength beers top off at between 140 and 150 per 12-ounce glass. Two thirds of the calories in beer are from the alcohol: While one would assume that the drop in calories has been achieved by lowering the alcoholic content, such is not always the case. Different manufacturers have different processes, none of which they will reveal, but the theory is that some of the solids, carbohydrates, etc., are left out to get rid of calories. A spokesman for Anheuser-Busch says that the alcoholic content of Natural Light is about 3.2 percent by weight, compared with four percent in regular beer. Miller claims that both its light and its regular beer are over 3.2 percent alcohol. If you want to have a blind taste testing, chug a six-pack of each. You won't be able to tell the difference between the two kinds of beer. If you really miss the kick, chase your light with a shot of grain alcohol—caloric content 200 calories per ounce. Cheers.

I'm an 18-year-old who has just started to enjoy sex. It's not half bad once you get the hang of things. My only problem is birth control. None of the girls I date seem to be taking any precautionary measures. (I always make it a point to ask.) So I've decided to equip myself with condoms. My question is this: Is there any easy way to put on and take off a rubber? It never feels right. The moment is awkward and the flow of the evening is interrupted. In your eternal wisdom, do you know of a graceful way of handling the situation?—J. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

Well, we know of one guy who puts a condom on before he goes out on a date.

We can't recommend that. Then there are the guys who pull out and slip into their safes shortly before ejaculation. They're called fathers. (The penis secretes seminal fluid long before ejaculation and impregnation can occur. It doesn't help to close the barn door after the come has gone.) The easiest and most graceful way to get into a condom is with a little help from your friends. The girl will be returning a favor and the added strokes can be a turn-on in themselves. What you do later is largely a matter of taste. We do not recommend filling your condoms with water and dropping them off the balcony of your high-rise. And don't flush them down the toilet. According to Barbara and Gideon Seaman, authors of "Women and the Crisis in Sex Hormones," fish have been found strangled by the condoms wrapped around them.

I just met, and went nuts over, a terrific girl. Our relationship progressed and everything was going Gang Busters until we started to make love. On our first session, we hit it off so perfectly we didn't want to stop. But the next day, my girlfriend couldn't go through with another tryst, let alone a decathlon. She analyzed the problem as "honeymoon cystitis" and made an appointment with her doctor. What's honeymoon cystitis and how do you get rid of it?—M. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Honeymoon cystitis is a latent bladder infection stirred up by frequent and vigorous intercourse. The woman's symptoms include frequent and painful urination and sometimes the presence of blood in the urine. It is easily managed by antibiotics and other chemotherapy and usually goes away after a few days. The only known preventive technique is a dull sex life. You pays your money, you takes your chances.

I recently visited a friend in New York. We went to dinner and, being the female, I followed the maitre de into the restaurant to be seated. As we approached our table, the maitre de pulled out a chair and I started to seat myself. At that point, my escort said no, sit here, and pulled out the chair opposite the maitre de. The whole thing was done very quickly and unobtrusively. So I sat where my escort pulled out the chair and my date sat in the other chair. I am totally confused. My escort is a sophisticated man about town, so I assume he is right, but please explain the etiquette to me. I had always thought the woman seated herself in the chair chosen by the maitre de. Please clarify.—Miss S. D., Phoenix, Arizona.

According to most books of etiquette, the woman sits in the chair presented to her by the maitre de. Perhaps your escort spotted someone in the restaurant he didn't want to be recognized by. His

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A legendary mixture of 18 elegant tobaccos for a smooth, rich, aromatic taste you can stay with all day.



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A sophisticated, non-aromatic blend of tobaccos from Java, Cyprus and North and South America, for a full, easy-smoking taste.



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Oriental and Virginian tobaccos blended with Latakia for a satisfying smoke with a gentle aroma.



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O.J. DINGO

The man's all legs and
knows everything about feet.
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but they also have to be made
for whatever you're going to
be doing in them. That's why,
when you say boots, you gotta
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mean what we say, and what
we say is: Nobody Puts
Leather Together Like Dingo.

dingo®

Nobody Puts Leather Together
Like Dingo.

A woman with voluminous blonde hair is smiling at the camera. She is wearing a red halter-neck top and a gold chain necklace. In front of her is a glass of amber-colored liquid with ice and a lemon slice. A man with dark hair is leaning in from the right, looking at her. The background is dark and out of focus.

the

Sip into something

Comfortable...

barguide

Relax and Enjoy Mixing
**Recipes for the
Top 20 Drinks**

Easy Ways to Improve Drinks
Tips on Mixing like a "Pro"



Seven easy rules that take the guesswork out of mixing:

Don't guess: Measure! The best drinks are made by exact measurement of finest ingredients. Basic measures are: jigger = 1½ oz.; pony = 1 oz.; dash = 4-6 drops.

Shake or stir? As a rule, *stir* drinks made with *clear* liquors. *Shake* those with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice. For "frothy collar," on drinks like a Sour, add tablespoon egg white before shaking.

What comes first? In most simple drinks, ice comes first; then liquor, etc.; then the mix. If recipe uses sugar, it comes first and must be dissolved per recipe. If carbonated soda is used, it should be *cold*. Add it *last*, to retain full carbonation.

Better fruit juice: Press on fruit with palm, "roll" several times, then cut & squeeze. For a "twist," use knife to trim off yellow skin of lemon. Cut into strips, 1" x ¼" size; twist.



Ice is important! Always use freshly made ice. Change for each round, and don't skimp. Nothing's worse than a lukewarm cold drink. For best results, buy packaged ice. Put ice in glass first; pour other ingredients *over* ice.

Chill glasses: To pre-chill glasses, fill with cracked ice. Stir slightly and let stand. When ready to serve, dump ice, and add drink. To frost, store *wet* glasses in freezer.

How much liquor? Figure each guest for four 1-jigger drinks (total, 6 oz.); it averages out. See chart for amount needed. 1 pint = 16 oz.; 1 fifth = 25.6 oz.; 1 quart = 32 oz.

No. of Persons*	4	6	10	12
Total No. of Oz.	24	36	60	72
No. of Fifths**	1	1½	2½	3
No. of Quarts**	¾	1½	2	2½

*Averaging four 1½ oz. drinks each for a three to four-hour party. **Approximate.

TOP 20

DRINKS

CAN YOU RANK THEM?

Answers

are shown on the following pages with their recipes.

Test your skill! Write your answers in boxes below:

YOUR
RANK

- ☐ Sour
- ☐ Black Russian
- ☐ Collins
- ☐ Wallbanger
- ☐ Daiquiri

YOUR
RANK

- ☐ Tonic
- ☐ Martini
- ☐ Screwdriver
- ☐ Bacardi
- ☐ Manhattan

YOUR
RANK

- ☐ Old-Fashioned
- ☐ Sombrero
- ☐ Tequila Sunrise
- ☐ Rob Roy
- ☐ Margarita

YOUR
RANK

- ☐ Pina Colada
- ☐ Gimlet
- ☐ Bloody Mary
- ☐ Stinger
- ☐ Rum 'n Cola

Drink ratings indicate relative popularity of best sellers on a nation-wide, annual basis. Individual rank may vary by locale, climate, or season.

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FAVORITE DRINKS

and serve something sip-ly delicious:

This guide can help you mix the best-tasting drinks you ever served. You'll be amazed at how easily you can mix new "in" drinks, and enjoy sipping them leisurely with friends.

Learn how to make the top 20 drinks

This guide has easy-to-follow recipes for all of today's favorites, including the "top 20" best sellers in bars and restaurants. It shows you how to mix great drinks made with all basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, rum, tequila, vodka, gin, Southern Comfort. You'll even be able to *improve* favorite drinks.

What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create a superb, unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. This



is how Southern Comfort was born. It tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! Its formula is still a family secret; its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try it on-the-rocks.

Then you'll see *why* it improves your mixed drinks, too.



Make this taste test; prove it to yourself

The flavor of any mixed drink is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor used as a base. To realize the importance of this, fill four short glasses with cracked ice. First pour a jigger

of Scotch or Bourbon into one, rum into the next, gin into the third, and Southern Comfort into the fourth. Sip the whiskey, then rum, then gin.

Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it* . . . and you've found a completely different basic liquor. It tastes *good* with *nothing* added. That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better. It adds a deliciousness no other basic liquor *can*. Try Comfort® in *your* favorite drink. One sip will convince you!





Top recipes every host
can make with ease

RANK

1

DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add green olive or twist of lemon peel.

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth. Serve with a pearl onion.



20

ROB ROY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch
½ jigger sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. Add a cherry or twist of lemon peel. (This drink's often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")



15

BACARDI

Juice ½ lime or lemon
½ teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon grenadine
1 jigger Bacardi® light rum

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.



10

MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass, and sip drink over salted rim.



Portions of wardrobe by Catalina.

RANK

2

Try both recipes . . . one sip will convince you!

ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar

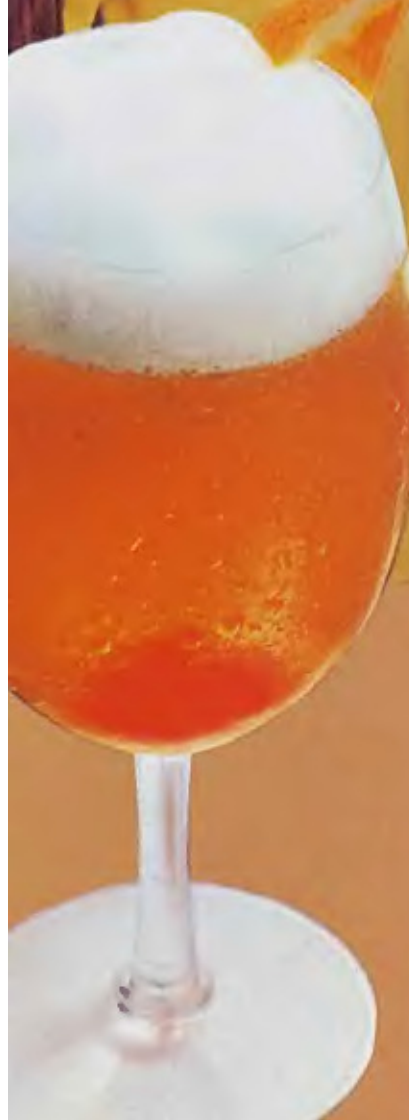
Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add an orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use the recipe at right, and discover how a switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar

Mix like ordinary recipe. Then sip it. You'll agree that Southern Comfort makes the smoothest Sour ever!

Comfort® Sour, a top choice at the Top of the Mark, Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco



These easy-to-make drinks
rank high coast to coast

RANK

11

DAIQUIRI

Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lime or $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon

1 teaspoon sugar

1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts. Strain into glass.

For a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only $\frac{1}{2}$ tspn. sugar.



PIRATE'S GOLD

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) Southern Comfort

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Bacardi® light rum

Juice and rind $\frac{1}{4}$ lime

3 oz. orange juice

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass; add rind. Add liquors and orange juice; stir. Add a cherry. A drink treasured for flavor!



12

GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka

1 part Rose's

sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional: serve with small slice fresh lime.)



COMFORT® 'N BOURBON

First-rate combo, a headliner at Hotel Ambassador, Los Angeles

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) Southern Comfort

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Bourbon • $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in a short glass and add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. It's a delicious combination!



RANK

4

ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sweet vermouth

Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret; use recipe at right. See how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink tremendously.

Try both recipes . . . prove it to yourself!

improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dry vermouth

Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix like ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Southern Comfort's delicious flavor makes a much better-tasting drink.

Comfort® Manhattan,
easily a top favorite at Paul Young's
Restaurant, Washington, D.C.

**The simple drinks
are the most popular**

... and Southern Comfort makes the best tasting ones! Its delicious flavor enhances the taste of any mix you use.

Try COMFORT® and:

Cola • 7UP • Club Soda • Ginger Ale
Tonic • Squirt • Lemonade • Milk
Juices: orange, pineapple, grapefruit,
apple, apricot nectar, Cranapple®

LEMON COOLER

*Swinging smooth one at Alice's
Restaurant, Lenox, Mass.*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

*Pour S.C. over ice cubes in tall
glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.*

9

RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime • cola
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall
glass; add rind. Add rum; fill with
cola; stir. Now try this switch:*

COMFORT® 'N COLA: Use Comfort® instead of
rum. Most fabulous flavor in cola coolers!



RANK

13

TEQUILA SUNRISE

2-3 dashes grenadine • orange juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila

*Put grenadine into 8-oz. glass; fill
with ice cubes. Add tequila. Fill
with orange juice. Do not stir!*

S.C. instead of tequila brightens any sunrise.

3

BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

Salt and pepper to taste.

*Shake with cracked ice; strain into
6-oz. glass.*



**COMFORT®
WALLBANGER**

*Big drink sipped by sun fans at the
Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, Calif.*

1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. Liqueur Galliano • orange juice

*Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add
liquors. Fill with orange juice; stir.*

HARVEY WALLBANGER: Use vodka instead of
S.C. Add Galliano last, floating it on top. 16



SLOE 'N COMFORT®ABLE

Screwdriver with a new twist!

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger sloe gin
3 oz. orange juice

*Fill highball glass with ice cubes.
Add liquors. Pour in orange juice;
stir. Add a cherry. A drink to
sip for slow 'n easy enjoyment.*

COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED

*Gaslight Club fashion in Chicago,
Washington, D.C., Beverly Hills, Paris*

Dash of Angostura bitters
½ tspn. sugar (optional) • ½ oz. sparkling water
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

*Stir bitters, sugar, and water in glass; add ice
cubes, Southern Comfort. Add twist of lemon
peel, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!*

7

Ordinary Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of S.C.



RANK

18

SOMBRERO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Café Comfort®
or other coffee liqueur
Chilled milk

*Fill 8-oz. glass with ice cubes.
Add liquor; fill with milk; stir.
A tip of the hat to a cool one!*

8

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
Orange juice

*Put ice cubes into 6-oz. glass.
Add vodka; fill with orange
juice and stir.*

*Tool up! Make a screwdriver with
Southern Comfort instead of vodka.*

19

PINA COLADA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) rum
or Southern Comfort
1 oz. Cream of Coconut
2 oz. pineapple juice

*Shake with ½ cup crushed ice
or use blender. Pour into a
tall glass filled with ice cubes.
Add a cherry. A drink with
a great coconut accent!*

8

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Schweppes Tonic Water

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in
tall glass and add rind. Pour in
gin; fill with tonic and stir.*

*Switch to a better-tasting drink. Skip the gin
and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.*

*Photographed at Northridge Country Estates,
San Fernando Valley, Beverly Hills, CA.*

the cool TEUL

*Created at Las Piramides
bar in Mexico City*

1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. tequila • orange juice

*Fill highball glass with ice
cubes. Add liquors. Fill with
orange juice and stir. Add
a cherry. Enjoy an unusual,
delicious drink. Carambe!*

COMFORT® COLLINS

*Long a leading drink at Hotel
Fontainebleau, Miami Beach*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime • 7UP

*Mix S.C., lime juice in tall glass. Add
ice cubes; fill with 7UP. Best tasting
—and easiest to mix—Collins of all.*

*Tom Collins: Stir 1 tspn. sugar in ½ jigger lemon juice in
glass. Add ice, 1 jigger gin. Fill with sparkling water; stir.*

5

the Sip into something Comfortable... barguide

Relax and enjoy mixing! Recipes for the top 20 drinks!

RANK

17

STINGER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
½ jigger white creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.

S.C. instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger.

14

BLACK RUSSIAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Café Comfort®
or other coffee liqueur
½ jigger vodka

Pour over ice cubes in short glass; stir.

COMFORT® EGGNOG

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
1 quart dairy eggnog

Chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10.

1 Drink: Stir 4 parts eggnog, 1 part S.C. in short glass; add nutmeg.

SICILIAN KISS

2 parts Southern Comfort
1 part Amaretto di Saronno

Pour over crushed ice in short glass; stir. Southern Comfort mates deliciously with this romantic liqueur from Italy.

COMFORT® ON-THE-ROCKS

Famous at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add twist of lemon peel.

This delicious liquor's popular sipped on-the-rocks anywhere.

HOT BUTTERED COMFORT®

Hot trend at the Red Lion, Vail, Colo.

Small stick cinnamon • slice lemon peel
1 jigger Southern Comfort • pat butter

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, S.C. in mug; fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir. (Leave spoon in mug to pour hot water.)



OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

Tastes like a cocktail! Serves 32.

One fifth Southern Comfort
3 quarts 7UP • 6 oz. fresh lemon juice
One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, 7UP last. Add drops of food coloring as desired (optional); stir. Float block of ice; add orange and lemon slices.

Mix in advance! Just add 7UP and ice when ready to serve . . . and be able to enjoy your own party!

HAPPY HOUR PUNCH

One fifth Southern Comfort
1 cup (8 oz.) pineapple juice
1 cup grapefruit juice • ½ cup lemon juice
2 quarts champagne or 7UP

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding champagne last. Add ice cubes; garnish with orange slices. Serves 25 . . . and puts punch in any party.



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Sip into something Comfortable...



So smooth. Easy to sip. Delicious!
Comfort®'s unlike any other liquor.
It tastes good just poured over ice.
That's why it makes mixed drinks
taste much better, too. Sip into
something Comfort®able.

Southern Comfort®



SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 86 & 100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63132

(over)

THE PERFECT GIFT



Make *your* gift a bottle of Southern Comfort. This unique liquor is so delicious it lets friends know your gift is special ...thoughtfully chosen, for their particular pleasure. More and more people are enjoying Southern Comfort. It's the perfect liquor—and the perfect gift—for every occasion.

Southern Comfort®

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 88 & 100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63132

(over)

wife. Or perhaps he merely wanted the pleasure of seating you himself. All things considered, it was a minor infraction of the rules of etiquette. With a good lawyer, he can get off on good behavior in a few years.

Is there a biological explanation for adultery? My husband recently read an article that claimed promiscuity seems to be built into the nervous system—at least into the male nervous system. The authors suggested that “when the nervous system gets the same stimulation repeatedly and predictably over a long period, it is not so aroused as when it was new.” I can go along with that, but I’m not sure that it’s a reason to fool around. Isn’t the theory a lot of hogwash?—Mrs. L. L., Detroit, Michigan.

We telephoned Scot Morris, our expert on sociobiology—the hot, new theory that tries to explain certain similarities between animal and human behavior in terms of genetic imperatives. He says that experiments with animals clearly show that even a sexually exhausted male can be re-aroused by a new female. The phenomenon has been called the Coolidge Effect, to commemorate a widely repeated anecdote about Calvin Coolidge. Seems the President and Mrs. Coolidge were visiting a Government farm. They were taken on separate tours. Upon arriving at the chicken pens, Mrs. Coolidge paused to ask if the rooster copulated more than once a day. “Dozens of times,” the caretaker replied. “Please tell that to the President,” Mrs. Coolidge requested. When the President passed the same pens and was told of the rooster’s virile record, he inquired, “Same hen every time?” No, said the caretaker, a different hen every time. The President nodded, then said, “Please tell that to Mrs. Coolidge.” The effect has been noticed in other animals. Apparently, when a vigorous young ram is placed in a cage with a receptive ewe, he might copulate with her about seven times in the first hour. However, if the ewe is removed after every ejaculation and a fresh female is substituted, the ram might copulate 14 times in the first half hour. (We recently decided to repeat this experiment ourselves. We placed an editor in a cage with a receptive ewe, and we are happy to report that absolutely nothing happened, even though he is from Texas.) So the theory is definitely not hogwash. Sheepdip maybe, but not hogwash.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



How Bob and Jennie saved a lot of money, their record collection and their relationship.

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HOW THE SOUTH SPREAD—AND THEN ROSE AGAIN

By Julian Bond

THE SOUTH's biggest export since 1940 has been its people. In the ten years between 1960 and 1970 alone, one half million good ole boys and girls, and 1,380,000 blacks, tired of being called boy and girl, left for other parts of the country.

Those people and their chauvinism provided a hidden underpinning for Jimmy Carter's political success last year and reshaped the conventional wisdom of who and what make American politics tick.

Carter won because he worked harder than anyone else, because he presented a narrow target to the opposition and because he pretended not to be a politician. His populist rhetoric appealed to liberals wary of too many candidates and promises made and broken in the past; his conservatism in fiscal matters, typified by his self-description—"farmer, engineer, businessman"—gave him a ready audience among right-of-center voters who wanted a President who knew how to meet a payroll.

His ace in the hole was that body of nearly 2,000,000 migrants, rooted in Southern soil but replanted in California and Connecticut and Michigan and Pennsylvania, uneasy in new climates and among strange accents, clannish and family-proud, strangers in strange places.

If they were white, they may have wanted Wallace, but the wounded little judge was not a serious candidate. A vote for him would be wasted, like a final charge of ragtag Johnny Rebs, still on the field after the other side had claimed victory and gone home.

For the blacks, it was a curious phenomenon—regional pride, a homesickness thought alien to the people who had literally run from Magnolia-land.

A black Carter campaigner in Cincinnati told me, "Carter is the first Southerner who hasn't made me feel ashamed!" He was from Cordele, Georgia, this shame-free soul, freed from the unsought burden of Southern pols: the Talmadges, Eastlands, Maddoxes and the like.

The early liberal scorn of Carter's homilies, the grits and teeth jokes, the Eastern jibes at his born-again religion—those were fighting words in the region

itself and, to its sons and daughters across the land, a call to arms to defend its own.

The candidate was everything Lester Maddox was not. He was well- and soft-spoken; he was free—by his own boast—of racial bias; he was not a clown. He preached but was not preachy, and his brother was the goodest ole boy who ever drank RC and ate Moon Pie.

No other candidate could have done what Jimmy Carter did. Time and the man came together in 1976; hard work and grit paid off where yesterday's appeals did not, but Carter brought extra ammunition to the war.

If McCarthy's minions came clean for their Gene and George McGovern's army let political passion guide their heads, Carter's "cousins" came out all over the country to prove that the South could now

over other men's bodies.

The region sent out its music, first black blues and jazz, then country sounds, then mixed its music into something new. It gave the world stock-car racing, Junior Johnson and David Pearson. It developed heroes named Catfish and grew a man named Bear who created a man named Broadway Joe. Something called redneck chic became chic, just as Jimmy Carter did, too: blue jeans and the blue-eyed man from Plains captured our consciousness together.

The South has risen again, not with Confederate money but with a vengeance. Its scattered people regrouped at the polls last year, confounding the experts, uniting as they had never done when they had lived together, separate and unequal, south of the Mason and Dixon line.

In the end, it was black votes that made



ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

provide Presidents for the 20th Century.

The South has believed—with some justification—that the rest of America thought it exclusively populated by rubes and boobs, vacuous women and vacant men.

The region's racist history reinforced that notion and made the South's boosters introduce New South after New South every 20 years, proclaiming yet another end to the last war fought by gentlemen

the South solid for Jimmy Carter, when native born turned their backs on native son, but in the rest of the U. S. of A., it was white and black refugees who may not come home again but who remember a shared vision of life lived hard but well and who wanted the rest of us to learn that lesson, too. You all come.

Julian Bond is a Georgia state senator and a political critic of President Carter.

BUCK ROGERS AND I

By Ray Russell

THE REST OF YOU can fight your way into theaters showing *Star Wars*. I just want to remind you that the movie was heavily influenced by the exploits of an earlier epic—the *Buck Rogers* series. Recently, I grew misty with memories of a time when, for half a year, I was the unseen power behind Buck—the invisible puppetmaster putting him through his paces.

It was 1960. I was having a drink with a friend named John, who happened to be the features editor of a prominent newspaper syndicate. He seemed even more harassed than usual. Upon being asked why, he told me that the man who wrote the continuity for *Buck Rogers* was ill and the famous strip was in danger of grinding to a halt.

I admitted that, while I hadn't kept up with *Buck* in recent years, I did have fond childhood memories of it and hoped it could be saved.

"It won't be," he replied. "Not unless I find a writer by tomorrow morning." Then, looking up from his third martini, he added: "You're a writer. I don't suppose you . . . no, no, of course not."

"Of course not," I quickly confirmed. But I felt twinges of guilt. For, after all, *Buck* had a noble history. . . .

He was born in a magazine story by Philip Francis Nowlan, titled *Armageddon—2419 A.D.*, in the August 1928 issue of *Amazing Stories*. The following year, he began his long career as the star of a syndicated newspaper strip, written by the same Phil Nowlan and drawn by Dick Calkins.

To this day, I remember the early episodes of the strip as I avidly followed them in a Chicago paper—how Buck Rogers, a man of our own time, was trapped in an abandoned mine and rendered unconscious by a rare subterranean gas that preserved him in a state of suspended animation for hundreds of years; how a shifting of earth strata finally let fresh air into the mine and he awakened to find himself in the world of the 25th Century.

"Sizzling rockets!" was a futuristic expletive Buck was to use generously in that astounding world. Nowlan foretold, decades before their actual appearances, the laser (his "disintegration ray"), the jet-pack (his "flying belt"), the jet plane (his "rocket stratoship"), as well as space

capsules, walkie-talkies, closed-circuit TV and, of course, extraterrestrial travel. He also predicted lady soldiers—long before anyone ever heard of women's lib, WACs, WAVEs or Israeli soldieresses—in the shapely person of blonde, blue-eyed Lieutenant Wilma Deering. (For years after, all girls named Wilma turned me on, by the sound of the name alone.) Nowlan also coined the now-common word ZAP!—the sound emitted by the "paralysis gun," a handy little gadget that foreshadowed today's tranquilizer rifle.

Buck Rogers spawned a popular radio show, introduced five days a week by the ominous roll of a thunder sheet and the somberly chanted phrase, "Buck . . . Rogers . . . in . . . the . . . Twenty-fifth . . . Cennnnnnnnnn-tury!" There was also a movie serial, starring Buster Crabbe, and a whole slew of five-cent Big Little Books, which I still own.

Buck was the first of the science-fiction comic strips. Its popularity encouraged the later appearance of Alex Raymond's great *Flash Gordon*. For a while, *Flash* almost won me away from *Buck*. It was better drawn, for one thing, and no one before or since has ever conjured up girls to rival Raymond's—long-limbed, high-bosomed beauties.

But *Buck Rogers* was the first, the progenitor, and, in its own primitive way, the best. Nowlan died in 1940; the strip was continued by a succession of writers and illustrators. And now, here it was, in dire peril of folding. Could I allow that to happen? Could I let Buck, my old idol, breathe his last? Or could I, single-handed, save him from certain doom?

"John," I said, "I'll write *Buck*—"

"You will? But we can't pay you anywhere near your price—"

"Forget it—this is a matter of life and death. I'll write it—but there are strings attached."

John's eyes narrowed with suspicion. "What sort of strings?"

I spoke quickly. "How long has it been since Killer Kane has been in the strip?"

"Killer who?"

"See what I mean? And how about Kane's female side-kick, Ardala? How long since the Tiger Men of Mars have menaced Earth? Don't you remember them? Faces like tigers? Always said 'GR-R-R-OWR'? How long since Dr. Huer has said 'Heh'?"

"Huh?"

"No, 'Heh.' He used to say that at least once in every dialog balloon. It was his shtick. Maybe he was clearing his throat, I don't know."

"So what are these strings of yours?"

"I'll write *Buck*—long enough to tide you over—but only if I can put Killer

Kane and Ardala back in, and the Tiger Men of Mars, and Dr. Huer's 'Heh.' And, oh, yes, Wilma."

John fought me tooth and nail over Wilma—and won, I'm afraid. These days, he said, Buck played the field, so Wilma was positively out.

"But as for all the other stuff," he sighed, "you've got a deal."

We touched glasses. "Buck Rogers rides again!" I said.

And so it came to pass that I wrote two complete *Buck Rogers* adventures, one for the daily strip, one for the Sunday, each 13 weeks long, a total of 26 weeks, half a year.

It wasn't easy. I had never written strip continuity and I had to teach myself to tell a story by purely visual means, with little if any dialog, and no recourse to such literary tools as description, stream-of-consciousness or metaphor.

In my daily story, Killer Kane and Ardala escaped from a prison planet and kidnaped all the contestants in the Miss Galaxy competition, holding the interstellar lovelies for ransom. Buck rescued them. In the Sunday adventure, the Tiger Men of Mars were prevented, by Buck, from obtaining a secret formula that would have made them absolute masters of the universe. Dr. Huer, needless to add, said "Heh" with frequency and gusto.

I kept *Buck* alive until another writer was able to grab the torch from my hand and carry on. Buck lived for several more years and then, I'm grieved to report, quietly expired, without fanfare, on Saturday, July 8, 1967, just one month before his 39th birthday. He was the victim of changing tastes and public apathy, and even more deadly, the Space Age, which made him seem quaint.

Or it may have been the cult of the antihero that did him in. Buck was no Jack Nicholson or Dustin Hoffman. You might say he was an anti-antihero.

Still, he had a pretty good run for his money, and I nurse a dream of a day when the news syndicate will phone me to say that the public is again clamoring for Buck, that they need a story pronto and that they'll gladly agree to any strings I might attach. On that day, I promise you, the lovable reformed pirate, Black Barney, will be reborn, the Asterites (12-inch-tall denizens of the asteroids) will reappear, the sound of "ZAP!" will be heard in the land and curvy, courageous Wilma Deering will resume her rightful place at the side of Buck Rogers, best and bravest of the anti-antiheroes.

Ray Russell is a former *PLAYBOY* editor. His latest novel is "*Incubus*."



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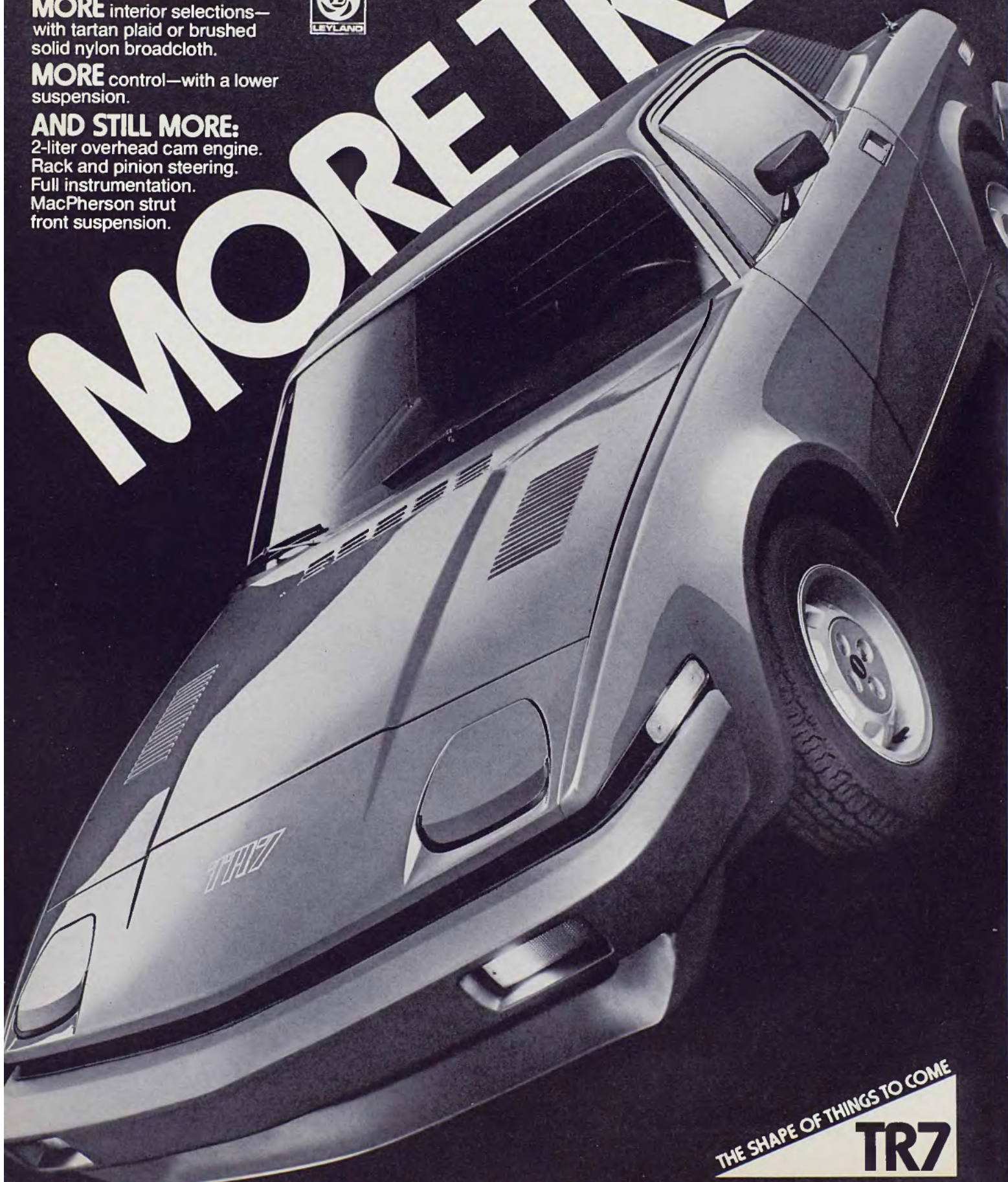
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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Part two: Last month, we began our investigation of extravehicular sex. We asked 100 men and 100 women where they liked to make love and where they thought their partners liked to make love. In part one, we presented the answers of opinionated women (where they thought their lovers liked to make it other than in bed) and proud men (where they actually got it on other than in bed). The results were interesting. Men like liquid lust—almost a third chose to make love in showers, ponds, swimming pools, bathtubs or at the beach. All things considered, it looked to be a good year for water. Maybe it was the thought of Jacqueline Bisset in *The Deep* that aroused such fervor for aquatic erotics. It certainly wasn't *Jaws*.

Running a close second to water were wooded settings, the office and the car. One guy liked to make it in the doorway across the street from his apartment; another in the basement of his apartment building, in front of the elevator. Sometimes you get the elevator, baby, and sometimes you get the shaft. Threading through all of the responses in part one was the risky and risqué possibility of discovery. Public sex almost guaranteed new highs in passion. Does the same apply to the opposite sex? In part two, we find the opinions of men on where they think their lovers like to make love other than in bed and the actual confessions of women. Begin here.



Q:

WHERE DO YOUR LOVERS MOST LIKE TO MAKE LOVE OTHER THAN IN BED?

(Asked of 100 men)

Twenty-three percent of the men with whom we talked reported that their women liked to ball at the beach. Some of their opinions follow: "Thank God for Lina Wertmüller. It seems like every woman in America saw *Swept Away*.... Now they want you to take them to the seashore, push them around a bit and then ravage them. If a guy tried that a couple of years ago, he'd have had his balls handed to him on a silver platter. Now it's chic to be savage. I love it." "Women like beaches—especially at night. It's reclusive. Exciting. I don't

know why, but I can do anything to a woman on a beach. Fuck in any position, any orifice. They never deny me."

Nineteen percent of the men found that women liked to frolic on the floor: "It's more spontaneous to just drop down and screw on the boards than to bother with the bedroom and the whole undressing routine. Women need that suddenness. It makes them feel more desirable." "On the floor in front of a fire. Women are suckers for that. I've set up my ski chalet like a Hollywood set. Most women come as soon as they walk into the living room. They'd better—it's too far to climb to the bedroom, which is up in a loft."

Twelve percent of the men thought that women most enjoyed sex in cars: "I find that a lot of older women dig making it in cars. Maybe it makes them feel like teenagers again." "I used to own a really sleek sports car. Now I own an American compact. It's not the same.

Girls used to tear off my clothes as soon as we parked in the sports car. Now they fiddle with the tape cassettes."

Eleven percent of the men explained that showers seemed to be a terrific turn-on for women: "They like my strong hands to slip and slide all over them, in and out of every hole. Female skin becomes extremely sensitive in the shower." "If you own a shower massage unit, you can forget about seeing your date outside the bathroom. A stream of water aimed directly at the clitoris is better than any erection, any day."

Ten percent of the men found that women were more than willing to play in the woods: "It's the old animal thing. No matter how civilized a woman thinks she is, take her to the woods and rip off her clothes and she becomes as sexually wild as any she-wolf." "Most women seem to have the same fantasy—behold the quivering white woman being royally screwed by an Indian brave with an enormous lance. I was once out in the middle of nowhere doing it with my girlfriend. She said that she felt very primal, that the place we had chosen to make love had ancient vibrations. I thought she was crazy, till an anthropology class walked right by us on a field trip. We were almost right on top of a famous site."

Eight percent of the men told us that women were bathtub ballers: "I have my stereo piped into the bathroom. It's like fucking in a grotto—the gurgling, sloshing sounds go right in with the music. Also, I've found that women who think sex is dirty find it freeing to make love in a clean atmosphere."

Five percent of the men said that their ladies liked airplanes: "It's risqué. Women like to be naughty."

Five percent of the men said that the desk job was the favorite of their lovers: "They think they're putting something over on the other gals in the office. It's the old 'I know something you don't know' routine. I've had girls grab my cock and suggest lewd things for lunch."

The rest of the sample said their lovers favored such varied sites as swimming pools, elevators, sailboats and the floor under the bed: "There's an off-the-ground, floating sensation in a pool that seems to fit the fantasies of every woman I've ever known!" "Maybe it's the strange women I always pick up, but I can't tell you how many chicks want me to undress them, roll them under the bed and then crawl in after them to fuck them stupid." "They won't admit it, but I can tell by

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their eyes and their token resistance when I pull down their panties that sex in elevators is a real turn-on. They just moan and writhe like crazy, especially when I shove it in from behind." "Most women adore making love on a sailboat under the stars, just drifting along, having orgasm after orgasm, sending their moans out into the ocean breeze. It's like being in a poster of the ritzy life that most women seem to crave."

Q:

**WHERE DO YOU MOST
LIKE TO MAKE LOVE
OTHER THAN IN BED?**
(Asked of 100 women)

Thirty percent of the women with whom we talked said their favorite place for screwing was the beach: "Sunset at the ocean is always erotic. If I'm with a man I like, I'll start massaging his cock ever so gently. Sometimes we'll stand in the water and let the ocean make love to us. It's slow-motion sex." "When we ball in the sea, our bodies are powerful and the sex is profound, filled with intensity. If I'm on my back staring at the sky, I feel like I'm making it with the whole universe."

Twelve percent of the women said they went wild in the woods: "Sun, shadows, sounds—in the woods, I find that I have deeper, more passionate orgasms. Especially if my lover holds me very close and moves his cock slowly. I feel like we're Adam and Eve." "My boyfriend and I often play this game when we're hiking. I pretend I'm a nymph from Greek mythology being chased by a horny satyr. When he catches me, he rips off my clothes and has at me under a grove of trees. We both love it, although our activity startles people who are passing by."

Ten percent of the women said that they enjoyed making love in the bathtub: "We have one of those old Victorian bathtubs with the ball-and-claw feet. Real deep. We set a mood with music, food and wine and lots of hot bubbly water. We can fuck in there for hours. It's incredibly sensuous. Every orifice in my body is connected by the water. It's total sex."

Nine percent of the women were happiest when wrestling on the floor: "I like the feeling of being raped. Especially if my lover surprises me, drags all my clothes off, grabs my breasts and throws me onto the carpet before he screws me. There's better penetration. He can really reach around and grab my ass, to plunge into me in just about any position he

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wants—you don't get lost in the mattress." "In front of a roaring fire or looking out a window on a rainy afternoon. It's very relaxing. I feel like I'm Lady Chatterley with her gamekeeper."

Seven percent of the women were auto erotic: "I like picking up hitchhikers, but only if they're clean-cut, innocent-looking and neatly dressed. They don't look like that when I finally get them to where they're going." "Men are always hornier in cars than they are in bed. Maybe it's the illicitness of it, but they tend to fuck with a lot more gusto."

Five percent of the women endorsed swimming-pool sex: "Pools in motels after midnight, when nobody's supposed to be there. The idea that someone might be looking from behind a curtain as our bodies writhe and twist in the lights of the pool... it's something else."

Five percent of the women preferred their sex in the traditional passion pit—drive-in movies: "It reminds me of my teenage years. All intense thrusts, frantic fumbling, the notion that we might get caught." "I like drive-in movies—especially the kind with playgrounds down in front. Sometimes, after the movie starts, my boyfriend and I will sneak down and make it on the slides or in the swings."

Four percent of the women voted for the kitchen table: "I can't cook, so I have to use it for other things. Oral sex is fantastic—spread-eagled, with my legs draped over a corner of the table. I make a great centerpiece."

Four percent of the women were into jet sex: "I'm petrified of flying. I never feel like we're going to make it—so the lovemaking on an airplane is the 'those who are about to die salute you' variety. As soon as I get on board, it's pass the blanket. I'll go down on my partner or he'll go down on me. It sure beats the in-flight movie."

Three percent of the group said that they liked to make it on the roof of their apartment buildings: "I don't get out of the city too often, so I like to drag a mattress up to the roof and have my lover work out under the stars."

Another three percent liked to do it in the shower: "It's very arousing. My breasts mashed up against the wall, a man's cock penetrating me from behind, the needlelike jets of water stinging my skin. Yee-hah!"

The rest of our sample chose a variety of sites for their lovemaking: "I like doing it in an empty office during our lunch break. Thank God, the offices have locks on the doors." "Sofas are fun, because there's always the chance that somebody might come into the room and catch you. It makes the whole fuck seem so much more urgent, like cramming as much as possible in a short space of time. I guess I like quickies." "I remember being deflowered in a garden by my high school

boyfriend. It was such a beautiful experience, I've tried to repeat it. If I walk into some guy's living room and he has house plants, forget it. I'm gone."

Summary: There is an old saying that Frenchmen like to do it in the kitchen, Germans on the table, Italians under it and Americans wherever a woman lets them. Judging from the responses of the women we surveyed, a man can expect to make love just about anywhere. Even the sky is not the limit, as several ladies expressed a craving for jet sex.

Once again, water was the favorite medium for massage and other carnal pursuits. Women were great fans of beaches, bathtubs, showers, etc. However, this time out, we noticed an odd discrepancy between the opinions of the men and the actual responses of the women. When it came to beaches, the men thought that women liked the action to be as rough and as pounding as the surf. More than one mentioned Lina Wertmüller's *Swept Away*... and claimed that beach balling was best when it was abusive. In contrast, the responses of the women suggested that they felt a serenity at the shore. They experienced this contemplative mood in forest settings and in living rooms on rainy afternoons. About the only locations that both sexes agreed were custom-made for sexual spontaneity were floors and kitchen tables.

The theme of exhibitionism that ran through the men's responses in part one was present in part two, though slightly muted. For example, men reported making love in restaurants—either in the ladies' room or in intimate booths. None of the women mentioned restaurants as one of their preferred settings and none of the men thought that women liked eating out.

The lesson of the *Sex Poll* was clear. If you want to get more out of sex, get out of bed.

An invitation to readers: The *Sex Poll* is based on the in-the-street responses of 200 men and women. We are curious about how you, our readers, would answer such sexual inquiries and have decided to give you a chance. We are currently working on a poll regarding supersex. The questions are: "What single ingredient elevates sex above the merely terrific?" And: "The last time a member of the opposite sex said that you were incredible [now, don't be modest], what had you done that was different?" We will compare your answers with those of the weirdos and perverts we usually manage to turn up and present the results in a future issue. Send your responses to The PLAYBOY Reader Sex Poll, PLAYBOY, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Feel free to go into detail. We're going to have to read all the letters, so they might as well be interesting.

—HOWARD SMITH 

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

HEROIC POLICE WORK

According to an article in the Norfolk, Virginia, *Ledger-Star*, two women were arrested last winter after they accepted \$25 each for performing a sex act in the nude in front of undercover policemen. The article goes on to say that the policemen testified that their superiors had instructed them to take suitcases to a motel, have liquor on their breath and a case of beer in their room, so it would look like they were having a party. When one of the women was tried (the other is to be tried later), the defense attorney argued that the charges should be dismissed because of entrapment. But the judge rejected the argument, saying that the men merely provided an opportunity for the women to commit a crime.

This whole affair is a fine example of some of the absurd lengths to which some officers will go to make a useless arrest.

Mary Laurie
Norfolk, Virginia

LADIES' MATINEES

Regarding the 27-year-old Boston wife who liberated her breasts by taking off her bra and thereby freed herself of her other inhibitions (*The Playboy Forum*, August): She may not realize that she was the aggressor. It was she who turned her friend on; it was she who placed her friend's hand upon her breast and I'll bet it was she who initiated the cunnilingus.

I know something about these things, having shamelessly enjoyed cunnilingus with three of my close friends for years. I've been married as long as the lady from Boston is old, and my husband is aware of these matinees and sees no reason why I shouldn't enjoy myself.

(Name withheld by request)
Denver, Colorado

BODIES BEAUTIFUL

Two letters in the September *Playboy Forum*, both from men, state that women in general are not attracted to very muscular men. As a woman who has had a number of lovers, I've found that, in recent years, the male body has become more and more significant to me as an object of erotic interest. Indeed, I don't care for musclemen of the type portrayed in *Pumping Iron*. But I do prefer a man to have a well-developed body with a visible set of muscles, neither too fat nor too skinny. And it adds a lot if he's well hung. You may not like

it, fellas, but your bodies are just as important to us women as ours are to you. We don't sleep with you for your pleasing personalities or your stimulating minds.

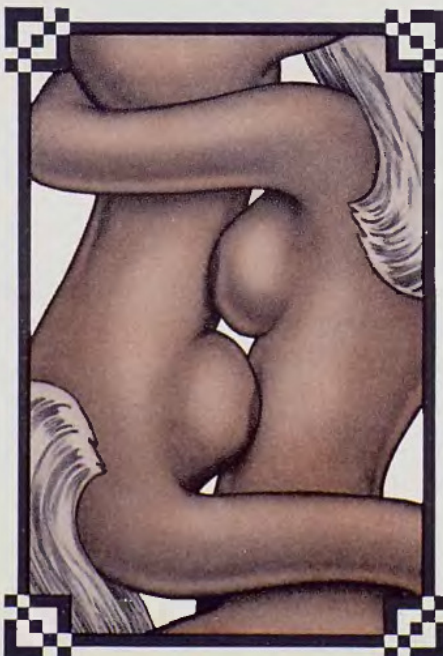
(Name withheld by request)
Canton, Ohio

That's a relief!

"You may not like it, fellas, but your bodies are just as important to us women as ours are to you."

SITPLAY

Regarding the letter from the woman who enjoys sitting on her lover and being sat on in return (*The Playboy Forum*, September): I am a man who finds both sitting on and being sat on a tremendous turn-on. When I hold my partner's hands down with my feet, rendering her virtually helpless, it is true soft-core S/M. Also, the feeling of a woman's bottom resting on my torso never fails to arouse me, not to mention the sight of bouncing breasts and the rhythmic slapping of her hips on my stomach when she bounces up and down. My favorite position for performing cunnilingus is to



have the woman sit squarely on me and smother me with her earthy tenderness. It is also very exciting to sit on a woman's stomach and massage her breasts and come between them, or to sit lightly on her breasts while receiving fellatio.

(Name withheld by request)
Urbana, Illinois

EXTRASEXUAL PERCEPTION

After a close study of the subject, mostly in the horizontal position but with some variations, I have become convinced that extrasensory perception often comes into play during sexual activity, though it is often not recognized for what it is. Researchers into ESP agree that it requires two people concentrating on sending or on receiving a message. During foreplay and sexual intercourse, both partners are concentrating on what they are doing. Say the man is stroking the woman's breast; he is thinking how lovely it is. Then she starts thinking. This is nice and is making me feel all horny. And his mind picks up what she is thinking and that increases his pleasure. Each partner sharing the pleasure the other is experiencing is what makes sex so enjoyable. This ESP makes it possible for a lover to know, without needing to be told, what to do next, what will turn her on and what won't.

Researchers have looked for ESP in card guessing, but the results, as far as I know, have been inconclusive. I suggest that scientists who want to study ESP take couples in love, put them in separate rooms and ask them to masturbate while fantasizing about each other. The exact times when orgasm is reached could be recorded and compared to see how often they coincide.

Dr. Robin Andrews
Hereford, England

UPS AND DOWNS

I was pleased to read an item in *The New York Times* reporting that two surgeons have performed a female-to-male transsexual operation in which the patient received a penis capable of erection. The article reads in part:

The doctors said the penis contained a tiny hydraulic system that permitted a fluid to be pumped from a reservoir in the abdomen into the penis to cause erection.

Investigation shows that the penis-erection device has been used in more than 200 operations in the country to date, most performed by

the device's inventor, Dr. F. Brantley Scott, a urologist affiliated with Baylor College of Medicine in Houston.

However, I also noticed a disturbing report on the same subject in the *British Medical Journal*. Pointing out that the implantation of a hydraulic procedure is costly, it states that it may nevertheless "be acceptable for the young man who has been rendered impotent either by trauma or by diabetes, for it may provide him and his wife with an almost normal life." It goes on to suggest, though, that "some age limit should perhaps be imposed on such a procedure. Operations on ten patients between the ages of 60 and 69 and one patient aged over 70 for impotence might be an unjustifiable financial imposition on our National Health Service." The author is obviously centuries on the wrong side of sexual awareness. And probably under 70.

Jeffrey Laurence, M.D.
New York, New York

SINGLE AND BLUE

Your flippant response to the letter titled "Single and Blue" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) is uncalled for. From my own experience, I would say a large segment of the American male population has difficulty in making connections with the female population. I include myself in that group. I don't know if it is my appearance, my actions or what, but my success rate at gathering places such as schools, bars, dances and museums is nil.

In fact, if it weren't for *PLAYBOY*, *Oui* and others, I'd never see a female with her clothes off. In those places that allow nude dancing, I can at least see a live naked female; and by taking advantage of the ubiquitous massage parlor, I can usually touch and be touched.

There are undoubtedly many reasons, personal, social and psychological, why people become anxious and are unable to establish relationships. I gave up all hope a long time ago of meeting someone I could become attracted to. If you constantly receive negative feedback from your environment, you end up avoiding the sources of pain.

So I will stick with the single life and make use of the commercial opportunities our society offers. At least those relationships are easily established, the rules are easily learned and, for the most part, games are not being played.

Jerome T. Czeikus
Loring AFB, Maine

The gentleman who wrote that he had all the necessary items for being a lady killer and was still unsatisfied is naïve. I, too, have been a reader of *PLAYBOY* for many years and enjoy the articles and pictures about the items that seem to be essential to the *PLAYBOY* image. Unlike the reader from Anchorage, though, I do not believe that making a certain

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

A TRUE APHRODISIAC?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Several experimental drugs appear to be effective in correcting impotence in men and awakening sex drives in women "who have never had an erotic feeling in their entire lives," according to the American Chemical Society. Reporting in *Chemical and Engineering News*, the A.C.S. says that the new drugs have achieved clinical success in correcting a wide range of sexual disorders. One drug restores sperm production in men, induces menstruation in women experiencing cessation of their menstrual cycles and is said to sharply increase their sexual desire. Two other new drugs help correct hormone deficiencies in men and women. All are still undergoing clinical testing.

A MATTER OF POLICY

ALBANY—Auto insurance in New York cannot be canceled merely because the insured person is unmarried and living with someone of the opposite sex, state attorney general Louis J.

names but also use different handles for their sexual forays, public-health officials often find it impossible to track down carriers or their contacts for treatment.

PRICE OF A PENIS

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—A 43-year-old man who lost his penis as a result of a medical accident has settled out of court for \$9000. The original malpractice suit charged three physicians with negligence and asked damages of \$3,000,000. The penis was knicked by a scalpel in the course of a relatively minor leg operation and later had to be amputated because of infection.

THE TIES THAT BOUND

NEW YORK—After four hours of deliberation, a jury granted divorce requests filed by a 70-year-old man and his 65-year-old wife, each of whom accused the other of infidelity. The jury heard this, plus charges of stinginess and nagging, and decided that it was not beneficial to the physical and mental well-being of either party to continue living in marital disharmony.

HEARTY DRINKING

A six-year study of 7705 Japanese men living in Hawaii seems to indicate that moderate consumption of alcohol and coffee does not increase the chance of heart attacks and, in fact, alcohol may be beneficial. Researchers found a "strong negative association between moderate alcohol consumption, mainly from beer, and the risk of nonfatal myocardial infarction and death from coronary heart disease." Meaning that drinkers who consume less than six bottles of beer a day or the equivalent amounts of alcohol in wine or liquor may actually be doing themselves some good. And the same effect for coffee, as long as it's not combined with smoking. An editorial in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, which published the report, said, "It is encouraging to note that not everything one enjoys in life predisposes to cardiovascular disease," and then added, "Many who read this editorial will be quite willing to drink to that statement."

CANADIAN POT FILES

OTTAWA—Canada's Federal Bureau of Dangerous Drugs has revealed that it keeps personal files on almost 200,000 "known" drug users, most of whom are pot smokers. Almost 30,000 new files



Lefkowitz has announced. In an opinion issued recently, Lefkowitz decided that such a practice constitutes discrimination based on marital status, in violation of the state's insurance law.

C.B. CAUSES V.D.?

An Air Force doctor claims that citizen's-band radios are contributing to the spread of venereal disease. Writing in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. E. Michael Lewiecki of Goodfellow Air Force Base in San Angelo, Texas, says that more and more C.B.ers are getting acquainted via radio and ending up in bed together. And because many not only use their C.B. handles instead of their real

were added during 1976, with information obtained mostly from police departments but also from drug-treatment centers. The liberalized marijuana law promised more than four years ago by the federal government still awaits passage through parliament.

BAGGING THE MAIL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Despite criticism leveled by members of the House Government Operations Subcommittee, the U. S. Postal Service says it will continue to allow Customs agents to open letters sent to the U. S. from other countries. Postal officials acknowledged that Customs has violated laws and procedures pertaining to such interceptions but said they would continue to turn mail over to that service because "We have to expect the other agency to comply with the regulations." Customs began routinely opening mail in 1971 and in the past fiscal year found that 48,000 out of 270,000 suspected envelopes contained either prohibited or dutiable items.

PROTECTED BEARD

SACRAMENTO—A man who was fired from his hotel job for refusing to shave off his beard has been found eligible for state unemployment benefits. The secretary of the state's Unemployment Insurance Appeals Board, citing several court cases, said that beards are constitutionally protected in certain circumstances. The board itself ruled that



"The claimant was discharged for reasons other than misconduct when there was no showing that requiring the claimant to shave off his beard would either enhance the employer's business or affect the claimant's ability to carry out his responsibilities as a maintenance engineer."

HANDS DOWN

IMLAY CITY, MICHIGAN—Assembly-line workers at a local firm making seat belts for the Ford Motor Company will no longer have to raise their hands to go to

the bathroom. After employee complaints and a one-day work stoppage to protest the rule, a United Auto Workers spokeswoman said the company has agreed to pay back wages to workers suspended for defying the rule and to negotiate on numerous other employee grievances.

EQUAL DISCRIMINATION

AMHERST, OHIO—The Amherst school board has agreed with a local mother and the American Civil Liberties Union that it's discriminatory to require junior



high school girls to purchase eight-dollar gym suits that are not required of boys. In response to the complaints, the board changed the school policy and the boys are now required to buy gym suits, also.

COSTLY KISS

MADISON, WISCONSIN—A Madison legal secretary has filed a \$15,000 damage suit against a local construction worker who she says broke into her apartment, climbed into her bed and tried to kiss her. The suit claims that when she ordered him to leave, he went as far as the door but then grabbed her and kissed her, anyway.

NEVER TELL A LIE

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—A U. S. district-court judge has ruled unconstitutional a New Jersey law requiring students to stand during the pledge of allegiance to the flag. The issue was raised by a 16-year-old high school girl who was threatened with suspension when she refused to stand during the pledge, on the ground that the phrase "with liberty and justice for all" is a false statement in this country. The judge said, "Is there any reason to doubt she believes [the phrase] isn't so? Many other persons don't believe it. I know. I've sentenced a lot of them."

income, driving a certain car or wearing certain clothing will cause women to fall all over me. It is attitude, personality and friendliness that lead to good relationships.

Ed Waters, Jr.
Frederick, Maryland

Myself, I never was particularly good-looking, made only an average salary, always drove Fords and Chevrolets and never earned a Phi Beta Kappa key. But in my bachelor days, I kept company with just about all the women I could handle. No secret. Luckily, I learned early in sex relationships to concentrate fully on giving pleasure to my woman.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

THE LIMITS OF EQUALITY

Poor Barron Farrier is upset about the change in sex roles (*The Playboy Forum*, September). I'd like to respond to a few of his points.

He writes, "Femininity to me is an intangible—perhaps indefinable—quality in a woman that complements the masculinity in a man. Femininity is that characteristic of a woman that elicits a man's respect and admiration." Just what is that quality—softness, ability to express emotion, submission? Those socially inculcated traits should no more be characteristic of women than they are of men. Would Farrier really have trouble admiring a woman who was strong, independent, financially successful, aggressive?

"I believe a man's role is to make a woman feel like a woman and a woman's role is to make a man feel like a man." What does a man feel like, anyway? And a woman? I can feel like a woman without having a man around.

"If we blur sex roles, as we will certainly do if we don't define the limits of equality, where will we be?" Who are we? Do we include men? We obviously include one man, Farrier. I would like to know who gave him (or any man) the right to define the limits of women's equality. As for the blurring of sex roles, I feel it is essentially a good thing. Now that we know better, why perpetuate the myth that men don't cry and women are on earth to please their mates and their children at the expense of their own well-being?

The role of women in the past, the one Farrier so lovingly recalls, is one of enforced inferiority, submission and repression. Maybe Farrier is afraid that tomorrow's woman will feel as free to stand up for herself as he does for himself.

Theresa M. Paras
Arcadia, California

HOPE FOR E.R.A.

Janel Garvin, in the September *Playboy Forum*, remarks that "the Equal

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Rights Amendment movement seems to have fizzled out." Since when? What a deplorable statement! The Equal Rights Amendment need only be ratified by legislatures in three more states by 1979 to win.

Of course, if we don't win in those three legislatures, the opportunity to eliminate discrimination against women will be lost, who knows for how long? We've been fighting this battle for over 100 years already. This is our big chance; we need no more defeatist talk.

B. Davis

Los Angeles, California

LIB SHTICK

I am one man who believes in women's lib. I have never felt women were the property of men, and I find myself attracted to self-assertive, intelligent, well-informed women who think there's more to life than cooking, raising kids and doing the laundry.

When my own wife decided to go to college and get the degree she had always wanted, I greeted her plans with great enthusiasm. After two years at the area college, where she received top grades, she went on to graduate *magna cum laude* from a nearby university. She deserved that degree more than any person, male or female, I have ever known.

Just before graduation, however, she told me that when she got a job, she wanted to leave home and make a completely independent life for herself, free of all family responsibilities. I persuaded her to stay for a while, but eventually we were separated and finally divorced. We had been married for 25 years.

You may think it strange, but if I could find another woman like her, I'd do it all again.

William G. Delahan

West Mifflin, Pennsylvania

GAY RIGHTS

There is legislation now pending in Congress, the Koch Bill, to end discrimination against gay men and lesbians in employment, housing and public accommodations.

Such an antidiscrimination law is needed for many reasons. People often lose their jobs or housing because they are gay. Many more live in constant fear that those things will happen to them. To judge people by so-called group characteristics is unjust. The pending legislation is consistent with all human-rights legislation. Nondiscrimination will ensure that employers are limited to merit and ability in making personnel decisions and it will assure fair and equal access to housing and public accommodations. Religious leaders and organizations are more and more coming to understand that discrimination is immoral and contrary to religious convictions. Strong voter support for fair employment, housing and public-accommodations policies

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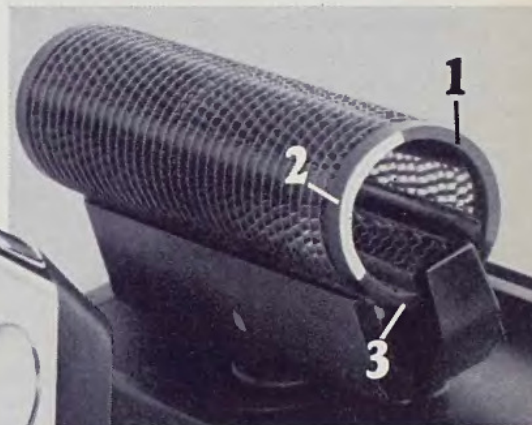
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is evident throughout the country. The goal of this legislation is equal rights, not governmental approval of homosexuality. Just as the inclusion of religion in human-rights legislation does not indicate support for any particular religion, neither would this bill indicate support for homosexuality per se.

All voters who agree on the need for antidiscrimination legislation should contact their legislators and urge that they support this bill.

Chipp Matthews
Chicago, Illinois

CONSTRUCTIVE CONTRACEPTION

In the September *Playboy Forum*, there is a letter about the Reverend Bob Cloverson, who wants to ban rock music to prevent teenage pregnancies. In *Forum Newsfront* for the same issue, an item mentions a U.S. Supreme Court decision that the states may not prohibit, among other things, the advertising of contraceptives or their sale to minors. That decision will do a great deal more to reduce the number of unwanted teenage pregnancies than any kookie crusade against teenagers' favorite variety of music. I note that the Playboy Foundation supported the suit that led to the Court's decision. Great work. Now, if we can only persuade more kids to use the damned things. Maybe the Reverend Cloverson could give a few sermons on that subject.

J. Williams
Omaha, Nebraska

CALIBRATING THE FETUS PEOPLE

In response to Len Lear's letter in the August *Playboy Forum*, you state, "One way to judge the merit of a movement is to look at the caliber of people it attracts." As a member of Illinois Citizens Concerned for Life, I call that hardly fair. There are approximately 11,000,000 active proliferators in 1400 chapters in the U.S. and you are judging us all, when it was only a few who allegedly harassed Lear and vandalized his car.

Linda Asa
Chicago, Illinois

I am a member of the anti-abortion movement, which admittedly has a lot of people in it with Pre-Cambrian mentalities. But there are many people who are opposed to abortions who don't approve of war and capital punishment. I do believe that anyone who aborts her unborn is not fit to reproduce.

David C. Stanford
San Jose, California

I think you owe a lot of high-caliber people an apology. You can start at the top of the list with the Pope.

Jimmy King
Cleveland, Mississippi

There is a classic logical fallacy called *argumentum ad hominem*, which is

committed when, instead of trying to disprove the truth of what is asserted, one attacks the person who made the assertion. I realize PLAYBOY has axes to grind, but a little more intellectual integrity is in order.

R. W. Koslik
Warrenville, Illinois

Argumentum ad hominem means an argument appealing to the individual addressed rather than to impartial reason. Your inaccurate use of this term is typical of anti-abortion people and demonstrates the fundamental unsoundness of their position.

PROLIFE PROFILE

Last spring, our college psychology instructor invited the head of the local right-to-life movement to lecture to our class. She told us what she meant by pro-life, described her group's efforts to change the law and passed out pamphlets illustrated with pictures of fetuses in all stages of development, as well as aborted ones. I think at that point the lady had

*"I do believe that
anyone who aborts her
unborn is not fit
to reproduce."*

most of the class believing that abortion was a terrible thing.

In the question-and-answer period, however, she lost most of us. She avoided many questions altogether and clearly projected the attitude that hers was a holy cause and that anyone who didn't believe exactly as she did, without question, would end up in hell. She did not answer such questions as When does brain activity begin? and How can you consistently condone the use of contraceptives, abortion to save the life of the mother, killing in self-defense, the death penalty and killing in war?

Before that lecture, I hadn't cared one way or the other about abortion. Now I am a staunch believer that it should be left up to the individual conscience. I now see what a lot (not all) of the anti-abortion people are like, and I pray they do not get enough power to force their narrow-minded attitudes on us.

Randall D. Koller
Vista, California

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

As a former supporter of laws prohibiting abortion, I now wonder how people can feel they have a right to an opinion on this issue unless they've been through the experience of unwanted pregnancy. I am a 20-year-old woman who found

herself pregnant a year ago. My first reaction was that I would keep my baby; no way would I be a murderer by having an abortion, nor was I going to carry it for nine months and then give it away.

I started to ask myself many questions: Could I alone take care of a baby? Was I really ready to devote my whole life to this little person inside me, who would be totally dependent on me? Would I resent it for making me miss so much in life? Would I end up hating it and myself?

My parents assured me they would support me in any decision I made. Thank God for them. After many tears, I realized the only answer was abortion. Feeling somewhat a hypocrite, I made an appointment to have it done.

A year later, I am proud of having made such a wise decision and I have no regrets. I know that the baby's life, as well as mine, would have been total hell. I feel that the next time I get pregnant, the baby will be loved.

People who are against abortion can call me anything they like. But I wonder what choice they would have made if they had been in my place.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

BIRTHRIGHT

I agree that a woman has the right to terminate an undesired pregnancy. The question really should be, Does she have a right to give birth?

I am strongly against creating a baby without its consent. The fetus will gradually grow into an adult person, quite possibly against its wishes.

George T. Nagel
Northridge, California

Eh?

SPARE THE CHILD

In response to the letter titled "Legal Child Abuse," by S. Hoffman, in the September *Playboy Forum*: As a teacher in a public school system, I was relieved by the Supreme Court ruling allowing corporal punishment in the classroom. The ruling did not give blanket permission for a teacher to abuse any child; it only gave states the freedom to decide whether or not corporal punishment should be used. In Norfolk, elementary school children are disciplined only by the principal or the principal's designee. There must be another professional person present as a witness.

I think the fact that many schools allow spankings is indication of the necessity for them. Even though I have taught for only one year, I've had experiences such as one student's shoving me against a blackboard when I was seven months' pregnant and one threatening me with a knife.

My husband teaches inmates in a city jail, and many of them have told him



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that they learned disrespect for authority when neither their parents nor their teachers would stand up to them.

I challenge S. Hoffman to go to a public school and decide who is being abused, the student or the teacher.

L. Gregory
Norfolk, Virginia

I agree with S. Hoffman's letter on corporal punishment. I do not believe anyone has the right to punish children severely, excessively and to the point of injury requiring medical treatment. Not even a teacher has that right; I thought they were there to help children, not to harm them. As the mother of an eight-year-old son, I would take personal action against any teacher or any other person who abused my child physically. I would willingly suffer any consequences.

Judy Fogg
Richmond, Virginia

BATTLING CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

The ruling of the U. S. Supreme Court on June 29, 1977, outlawing the death penalty for rape of an adult was a vindication, though a very partial one, of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund's long campaign to eliminate capital punishment in the U.S. No aspect of our criminal-justice system was more blatantly racist than the practice, continued until very recent times, of executing large numbers of black men who had been convicted of rape, while the same penalty was rarely exacted of white men convicted of the same crime.

The High Court's July 1976 ruling upholding the constitutionality of capital punishment in three states was a grave disappointment. It imposed upon us an immediate responsibility to prevent the execution of our many indigent clients who would be directly affected by the ruling, and it directed our efforts toward establishing laws that would limit the application of the death penalty in conformance with the 1976 ruling. Our success in the rape case is an illustration of the latter.

But the danger of executions is increasing. The number of people on death row grows. Of 611 persons under sentence of death in July 1976, about 300 have had their sentences commuted as a result of the outlawing of mandatory-death-penalty statutes in North Carolina and Louisiana. However, new death sentences brought the figure up to 353 by May of this year.

We will have more problems in other states. Since July 1976, 18 states have passed new death-penalty statutes in an effort to conform to the standards set by the Supreme Court. About a dozen other statutes enacted between 1972 and 1976 also appear to be constitutional under the Court's ruling.

We came through the first year following the Court's approval of capital-punishment laws better than we had anticipated: just one execution. But our task becomes increasingly more difficult. So far, a wave of executions has been forestalled, but popular support of capital punishment has not diminished and this reprieve may not last.

Our commitment is to continue pressing our case until the United States joins other advanced countries in outlawing this brutal punishment that debases our society and that is counterproductive as a deterrent to homicide. The Playboy Foundation has been more consistent and more understanding in its support of this campaign than any other foundation.

Jack Greenberg, Director Counsel
NAACP Legal Defense Fund
New York, New York

*"I would take personal
action against any teacher
or any other person who
abused my child
physically."*

CARTER'S MARIJUANA MESSAGE

In a historic moment in the development of drug policy in this country, President Carter sent to Congress an official message requesting a change in Federal law to "end all Federal criminal penalties for the possession of up to one ounce of marijuana." The President added:

Penalties against possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself; and where they are, they should be changed. Nowhere is this more clear than in the laws against possession of marijuana in private for personal use. . . . The National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse concluded five years ago that marijuana use should be decriminalized, and I believe it is time to implement those basic recommendations.

President Carter sent his drug-law-reform message to Congress on August 2, 1977, exactly 40 years after President Franklin Roosevelt signed into law the original Federal Marijuana Tax Act.

The 15,000,000 Americans who, like myself, regularly smoke marijuana are deeply appreciative of President Carter's commitment to a more just marijuana policy. His public endorsement at this time adds new momentum and strength to the growing reform movement nationwide. Forty years of criminal prohibition

have resulted in more than 2,000,000 needless and often tragic arrests. The President deserves our sincere thanks and firm support for having the courage and the commitment to speak out honestly on marijuana policy, the first President to do so in four decades.

Keith Stroup, Director
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

COCAINE DECISION

I never thought it could happen to me, but I've been busted on a cocaine beef. I made the mistake of selling a relatively small quantity of cocaine to a person I'd known for over six months who turned out to be an undercover drug agent. I face a long prison term unless I can develop a successful defense. It will be almost impossible to challenge the facts of the case, because there are both tape recordings and eyewitnesses to the sale. I am hoping to mount a challenge to the constitutionality of the law. A friend told me that some time ago, PLAYBOY published an account of a judge's decision overturning a cocaine law on constitutional grounds after hearing expert testimony as to the relative harmlessness of the drug. My attorney and I would like to get as much information as we can about that case.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

The case was "*Commonwealth of Massachusetts vs. Richard Miller, et al.*" ("*The Playboy Forum*," March). After hearing testimony from five of the country's leading authorities on cocaine, Judge Elwood McKenney of the Roxbury district court declared the Massachusetts law banning the drug unconstitutional. Proponents of cocaine decriminalization hope that that case will influence both judicial and legislative opinions elsewhere.

Copies of the proceedings, including attorneys' statements in support of a motion to dismiss charges, the testimony of the expert witnesses and the judge's decision—a 350-page document in all—are available from the Playboy Foundation, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. To cover costs of printing and mailing, the book is offered at \$50 to the general public and at \$12.50 to those in custody. It is free to the indigent.

CONSERVATIVES AND CENSORSHIP

Tom McSloy of Chicago defends conservatives, declaring that "the right has historically taken the side of the individual, against various collective entities" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Unfortunately, the topic under discussion is censorship of so-called obscenity, and there McSloy falls on his face. I have read many conservative authors and columnists and I have never run across one

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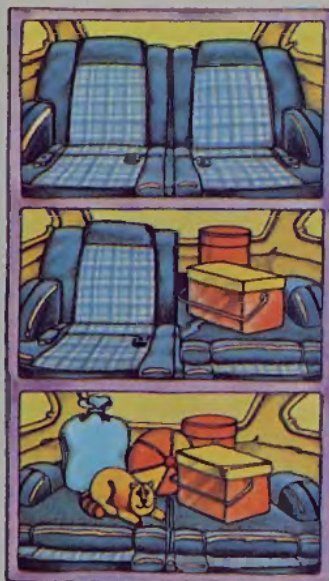
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The 1978 Mazda GLC is a phenomenal automobile. It's not often a car of special merit comes along that doesn't cost a small fortune. It's not often a car comes along with this kind of equipment, this kind of styling, for this kind of money: \$3494** for the GLC Deluxe 3-door Hatchback.

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Every Deluxe GLC has a rear wiper, washer, and defroster as standard equipment. A choice of 4-speed, 5-speed, or automatic transmission. And a rear seat that splits in half, so you can carry people and stuff, or just stuff.

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who wasn't an enthusiastic advocate of censorship. If William Safire is criticizing censorship, as mentioned in McSloy's letter, I bet it's a first, and I bet if he keeps that kind of thing up, he'll be drummed out of the conservative club.

Joseph Johnson
New York, New York

SUPREME STUMBLING

The U. S. Supreme Court's attempts to regulate obscenity get sillier and sillier. In its most recent decision, *Smith vs. U. S.*, the Court decided that a man can be prosecuted under the Federal statute for mailing pornography within the state of Iowa, even though the state at that time had no laws prohibiting the distribution of pornography to consenting adults. If a permissive state obscenity law doesn't constitute definitive proof that pornography is acceptable to community standards, what in heaven's name does?

To make the case even more absurd, the complaint was brought against the defendant by postal inspectors who had ordered his material under phony names and never even looked at it. In other words, no private citizen was offended. Yet the Government in its majesty claims to have been offended and Smith must go to jail.

We ought to add an amendment to the Constitution declaring that no branch of the Government is permitted to do anything idiotic. If it be objected that the idiotic is hard to define, well, so is the obscene.

S. Miller
Trenton, New Jersey

Since interpretation of the word idiotic would be left to the Supreme Court, we shudder to think what rulings would be handed down.

During its 1976-1977 term, the Court made four decisions affecting pornography laws. In one, *"Marks vs. U. S."*, it declared that a jury cannot use the standards for obscenity established by the Court in its 1973 "Miller" decision to judge actions that took place before those standards were announced. Among other results, this decision blasted the Government's case against the "Deep Throat" defendants in Memphis and eventually led to the dropping of charges against actor Harry Reems.

The three other decisions were not so sensible or constructive. In *"Splawn vs. California"*, the Court ruled that the way material is advertised, sold or distributed can be taken into account in determining whether or not a work is obscene. Even if a book isn't pornographic, a person can be prosecuted for selling it if its advertising makes it sound like porn. In 1972, publisher Ralph Ginzburg went to prison under just such circumstances, having sold several innocuous publications that were not actually obscene but were implied to be so by his advertising. Which only further

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Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
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OVER 1,500 YEARS AGO, BOLD MEN HAD A LEGENDARY THIRST FOR THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD:

A potent, zesty and pleasing spirit touched with natural overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

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Came to the British Isles as the drink of the Anglo, Saxon and Jute invaders.

And was the Viking's "Gift of the Gods":

The cup served by the lithe and lovely Valkyries of Valhalla to those heroic Norse warriors who had fallen bravely in battle.

Then unaccountably, for centuries the legendary taste became a legend lost.

Lost until, many years ago, an ancient Gaelic recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.



The result is Irish Mist:

The natural taste of mead, rediscovered.

And the return of "The Gift of the Gods."

A drink of exceptional character.

With a zest, levity and smoothness all its own.

The perfect balance of potency, good taste and bouquet one would expect from "The Legendary Spirit of Man."

And the ideal gift to share with the man who has a sense of history.

Imported Irish Mist.

Gift of the Gods.

demonstrates that the whole concept of obscenity is as impalpable as the ghost of Hamlet's father.

In "Ward vs. Illinois," the Court declared that a state obscenity law need not be specific in describing the sexual conduct that would be offensive and therefore could be prosecuted. It is generally held in law that for an act to be a crime, it must be possible for the public to understand clearly what the prohibited act is. The "Miller" guidelines listed a number of kinds of "ultimate sex acts" that might be considered patently offensive, thus serving notice on anyone producing or selling depictions of those particular acts that he was running a risk of prosecution. The "Ward" decision removes that bit of clarity and makes the swamp of obscenity laws murkier yet.

In the "Smith" decision, the Court also shed darkness where there had been light, declaring that evidence of what might constitute community standards, such as a liberal state obscenity law, is not conclusive. Community standards thus become whatever those people in the jury box say they are. And prosecutors usually make every effort to exclude from juries all but those who have never seen a piece of pornography in their lives. There is no way in the world that community standards can be predicted before a case comes to trial. Inevitably, this will have a drastically inhibiting effect on books, magazines and movies.

However, the first post-Nixon appointee to the Court, Justice John Paul Stevens, declared in "Marks" that pornographic materials are a "form of communication and entertainment acceptable to a substantial segment of society; otherwise, they would have no value in the market place." And, in his dissent in "Smith," he added, "I believe that we must rely on the capacity of the free market place of ideas to distinguish that which is useful or beautiful from that which is ugly or worthless."

All the Court's procensorship decisions since "Miller" have been made by a five-man majority consisting of Chief Justice Warren E. Burger and Justices William H. Rehnquist, Harry A. Blackmun, Lewis F. Powell, Jr., and Byron R. White. If Stevens can get just one of his colleagues to listen to reason, we might yet find our way out of the dismal swamp.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

(A "Playboy Forum" Casebook" report on new developments in the Red Lodge case begins on page 99.)

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.

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RED LODGE UPDATE: THE ACCUSERS ACCUSED

*the strange case of montana's vanishing pot plantation
may be turning into a federal civil rights battle*

The defendants in the Red Lodge marijuana case have struck back with two major lawsuits filed in Federal court that seek to enjoin the state from continuing its prosecution and to recover almost \$7,500,000 in damages. One suit charges two former Western Union employees, that company and the county attorney with violations of privacy laws and unlawful interception and disclosure of privileged telegraphic communications. The other accuses those same individuals and other police officers, including two Federal agents, with a variety of civil-rights violations, conspiracy, false arrest and malicious prosecution. Yet another suit may be filed later on behalf of a California man alleging that drugs were planted in his car in an attempt to incriminate the defendants. All this is only the latest development in one of the most bizarre pot cases ever to arise in the state of Montana and possibly in the entire country.

In the early weeks of 1976, Lake Headley and his family moved from Los Angeles to a ranch outside Red Lodge, Montana, where he planned to vacation and begin writing about his experiences as a private investigator working for defense attorneys representing political radicals. Almost immediately, Carbon County sheriff James Eichler was supplied with police intelligence reports implying that Headley and a friend, Don Wogamon, who had given him the use of the ranch, were dangerous interstate criminals who bore watching. At a police intelligence seminar in Billings in May 1976, more reports were circulated mentioning Headley and Wogamon, and a few weeks later, a local "concerned citizen" supposedly advised the sheriff that marijuana was growing on a remote part of some property where the Headleys were staying.

Throughout the summer, the sheriff, his deputies, city policemen and even the county attorney kept the ranch under surveillance without seeing anyone tend or cultivate the suspected plants. Then, in early September, a Federal agent of the Drug Enforcement Administration and four narcotics officers from other parts of the state arrived in Red Lodge without invitation of the sheriff and/or the city police and led a raid on both the ranch and Wogamon's house in town. Headley, his wife and son were locked up for ten days on bonds of \$25,000 each; Wogamon and his son surrendered when they returned to town and were released on \$15,000 bonds. All were charged with "sale of dangerous drugs" under a confusing state law that equates growing with selling, does not even distinguish between marijuana and heroin and provides penalties of up to life in prison for violators who grow a single pot plant or even "offer to give" a single joint to another person.

Area newspapers front-paged the raid, one erroneously reporting that it had turned up "more than 2000 marijuana plants" with a "street value of about \$450,000." From all reports and appearances, local authorities, aided by a Federal

agent and crack narcotics officers from other state jurisdictions, had wiped out a great "pot plantation," and a bunch of big-time drug magnates were on their way to the slammer.

But instead of working out that simply, the case has backfired, as we've described in issues of February, July and September. The raiders found no pot farm and pretrial hearings disclosed:

- Surveillance of the defendants began not as a result of suspected pot growing but in response to the police intelligence files supplied to the sheriff.

- Telegrams to the defendants were apparently intercepted illegally and made available to the county attorney, whose wife was a local Western Union agent.

- Search and arrest warrants were heavily based on misinformation contained in local police surveillance reports.

- Part of the evidence found by the raiders appears to have been rather clumsily planted after their search turned up no pot plants.

- Two other pot-growing cases during the same period led only to a fine in one instance and a warning in another.

As a result of pretrial disclosures of gross confusion and improprieties and possible crimes by police and other officials, Judge Robert H. Wilson eventually quashed all arrest and search warrants and dismissed charges against three of the defendants—Wogamon, his son Timothy and Headley's son, Lake Headley III. Headley and his wife, Elizabeth Schmidt, are still charged, because they were living on the ranch where the pot allegedly grew, but the only physical evidence against them appears to consist of one or two plants picked long before the raid and one picked afterward, and defense attorneys are not certain these plants even exist. These attorneys believe that the only reason the case is still alive is local politics: To drop charges would be a virtual admission that the case, which is costing the county as well as the defendants large sums of money, was a mistake—especially the involvement of a Federal agent and out-of-town police. And, to complicate matters further, the rumor has been spread—if not by the out-of-town raiders, at least in their behalf—that county authorities were somehow bribed or otherwise persuaded to bungle the case and that the defendants (who were not even present) planted the evidence themselves to confuse the raiders.

What puzzles the defendants, local police and the citizens of the area is why a fairly routine pot case should bring in such heavy out-of-town artillery and turn into a legal quagmire. Headley at first believed that he was singled out for special treatment because of his record as a left-wing activist and his previous tangles with the DEA, the FBI and the various police departments in cases ranging from the S.L.A. shoot-out in Los Angeles to the Indian troubles at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. Since then, he and



Flash Studio

During pretrial hearings, the court visited the alleged marijuana farm. Left to right: Defense attorneys D. Frank Kampfe and John Adams, Judge Robert H. Wilson and county attorney Art Ayers.

defense attorneys have managed to get hold of the police intelligence information circulated about him and Wogamon, and these files may explain the raid.

It turns out that some of the officers and agents involved in the raid are members of a paper organization called the Western States Crime Conference, a loosely knit confederation of local, state and Federal officers, as well as private security personnel. Its primary purpose is to serve as an information exchange on "mobile and traveling criminals," mainly burglars, thieves and the like, who find it easy to stay one jump ahead of local authorities. There are several such "cop co-ops" in the country. The main problem is



Sheriff James Eichler (top left), deputy sheriff Charles Adcock and Federal drug agent Don R. Friend, shielding his face from Margie Wogamon's camera outside the county courthouse.

that much of the information exchanged consists of rumor and suspicion that looks like hard facts once printed and disseminated. Headley considers himself and Wogamon victims of this system. Headley's a former Las Vegas policeman and county deputy who has known quite a few criminals; a former security officer for several Las Vegas casinos; and he has been a private detective in both Nevada and California, working on everything from bond jumpers to drug cases and labor disputes. Now at least one of his "confidential" dossiers describes him, simply enough, as a "local criminal" (though he's never been charged with or convicted of a crime) and an "enforcer type" who is "connected to a family in the Organization" and involved with a California labor union. Pretty ominous, and the same is true for Wogamon, who does, in fact, have an arrest record.

Wogamon's dossier describes him as an "ex-con" who "likes horses and second-rate bars," who is "known in hood circles in Vegas area" and who is "heavy in Western states, involved in narcotics and Indian-jewelry burs." Wogamon confesses to liking horses and to patronizing some second-rate bars, but he's never been in prison or convicted of anything and the "assault" noted in his record apparently stems from a high school fistfight in 1957 in which the charge was later dropped. The narcotics accusation has some basis, in that he was arrested in the state of Washington as a passenger in a car found to contain a substantial quantity of the animal tranquilizer PCP, and that charge is still on pretrial appeal. But the Indian jewelry he was arrested for stealing turned out not to have been stolen,

and he was exonerated with formal apologies—except in his police dossier.

The Western States Crime Conference is among the defendants in the suits filed by the Headleys and the Wogamons, but the group is hard to pin down. It has no officers, no headquarters, no treasury and only a figurehead "moderator" for its conferences, where information is exchanged. The current moderator talked at some length with Playboy Defense Team legal investigator Russ Million, explaining the conference's functions and its virtual legal immunity, adding, "You know, we weren't exactly asleep when we put this thing together." Meanwhile, Headley and Wogamon are trying to pry loose their Federal dossiers under the Freedom of Information Act. Headley has already received some 150 pages, 90 percent of which are blanked out with grease pencil but indicate that he has been under Federal and local police surveillance often over the past seven years.

Ironically, Headley and Wogamon met each other almost six years ago over the same issue of police intelligence. Wogamon, a Montana rancher, had acquired substantial amounts of land and was trying to finance the purchase of a Helena hotel when his confidential police record was leaked. That scuttled the hotel deal and caused a bank to cut off his credit and begin foreclosure proceedings on his property. Wogamon learned of Headley through a friend in Los Angeles and hired him to develop information for a lawsuit challenging the accuracy of his police files, and the two became linked in newspaper stories when they tried to force the Montana attorney general, the FBI and other police agencies to disclose their records.

It could be, Headley now speculates, that the present pot charges were inspired not so much by his political activities as by their dossiers and the trouble he and Wogamon already had stirred up in the police community. "We didn't exactly make any friends down at headquarters by trying to crack their secret files," Headley says. "And all the different agencies had to do was read the misinformation and rumors they themselves were circulating to conclude we must be really dangerous characters. You know that reference in Don's file, that he is known in Vegas hood circles? Well, probably I'm the 'hood.'"

That would provide the best explanation yet for the instant surveillance that occurred when Wogamon and Headley moved to Red Lodge, as well as for the commando-style raid by machine-gun-armed Federal and state agents in a purely local pot case of a kind that county authorities were accustomed to dealing with leniently or letting go with a warning to the suspects.

The man who might have been willing and able to answer many questions about the case, Deputy Sheriff Charles Adcock, died of an apparent heart attack at the age of 51 the morning after he began to testify as a defense witness during pretrial hearings. On the stand, he said that he and Red Lodge police chief Tim Ortner had just searched the spot in Wogamon's house where Federal drug agent Don R. Friend found a joint of marijuana lying in plain view on the floor. At the time, Adcock's death seemed highly suspicious. Only hours before, he had confided to a reporter from Billings, "If I told you everything I knew about this case, I'd be dead tomorrow." His symptoms seemed inconsistent with a heart attack, and his body was sent for embalming less than 30 minutes after death without notification of his wife, Carol, but extensive medical tests found only natural causes for his death.

Adcock's testimony was later supported by that of Ortner, who had since joined the Missoula County sheriff's department and had earned three commendations in his first three months. Ortner further testified that he and Adcock had spent the night of the raid discussing the apparently planted

evidence and that he had already examined a car in which the same DEA agent discovered a package of suspected cocaine lying in plain view on the front seat. (The car, with California plates and parked near Wogamon's house, turned out to belong to a visitor staying next door. Its owner, William Gibbs, was never questioned nor was the drug introduced as evidence.) Ortner told *PLAYBOY* that after he testified, his boss, Missoula County sheriff John Moe, a former FBI agent, admonished him for not "softening" my testimony and saying that I just 'didn't see' the evidence, instead of drawing the conclusion that 'it wasn't there.' I would have softened my testimony if I could have, but that evidence just flat was not there." (Moe has now been accused in the civil rights suit of attempting to intimidate a witness—Ortner—into changing his testimony.)

Ortner was later ordered not to talk to the press and was fired after he went to Chicago, with Carol Adcock, the defendants and their attorneys, to talk with *PLAYBOY* and representatives of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). One night shortly after he returned to Red Lodge, Ortner, 36, was also stricken with an apparent heart attack but survived. Friends who took him to the hospital saw a sheriff's-department car parked almost in front of their house with its lights out, but the officer inside offered no assistance and ignored the fact that they nearly rammed his car in their rush to the hospital. Medical tests on Ortner found no causes whatever for the seizure, and no signs that it had been a heart attack.

While in Chicago, Carol Adcock recalled that after the defendants were released on bail, her husband had been in frequent contact with men he identified only as "Federal officers" who had set up a system for contacting him by phone without the sheriff's knowledge. He would get a message that somebody called, which meant that he should go to a different telephone and return the call or wait for another one. All he would tell his wife was that he thought it best to cooperate and "stay in contact, so I'll know what they're up to."



Bill Helmer

Red Lodgers meet with *PLAYBOY* and NORML representatives in Chicago. Left to right: D. Frank Kampfe, Elizabeth Schmidt, Helen Kampfe, Lake Headley, Tim Ortner and Carol Adcock.

It was Adcock who first told Headley and later *PLAYBOY* that he had thought Headley's arrest was going to "end up in a killing." That, he said, was why he had disobeyed orders and worn his uniform the night of the raid, why he'd ignored the DEA agent's instructions to stay in the car and why he'd given the agent an unloaded shotgun. He then had positioned himself between Headley and the Federal agent and another officer when Headley was pulled out of his car at the entrance to a country cemetery the night of the raid. He said that when he had seen the second officer with Headley in his sights, he'd thought to himself, "My God, they're going to do it anyway," and had got between Headley and the guns.

With Adcock dead, it can never be determined whether the "killing talk" he heard during the planning of the raid was deadly serious or merely banter among some officers who had persuaded themselves they were going on a dangerous mission. There's no doubt that Adcock took it seriously and that a number of state and Federal police officials are most distressed that the case has turned into a major law-enforcement scandal. According to Ortner, Sheriff Moe not only fired him but made vague threats to charge him with unspecified crimes and, for good measure, described to him his travel itinerary for his trip to *PLAYBOY* in Chicago.

There are reasons to believe that the defendants and their attorneys at times have been kept under surveillance—which apparently was one of the purposes of the secret phone calls from Federal agents to Adcock. While Headley and *PLAYBOY* Senior Editor Bill Helmer were in California talking with newsmen, Headley was stopped for no apparent reason and questioned by a San Jose detective who seemed to know who he was. Two days later, in Los Angeles, KMPC newsmen Art Kevin, who has police-department contacts, told Headley and Helmer that their presence in town had been known to the L.A.P.D. Intelligence Division the morning they arrived.

In Red Lodge, the climate has been stormy. The town's younger population seems generally sympathetic to the defendants, but the local establishment and the old-timers are sufficiently hostile that defense attorney John Adams of Billings expressed concern about the possibility of vigilante action should Headley be exonerated. After Ortner appeared in court to testify for the defense, he was treated by some as a traitor and a turncoat. In a letter to the *Clarks Fork Bonanza*, the only area paper that reported the case fully from the start, Ortner wrote:

All that I have done is tell the truth, and as a result, I have been fired, threatened with arrest and all but shunned by the people of Red Lodge. . . . I hate to



Montana papers report developments in the Red Lodge case.

think that I gave up eight years of law enforcement because I told the truth, not to prove some person's guilt or innocence but to try to correct a very bad situation—planted evidence. Why can't people understand that this could happen to them or their children? . . .

A few days later, the *Carbon County News* published a partly complimentary editorial welcoming Ortner back to town, but the tensions remain. Headley was warned by friends that some local "patriots" were planning to celebrate the Fourth of July by shooting or at least tarring him and Wogamon. He reported the threats to local and state law enforcers and the Fourth passed without incident, but a week later, a vacant house owned by the Wogamon family was burned down, apparently by an arsonist.

Wogamon's brother Steve, for seven years an agent for the Internal Revenue Service in the states of Washington and Montana, became the subject of IRS investigations after the Red Lodge arrests and for this and other reasons has since resigned. He said he was told, unofficially, that if



Kerry Morris

At a NORML benefit party at Playboy Mansion West, defendant Lake Headley and Senior Editor Bill Helmer discuss the case with Hugh M. Hefner, Christie Hefner of the Playboy Foundation and Russ Million, investigator for the Playboy Defense Team.

Wogamon was not convicted on drug charges, the IRS would start investigating his tax returns.

A principal reason for the hostility—besides the embarrassment and professional damage being done to officials involved in the prosecution—is that the case is threatening to bankrupt the county. Before he died, Adcock said that much of the sheriff's department's 1976 budget already had been spent on the case, and county costs to date probably exceed \$60,000 and could go much higher. In an editorial complaining about this state of affairs, the *Carbon County News* suggested that the Playboy Foundation, which has assisted the defendants, also give a grant to the county.

Defense attorneys petitioned for a grand-jury investigation into the allegedly improper and possibly illegal activities of police and other officials and individuals involved in the case. But Carbon County commissioners seem strongly opposed to any such investigation for both monetary and political reasons.

Defense lawyers submitted material to the U.S. Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations—so far with no results—to support a request for an investigation into the activities of DEA agent Friend and FBI agent Merrill Reese. (Reese, the defendants believe, helped persuade Sheriff Eichler to put them under surveillance even before they were accused of growing marijuana. At presstime, Reese was scheduled to be tried for assault as a result of an

incident that had occurred last March. During a noon recess in the pretrial hearings, Wogamon's wife, Margie, suffered a cut nose when she tried to take a picture of Reese at the front door of the courthouse and he pushed the camera away from him. Headley pinned Reese's arms and performed a citizen's arrest.)

Hostility not directed at the defendants has been aimed at the prosecution—for keeping the case alive in the face of one costly legal setback after another. Once the judge ruled out any chance of trying the defendants under existing search and arrest warrants, that might have ended the affair. But prosecutor Arthur Ayers has elected to appeal the judge's decisions to the state supreme court and to seek to revise the original criminal charge, changing the date of the alleged crime to conform to a police surveillance report stating that plants believed to be marijuana were seen growing on the ranch.

NORML attorney William E. Rittenberg of New Orleans, who went to Red Lodge to prepare the civil rights action, cites Ayers' legal maneuvers as part of the evidence of bad-faith prosecution—a contrived effort to continue the case for political and personal reasons and for the protection of others. The suit accuses Ayers of malfeasance and misfeasance in office, of ordering the sheriff to perform illegal acts, of encouraging false testimony, preparing false affidavits to obtain arrest and search warrants and of attempting to conceal a variety of illegal acts by himself and others. Other defendants include Sheriff Eichler, DEA agent Friend, FBI agent Reese, Richard Brennan (narcotics officer from neighboring Yellowstone County who participated in the raid) and Missoula County sheriff John Moe.

The Western Union suit, prepared by attorneys Joseph Mudd of Bridger and Pat Pitet of Billings, accuses Ayers, his wife, Patricia, and another former Western Union agent, Sheila Knox, of intercepting and/or divulging the contents of telegrams without court authorization in violation of Federal statutes. During pretrial hearings in the original drug case, Sheila Knox denied divulging the contents of any telegrams to anyone, though testimony of the dispatcher in the sheriff's office tends to contradict that. Mrs. Ayers refused to answer questions on Fifth Amendment grounds, but a letter from the Federal Communications Commission to defense attorney Pablo Perhacs states that Mrs. Ayers' attorney had corresponded with Western Union, "admitting that Mrs. Ayers had divulged the content of a telegraphic communication but alleging that she did so as a result of a demand, apparently oral, of the Carbon County sheriff." The letter further asserts that "Mrs. Ayers was aware of state and Federal law . . . but that she believed that state law required her to divulge this information to assist in a law-enforcement investigation." Since then, Sheriff Eichler has given defense attorney D. Frank Kampfe a sworn statement that he never requested such information and that it came to him from the office of the county attorney, Art Ayers.

As both the civil rights and the Western Union suits were being filed, the Playboy Defense Team learned that the American Civil Liberties Union of Montana, represented by Billings attorney Robert L. Stephens, Jr., will be joining NORML and the Playboy Foundation in support of the defendants. For those organizations, the issue is not one of guilt or innocence under the law but of constitutional freedoms and the merits of the law itself—in this case, a law that provides up to life in prison for growing so much as a single marijuana plant, and which therefore gives police agencies a powerful weapon to use selectively against any unpopular individual. As former Red Lodge police chief Ortner put it in his letter to the newspaper, "Why can't people understand that this could happen to them or their children?"

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN DENVER

a candid conversation with the unbelievably cheerful, sweet-singin' country boy

Early last summer, it was announced that John Denver would play Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, for ten days at the end of August. In the first hour that the telephone lines were open for reservations, the computer logged over 10,000 attempted calls. Ordinarily, that would seem an astonishing piece of data: Harrah's is, after all, a gambling casino, a vast and flashy monument to what is perhaps the weirdest of all human lusts. And John Denver is, well—John Denver. One would as soon marry the Pope to a massage parlor as Harrah's to this sunlit country boy.

Yet all the figures spelling Denver's success are in the same range of incredibility. He has sold over 100,000,000 record albums, which puts him in the Beatles/Presley stadium; he has acquired 11 gold LPs, one platinum album and six gold singles. In 1975, a year in which Denver is said to have had gross earnings of over \$12,000,000, he was, according to the Billboard magazine year-end listings, the number-one artist in each of the categories of Pop, Easy Listening, Single and Country Album. Five of his albums were on the charts simultaneously, 400,000

of his albums were sold on one three-day weekend and, in that year, Denver sold more records than any other artist in the world.

It goes on: Denver has made ten sell-out concert tours (he set the Los Angeles Universal Amphitheater house record by selling out seven days of concerts in 24 hours); his ABC special "An Evening with John Denver" won an Emmy in 1975; and that same year, the Country Music Association nominated him for Entertainer of the Year, Album of the Year, Single, Male Vocalist and Song. (He won Entertainer of the Year and Song awards.)

Perhaps more than any other performer of the day, Denver inspires two polarized responses. Adoring legions of fans see in him the apotheosis of life's positive values: Kids go camping in the Rockies because Denver sings paeans to nature and the mountains; they turn off water taps when he espouses ecology; they dive into Werner Erhard's est training as a result of Denver's buoyant support of that consciousness cult; and the number of Americans who have incorporated "Farrrrr out" into their working vocabularies is simply incalculable. His themes

are simple and oft repeated: love, home, friendship, serenity, family, the outdoors. His image is well scrubbed, with more pearly whites than Farrah, ingenuous, puckish, sweet and relentlessly joyous. But those very qualities that enchant millions are precisely the ones that repulse his detractors. The press, in particular, has pulverized Denver: "Repellent narcissism," "contrived and rigidly controlled Americana," "Mr. Clean," "plastic Pollyanna," "millionaire mediocrity," "like a cross between Johnny Appleseed and the Singing Nun." In the urban circles that set trends, declare fashions and make or break culture heroes, Denver is so unfashionable as to be beneath serious discussion.

Henry John Deutchendorf, Jr., was born on New Year's Eve of 1943 in Roswell, New Mexico, the son of a career Air Force colonel. His nomadic "Army brat" rearing took him to short-lived homes in Arizona, Alabama, Oklahoma, Japan and Texas. He was a shy child, overwhelmed by his commanding father, jarred by the periodic uprootings. His leading solace and his truest buddy: the guitar given to him by his grandmother when he was 12.

He entered Texas Tech University to



"I have a male ego, too, and sometimes I'm tired of being cute, man. But maybe I'm not sexy; I don't know. What I want to do is communicate, and I do that best singin' my songs."



"There are nights when you have a shitty audience. . . . And I know I can give them what they want, even if it's not honest. So you use tricks. My trick is that I become a little overenthusiastic."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT SCOTT HOOPER

"Critics who write negatively about me work in big cities, on big newspapers or magazines. I sing about mountains and wilderness, about love and family, and that's not what those people want to hear."

study architecture but spent more time playing in the band and singing country music than studying; so, in the middle of his junior year, he left school and headed for Los Angeles. Changing his name to Denver as a symbol of his passion for the mountains, he worked part time as a draftsman while cutting demos and singing at hootenannies around the city. Eventually, he was discovered by Randy Sparks of the New Christy Minstrels and given a job at Ledbetters, Sparks's popular club near the UCLA campus. His big break came when he auditioned for the Chad Mitchell Trio, as Mitchell's replacement. He got the job over 250 other candidates, despite a vicious cold. "He sounded dreadful," Milt Okun, the trio's record producer and now Denver's album producer, has said. "But I loved his personality. He was full of life. His voice was not as good as Chad's, but he lit up the room."

Denver stayed with the highly successful Mitchell Trio for nearly two-and-one-half years, through the mid-Sixties' folk explosion, learning professional stagecraft and writing songs. "Leaving on a Jet Plane" was his first hit, soaring to number one on the charts—but sung by Peter, Paul and Mary. In 1968, the Mitchell Trio dissolved and Denver went out on his own, moving to Aspen with his wife, Annie, and working the college-concert circuits. Slowly, he built a small reputation as an appealing artist and a nice young man. "I was invited back to every single campus on which I performed," he says proudly.

Two climactic breakthroughs in Denver's career followed: "Take Me Home, Country Roads," written in collaboration with Bill and Taffy Danoff, with Denver's own recording becoming a 1,000,000 seller; and his fortuitous hookup with brash and brilliant Jerry Weintraub, his manager, his best friend and the architect of the John Denver phenomenon.

To explore what is behind the phenomenon and especially what is behind this sunny-faced gamin with the granny glasses and the indefatigable cheeriness, PLAYBOY sent free-lance journalist Marcia Seligson on a camping trip with Denver. Seligson reports:

"I've known John slightly for a couple of years through our participation on the est advisory board, but I've been a fan of his music—or at least his melodies—since 1973 or so. But, like many of my friends, I distrusted the image: Nobody can be that adorable or perky, I thought. Also, I've known enough stars to recognize that you don't get to be the astounding success he is without having merciless drive, tenacity and probably more than your share of lunacy. I wanted to poke into those corners of the man, find the contradictions, the true complexity, his dark side.

"Denver would not allow a reporter access to his Aspen sanctuary; instead, he

suggested a three-day hiking and camping excursion into the Ventana Wilderness near Big Sur, in California. He picked me up in his single-engine Cessna, for which he'd just acquired his pilot's license. The entire trip—and some of the interview—was *Nature Boy Meets the Jewish Princess*. I tripped over the tent moorings, he patiently reinstalled them. While I was besieged by maddening killer gnats, he ignored them in favor of happily sighting distant hawks and deer on the hillsides.

"There were some moments of extraordinary magic. The first night, after we set up camp and lit the charcoal for steaks, we sat on the cliff together. The Big Sur night was windless and balmy, full-mooned; we were enshrouded by sugar pines, Santa Lucia firs, cedars and the eerily gnarled madroña trees. The ocean was far below us and the silence was total, engulfing. Denver picked up a guitar and quietly began to sing. 'He was born in the summer of his 27th year, Comin' home to a place he'd never been before . . .' and the mountains echoed

"I would love to go to one of my concerts as a member of the audience. . . . They're that good, that unique. I don't think anybody does a show like I do. Simple as that."

with his pure tenor voice, as he sang for an hour, nonstop, into the silence.

"Denver's guitar is more than an extension of his body, it is a vital organ. He sings the way the rest of us talk; that is, he grabs for his guitar when something needs to come out of him. The second night, the powers that be laid on a four-star sunset for us. As we watched it, John ran back to his tent, returned with his guitar, perched on the edge of the cliff and sang 'My Sweet Lady,' his best love song, to the sun, his voice stretching across the canyons.

"I discovered two things about John: He is precisely his image of the ebullient unsophisticated lad; and he is considerably more than that. A deliberate, determined professional, moody and self-questioning, accessible and yet remote, as if behind gauze, unflinchingly kind and energetic. One afternoon, we went romping on the beach and he quickly disappeared, climbing a wall of rock. I took a nap on the sand. When I opened my eyes, he was making his way down the steep face—carrying a bulging

carton of empty beer cans and rubbish that he'd collected at the top. That night, he offered to sing a few songs on the terrace of the splendid Ventana Inn—the owner is his friend and had plied us with fine French wine at our campsite. John sat on a bench in the corner, no stage or lighting, about 75 people listening, and began to sing at midnight. He did not stop until 2:30 in the morning, 'after I'd sung everything I ever wrote, every request anybody had and every song I could think of.' It was on this subject—his clear and obvious passion for singing—that we began our conversations."

PLAYBOY: Few interviews are conducted during a camping trip in Big Sur; and few subjects start things off by singing for the interviewer, as you did for us. You seemed to love every minute of it. Is singing as great a high in your life as it appears to be?

DENVER: Absolutely. Concerts are the most important thing to me. What I want to do is go out there and sing for people, sit there and be with them. I tell you, it's a rush, it's that beautiful feeling of being incredibly alive. And the more people it happens with—I mean, it's *powerful*. When it's all working in a concert—when your voice is working and the audience is with you and the band is cooking—it's absolute magic. God, it's a reason for living, if you need a reason for living. In fact, I would love to go to one of my concerts as a member of the audience.

PLAYBOY: Why?

DENVER: There's a certain energy that comes together in those giant arenas where I've been performing: It starts way outside, in the traffic, and works its way through the people walking in, finding their seats, beginning to settle in. There's a buzzing excitement as showtime approaches. Then it builds and builds, until the headliner comes out, and then there's this immediate charge, and it's a magical evening.

PLAYBOY: Is that always true of your concerts?

DENVER: Sometimes, not always. Yeah. They're that good, that unique. I don't think anybody does a show like I do. Simple as that. I said once, long ago, that I don't just want to entertain people, I want to touch them. And I rejoice now that I had such clarity about what I wanted to do with my music and that it's obviously working. You can get to a level of performance where you just don't do it bad anymore, and I feel that our group, our organization, is at that level. We don't do a bad show. But there's another way in which we're unique. Nobody else knows how I want to do a concert, so I have to take the responsibility for the whole thing, for everything. From the moment that it's announced until we've left the building, my sound people



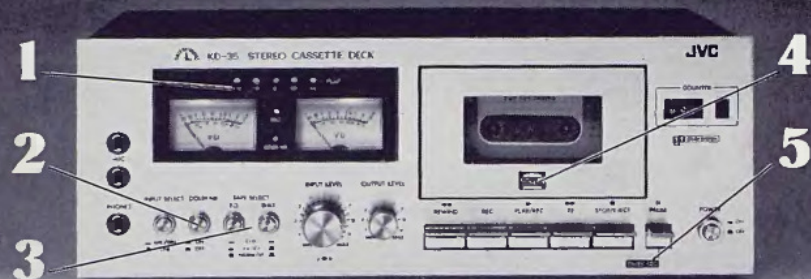
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are gone and all the bills are paid, I'm responsible. We handle the ads in the newspapers and on radio to make sure they're done with a little class, a little style. A lot of concerts are advertised on the page of the newspaper where they have the raunchy movies. Well, I don't want people to see me down there. Then the day of the concert, we meet with the parking-lot attendants, with the ushers, and lots of times I'll go out and sit with them. I say, "The success of this evening has a great deal to do with what you do. I want you to know my audience isn't rowdy, they're here to have a good time and I would like you to do whatever you can to make it a pleasant evening for them." You see, I want to create a really comfortable and safe space. I want to create a place where people can be themselves, with other people being themselves, and we're all there together doing one thing. So I say, "If you guys can help me do that, then I'll take care of the show end and I promise you we'll have a magical night." That's the way it works. And one of the things that we've learned is that people come to my concerts who have never been to a concert before and don't know where to go or what to do. So we tell the ushers that there's going to be these people there and to take care of them.

PLAYBOY: Is all of that necessary? Most artists don't concern themselves with the parking, do they?

DENVER: No, and it's so easy just not to worry about things in such detail. But when I take responsibility for what I want done, then the whole evening gets to be a real experience of me and who I am. You see, the people who work in those big arenas have mostly had the experience of rock concerts—the need for security, the rowdiness. So we let them know that mine is not a rock concert and my audience won't behave rudely. We don't start an hour late and we don't oversell tickets or any of that stuff that goes on in rock concerts. The thing about it is that whether I take responsibility for the entire show or not, the audience holds me responsible.

PLAYBOY: So you may as well assume it.

DENVER: Sure. When I'm onstage, I know everything that's going on in the building. I hear hecklers, I see through the walls, I know when a janitor is unloading some trash outside or taking it downstairs into a hallway. I just know it. I see it. That is mine, it gets to be my space. Actually, that's inaccurate. It gets to be a unified space, with everybody there giving himself to creating the concert. That really pleases me. Generally, when you have a concert of 18,000 or 20,000 people, at any given time there are 1000 people walking around in the outer corridors, going to the concession stands and to the rest rooms. I'll bet you at my concerts there's an average of 20 people walking around at a time, that's all. And I see them. I

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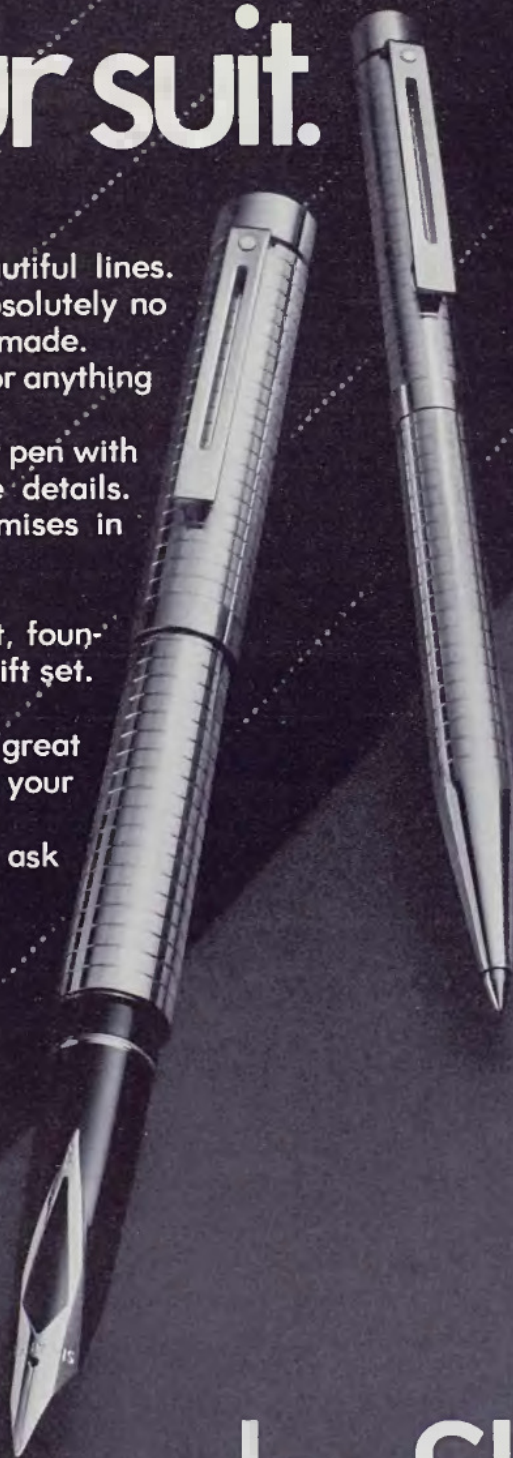
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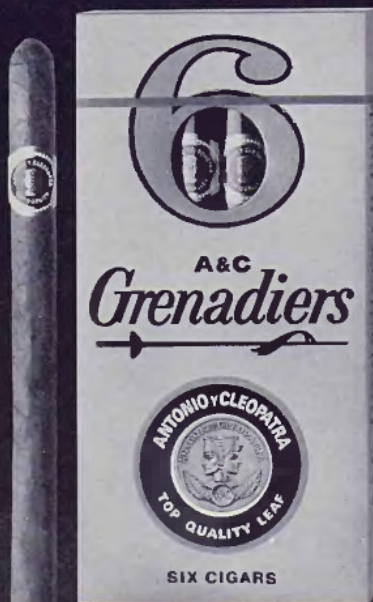
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can see the little holes of light at the entrances to the arena and the ushers and usherettes are up there, standing and just watching and listening. They don't have to be taking care of anything else, 'cause there ain't nothin' else going on; everybody's in his seat enjoying the show and things are going smoothly. I can't tell you how that pleases me. I did a concert in Atlanta last year, for about 18,000 people. One review was a knockout; the man said it was one of the most beautiful evenings he'd ever seen and he couldn't believe that that huge audience could be so quiet.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it true that over the years, record and concert reviewers have almost unanimously slammed you?

DENVER: No. I would say that in the big, so-called sophisticated cities—in New York, Los Angeles and maybe Chicago—that's true. In other places, like Atlanta, Denver, Cincinnati, sometimes I've gotten very good reviews. In any given city, if there are two newspapers, my concert will get one good review and one bad one.

PLAYBOY: Does it really break down into poor reviews in the major urban centers and better ones in the Midwest and the South?

DENVER: It seems to. A lot of that has to do with what I think I represent in my music. I'm not a sophisticate, I'm the opposite of Ole Blue Eyes. In the early Seventies, my success went totally against the grain of what was going on in popular music. The mainstream of music, which is where the focus was, was hard rock, both in the industry and with the public. The popularity of country music that's grown in the past couple of years with Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings hadn't started yet and the Sixties folk music was over. So within that framework of rock music, I came along and had great success with songs like *Take Me Home*, *Country Roads* in 1971. I think the people in the media wanted to say, "Over here is where it's happening"—meaning in rock 'n' roll—"even if this guy had a fluke with his record." Rock was what they applauded and where they uplifted performers and where the hype was really going on; nobody was paying serious attention to me.

PLAYBOY: But now you are one of the most successful entertainers in the world and have been for several years; yet the critical scorn continues. Reviewers aren't taking you any more seriously now than at the beginning of your career, are they?

DENVER: No. There seems to be a great resistance out there to me, to the things that I represent, perhaps.

PLAYBOY: What are those things?

DENVER: A celebration of life and a life that is reflected in a rural setting more than an urban one. Most of the critics who write negatively about me are people working in big cities, on big newspapers or magazines. I come in singing about the mountains or the wilderness, about

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love and family, and that's not what those people want to hear. All they are really exposed to is the horrendous stuff they read every day and see on television news. Sometime I'd like to be a critic; my notion of most critics is that they couldn't make it in the business themselves, so they started being critics.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like something said by somebody who gets bad reviews.

DENVER [Laughing]: Yeah, right.

PLAYBOY: How do reviews affect you?

DENVER: The good ones I take as verbatim, as absolute gospel. The bad ones I dismiss.

PLAYBOY: Really?

DENVER: No. I've kind of gotten out of the habit of reading reviews, mine or anyone else's. Every once in a while, I'll see a review in *Rolling Stone* of somebody that I really enjoy, so I'll look at it. As far as I'm concerned, I know what I did on the record or in the concert; I know what was good and what was bad; I know what I was trying to do and whether I succeeded or not.

PLAYBOY: But isn't the critical dismissal largely because of the image you convey? The cover of *Newsweek* portrayed you as a human sunflower and many people think you come off like a sappy Pollyanna. They tend to disbelieve you and your "Yippee, isn't this farrrrr out!" approach to life.

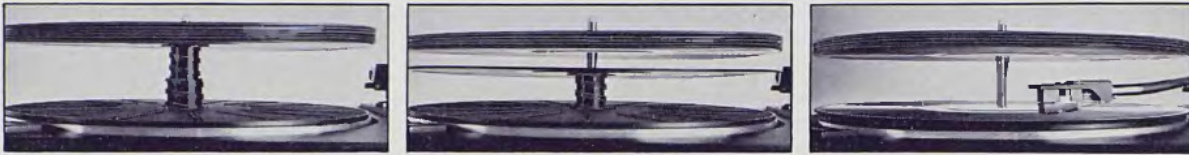
DENVER: I'm probably not that nice all the time. I do have periods of what to me is incredible depression. As high as I can get, I'm capable of being that low. There are times when I am very sad, times when I'm lonely; there are times when I'm unhappy and when I feel sorry for myself. What have I got to feel sorry for myself about? I have *everything*. But it has nothing to do with what you've got or where you are. It's the human condition. To run the gamut of those emotions is a great part of the living experience; I *have* all of those things in me and I'm able to communicate them in songs better than I'm able to reflect them in person, perhaps. I think a lot of my songs reflect the sadness and show the pain that I feel.

PLAYBOY: What, precisely, are you trying to communicate?

DENVER: My intention in life is to make some kind of contribution to the world out there. I've learned that the thing that gives me the most effective opportunity to do that is to be myself. So here's the way I make my contribution: I have some notions that I feel very strongly about, some experiences that have worked and always work for me. One of those is being out someplace like this, camping in Big Sur. This is a quieting, settling, clarifying experience. Being out in the woods and listening to the wind blowing in the trees, not listening to telephones ringing constantly and horns honking and people grabbing you. This is a peaceful place and anyone who

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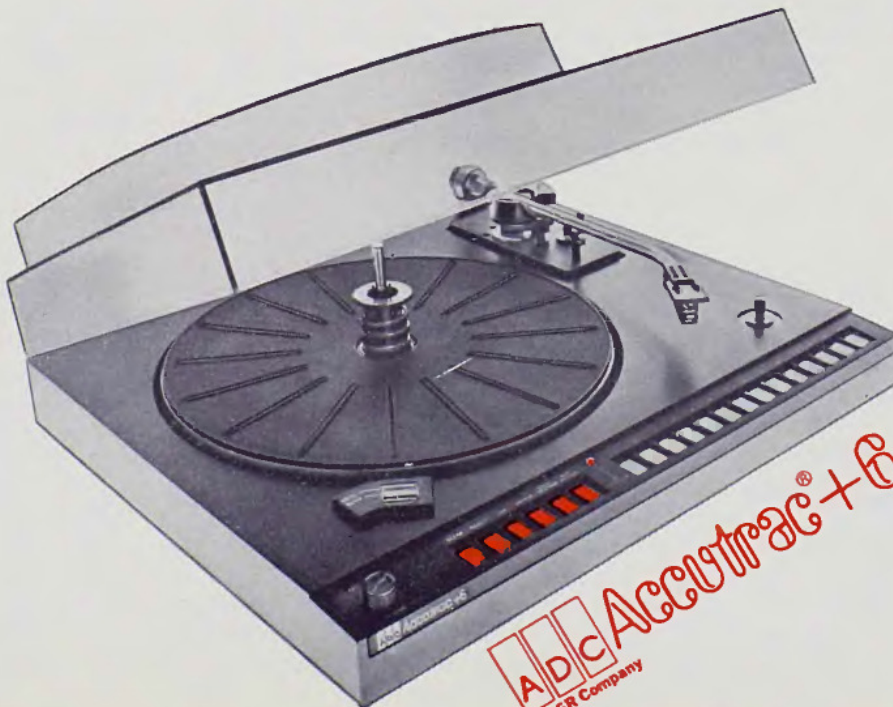
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comes here will find that. So I want everybody to know, Hey, this is something that works for me. Within the realm of my own experience and my limited knowledge of the earth around me, well, I want to share that with people.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible you're not communicating all of your complexity and that that is why so many critics think you're either a simpleton or full of bullshit?

DENVER: I'm aware that I have this underlying purpose of wanting people to know, in the midst of this incredibly insane world, with all of the terrors and problems, that life is worth living. I love life! I love everything about it. And there comes a point, when I'm incredibly angry or sad, that I experience that emotion so strongly it gets to be a celebration. It's life, you see?

PLAYBOY: Well...

DENVER: And so even in that pain or sadness or fear—though there aren't so very many things I'm afraid of anymore—I get to a certain low point and what I really experience is, God, I'm *alive*! How wonderful to feel this way! How wonderful it is to care so much that your heart is breaking! I'm aware that throughout all of this pain, what permeates me is this sense of love and of life. And that's what I want to give and share with people. Anybody I see or talk to, I'd really like him to feel better afterward; I really would, and I'm not always able to do that. But it's part of that underlying thing that is always going on with me. What happens, you see, is that I'll go out feeling really, really terrible. I'm depressed or Annie and I are arguing or a mix-up is going on in the business and everything seems out of control. But somebody comes up to me and says, "How ya doin', John?" And I say, "Great! How are you today?" And all of a sudden, for that moment, with that person, it is great. Now, why lay all my shit on him?

PLAYBOY: Because you're lying.

DENVER: No, I'm not. That's what I'm trying to say.

PLAYBOY: But if you're not feeling great—

DENVER: I *am* feeling great! I've just told you that it is *great* to me to feel pain. It's great to me to be sad. That's life. A whole lot of people think, God, I'm sad, I'm miserable, life is not worth living. That's what we're taught. What I'm trying to say is unhappiness is part of the human condition and it's always going to be there. Your happiness and success are not constants, nor are they fixed. It's an ongoing process.

PLAYBOY: All right, but you've said you want to communicate who you are. So if someone asks, "How are you, John?" and you answer, "Great, far out," then it's a lie, it's a mask. And so your so-called celebration of life will strike people as shallow.

DENVER: Let me think about what you're saying. I really want to express to you that I don't feel it as a lie or as an act. I have constant opportunities to be with people. I cannot go anywhere and not be recognized; and I really get to share a great deal of myself. The way I choose to do that is in my music—that's what does it most effectively for me. I bare my soul to people in music, I think. But there is all of the stuff of my life that is constantly going on and I don't want to maintain that level of communication with everybody all the time. I think that would drive me crazy.

PLAYBOY: You mean a level of intense self-revelation?

DENVER: Yes. With different people, you bare different levels of yourself. And there are things that you don't communicate to anybody. Strangers come up who want to sit down and rap with me. I can't do that. There are some things that I need to maintain for myself personally. Some things I need to preserve for my friends. But the first thing that is there for me in every relationship, in every aspect of living, is this celebration. So

*"I'm aware that throughout
all of this pain, what
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of love and of life. And
that's what I want to give
and share with people."*

even when I'm down, I realize that's only on the surface. My sense of joy and aliveness and love is the underlying thing, so deep that it's always right there.

PLAYBOY: Has that always been true for you?

DENVER: No; when I was in high school and even before that, I went through long periods of not speaking to anybody. I would get into depressions and feeling sorry for myself and just withdraw. I must have been really shitty, hard on a lot of people who loved me. My parents most specifically, I think. But I'm glad you asked me that, because maybe that became part of what I am now. You see, I wanted everyone to know I was hurting and to pat me on the head. But it never worked.

PLAYBOY: You didn't get what you wanted?

DENVER: No, not that way. I learned that *this* way works for me and it's also more honest. It's closer to the truth of who I really am. See, there are enough people around who are dwelling on the shit in life, enough people hung up on themselves and the sadness and the screams.

I do want you to know that I'm there, too, but I always get back to the other side; I absolutely intend to put the positive out there—it's the central core of my being.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that you were depressed and withdrawn as a child. Why?

DENVER: Most of it had to do with the fact that I never felt I had a home. My father was in the Air Force and we were always moving around. Well, not always, but the longest we ever lived in one place was seven years, in Tucson. I resented the hardships my parents put me through because my dad was in the Service, so I really shut myself off from them for a large part of the time that I lived with them. For example, we moved from Tucson to Montgomery, Alabama, when I was 13 years old. That was pretty jarring—a segregated society in the Deep South. I started school a week after everybody else had started and I didn't know a single person in that town. That's a pretty insecure place to be when you're only a 13-year-old kid. The thing that got me through that year, that made friends for me, was my guitar and my singing. And that was a big lesson in my life: not a turning point but a kind of focus.

My dad and I didn't get along until maybe two or three years ago. I think there's something that goes on with the first male child in a family. In our family, I'm five years older than my brother and there are only two of us. I've really observed a marked difference between the way I was raised and the way my brother was raised. For many years, I resented that a great deal.

PLAYBOY: What was the difference?

DENVER: Well, the kind of responsibilities that I had as opposed to the responsibilities—or lack of them—that my brother had. The disciplines that I faced that he was never subjected to. So I was bitter toward him and toward my mom and dad, particularly my dad, about that.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about your family now? Are you any closer to them?

DENVER: Oh, Jesus, yeah, I love them. I look at my childhood very differently now. I can see that it was a great experience for me. I lived in so many different situations, met a whole lot of different people, went through all kinds of things at a very early age that really prepared me very well to do what I'm doing now, to be what I want to be in the world. Also, now, in est terms, I can really take responsibility for shutting myself off from my family as a kid and not communicating with them. I have such a profound sense of family now in my life. And a lot of that is because of my marriage to Annie and having a real home. Annie went to grade school, junior high school, high school and college in the same town, with the same people—in St. Peter,

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At this point in my life, I feel nothing but support from my mom's family and my dad's and Annie's, and it's incredible for me. But it's only recently that this feeling has gotten to be a crystal, solid thing that I can rest on. We did a concert in Oklahoma City last year—my parents' families are spread around Oklahoma—and I set it up so that all the Deutschendorfs and all of my mom's family came for a huge family reunion. We played a softball game and it was *fantastic* for me. That night, we had a dinner for just family and the people who were with me on the tour and during dinner, I stood up to tell them all what family meant to me. And I told everybody that one of the things that I want to do with my life is to impart that sense of family to the world around me; that I felt that one of the things that's really lacking in society today is the sense of family that I have now with my own.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to something you said before, about everybody's wanting to make a contribution to the world. Do you really think that's true?

DENVER: Yeah. I think everybody—I mean *everybody*—is in the same situation. They want to give. But it seems sometimes that practically nobody knows that. Everything around you is caught up in or supports the notion that you want to *get*, you want to *have*. So that's where people get stuck and then they're stuck even further because they don't know who they are, so they don't know what it is that they want to give or do. Now, I'd say that 99 percent of the time it's exactly what they're doing. But they don't know that: "It can't be what I'm doin'—working in a gas station." I'd like to let people know that whatever it is they're doing, we need that, we need that to be done. And they can make an invaluable contribution to the whole universe by doing those things that they do. Jesus, everybody would have so much more joy in their lives if they could see that they are, in fact, providing a service.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the guy working in the New York subway cleaning toilets thinks he's making a contribution?

DENVER: Of course not. And that comes from the fact that a whole lot of people have said that cleaning out toilets is shit.

PLAYBOY: So to speak.

DENVER [Laughing]: Right.

PLAYBOY: But if you're trapped in an urban ghetto, you don't want to think about the Rocky Mountains very much. That could make you crazy.

DENVER: It would sure make you unhappy in the ghetto. But I don't think that anybody's trapped. A lot of stuff out there supports the notion that you're trapped, but I don't think anybody truly is. I think you can put up a lot of barriers



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between yourself and where you'd like to be in the world.

PLAYBOY: That's right out of est. How much did that affect your life?

DENVER: I took the training in Aspen in the summer of 1971. For me, est was not so much a revealing experience as an acknowledgment of some things that I had always felt but that nobody else had ever said.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

DENVER: About personal responsibility, I suppose. And about joy and pain being the same thing, love and hate the same thing; that it all falls within the spirit of existence. All of those are pieces and what most of us do is get hung up on the pieces without ever really getting in touch with the whole context. Somehow, even back then, I was living in the context much more than in the bits and pieces.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any therapy?

DENVER: No. Est was my first adventure like that. Here's something else. I never knew what meditation was; I never studied formal meditation or T.M. But what is meditation? It's stilling yourself and looking inside. And I discovered that I've been meditating since I was eight or nine years old. In Tucson, there was a place with some really tall, great trees, the only trees in the neighborhood. I used to climb up as high as I could get in those trees and just sit there and watch people on the street, watch the traffic go by, watch the clouds through the leaves, feel the wind. I'd kind of empty myself and be totally aware of everything that was going on around me but be absolutely still. Now I do the same thing if I'm in a car or a plane. I slow myself down and I'm aware of the stewardess going by, conversations around me, but I'm still and I'm quiet. It's exactly what I've been doing all my life, but I never knew it was meditation.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying you've had some experiences of clairvoyance. Is that so?

DENVER: Yeah, I've discovered I have that power and I'd like to develop it. I had a great experience up in Alaska. I went up there to make a film. I'd always wanted to go to Alaska and experience that wilderness. Anyway, the film is basically of me and a couple of bush pilots, and we were getting ready to start filming in Barrow. But the bush pilots were stuck in a small town where they'd been fogged in for ten days. When I was told that, I said, "They'll be in Barrow when we land there tomorrow." Everybody thought I was crazy, it was so cruddy and foggy out. Well, the pilots landed ten minutes after we did.

So we started the filming. I wanted to go out over the ice and find a polar bear to film. The bush pilots were concerned because they were professional guides and knew they could take people out for two weeks without seeing a bear. The weather was still lousy. I told them the

sun was going to be shining the next day and we'd find a bear. The next morning, it was still cruddy. I said, "Look, you guys, why don't we go out and get everything ready and I bet by that time the sky opens up for us." It cleared up, we flew out and not only found a bear the first day but were able to find a place downwind of the bear to land, on the ice, and the bear crossed right in front of us so we could film it. I tell you, I had a couple of believers in those pilots after that.

PLAYBOY: What's your explanation for all that?

DENVER: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: You must have a theory about it.

DENVER: All right: I think I run the universe.

PLAYBOY: Care to explain that?

DENVER: I don't want in any way to intimate to people that I separate myself from them in feeling that way. I think we *all* run the universe. We sometimes run it at the expense of others and mostly we run it without knowing or having any idea of what that means. I don't

"We always wanted children, but I'm sterile. . . . It's one of those things that I always knew, since I was about 13 years old. It was just a feeling I had."

know precisely what it means, but I do have a sense that I am responsible, that all of this is my creation and—

PLAYBOY: Since you run things, would you run these mosquitoes out of our campsite, please?

DENVER: I don't know if I can do that. If you get down to the nitty-gritty, it's got to be all bullshit. I can't get rid of the mosquitoes. Maybe I can get a stronger wind up so we can at least have them get out of our hair and our faces.

PLAYBOY: So what are you getting at?

DENVER: I don't think it's power or control. I think it is the real sense of being one with the universe. Perhaps spirituality is the correct word. That thing that is in all of us and in the universe, and that is what God is. That's what the Great Spirit is that the Indians talk about, that spark of life that's not your mind and not your body. I wish I could find exactly the right words for this.

PLAYBOY: And that's what you meant when you once said "I am God"?

DENVER: Exactly. And it's in all of us and I know that people have experienced it, but sometimes I guess it's so far out that you think, This can't be the truth. I think

that spirituality took different forms—or religions—to be able to explain some of these things that people feel. The Tao says, "The name that can be named is not the name." You can talk about it until you're blue in the face and that's not it. But there are legends—the Indian people, in their close communion with nature, gave many forms to the Great Spirit. Spirits in the wind, spirits in the storm clouds, and certainly the sun and moon and mother earth were spirits. People have a sense, I think, of a communion with all that. We can't describe it, so we lamely try to label it. Religion is a feeble attempt to share this sense of God.

PLAYBOY: Do you think most people have experienced this kind of oneness or spirituality?

DENVER: Yes. Everybody has. And damned near everybody will deny it. I tell you that I know that because I know that our oneness with this spirit is true. I *know* that!

PLAYBOY: You called religion a feeble attempt to share a sense of God.

DENVER: Yes. You don't have to go to church to know God, though you don't necessarily have to stay away. My own experience up to now is that religion gets between you and any sense of the spirit. It's a barrier between me and God. When I think of Christianity . . . oh! I can't think of a word that says for me how many terrible things have been done in the name of Christianity! Like, "If you don't embrace *my* form of religion, you're a heathen." The Christians tried to convert the Eskimos, for instance. When I was in Alaska, I met some Eskimos and they are a beautiful, spiritual people. Now, since their conversion, they have problems they've never faced before. Being with them has opened my eyes to some things about my own son, Zackary.

PLAYBOY: He's an adopted Indian boy, isn't he?

DENVER: Yes, a quarter Cherokee. When Annie and I adopted him, we talked about wanting to educate him to his heritage, his culture, where he comes from. But my desire for that is now deeper than I ever dreamed. His heritage is a beautiful one, strong and solid and totally in touch with the universe. I really want him to be able to express that and experience it. I want to take him to the reservation. I want him to spend time with those people who are his.

PLAYBOY: You have two children, both adopted. Why did you adopt children?

DENVER: Annie and I wanted children very much, but I'm sterile.

PLAYBOY: Has that been difficult for you to handle?

DENVER: Yes and no. Somehow, it's one of those things that I always knew, since I was 13 years old. It was just a feeling I had. But I never spoke about it, though I mentioned my feeling to Annie when we got married. For a while, we went



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along not wanting to have children, and then we tried for about four or five years, but nothing was happening. We went through a bunch of tests where everybody assumed it was Annie's problem. They always assume it's the woman's problem, so they checked her out and there's absolutely nothing wrong with her. It took 15 minutes to find out that I'm sterile. It wasn't a shock to me at all, but Annie went through a brief period of great sadness and compassion for me, perhaps for us. On a couple of occasions, before we adopted Zackary and Anna Kate, I went through some real grief, deep depressions and feeling sorry for myself, for Annie and me. Then we started working on the adoption right away, five years ago, and it took some time.

PLAYBOY: How long have you had the children?

DENVER: Zackary for three years and Anna Kate for almost a year. And they're our children, there's just no doubt about it. It's a wonderful, marvelous, beautiful miracle to me—our family.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to adopt more children?

DENVER: Well, we planned one at a time. Annie and I have talked about it and I guess I would like to have as many children as I can afford.

PLAYBOY: That would be a battalion.

DENVER: But by afford I mean all that I can give myself to and have the time to

be with them. We've talked about seven, but who knows? Yes, I'm positive that we'll adopt more children.

PLAYBOY: Anna Kate is Japanese?

DENVER: Yes, but she gives French kisses.

PLAYBOY: Why did you pick minority children? Was it because they're more available for adoption?

DENVER: We just didn't care. When you have a lot of specific requirements, adoption is harder and takes longer. Our only consideration is that we would like to have children who are healthy enough—or who can be *made* healthy enough, with medical help—to live with us and do the things that we enjoy doing in the mountains. We're a pretty active, outdoor family and living at a high altitude has its own things to deal with. We didn't ask for a boy and we got Zackary; I think we preferred a girl after that and we got Anna Kate. But we didn't care and it's always a surprise, never what you expect.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any personal obstacles to overcome in their being minority children?

DENVER: Not at all. We were just watchful and considerate of our parents in that respect. And they became grandparents immediately, just slipped right into it. I tell you, I think that children were made for grandparents and vice versa, and it's a beautiful, joyous thing to observe—the love they show those two little ones.

There's just no question that this is our family, that it could ever be or was ever meant to be anything other than exactly the way it is. You know, I have this notion about children choosing their parents, my whole sense of spirits and how they get together. Those little souls choose the precise way they want to come into the universe and who they want to be with.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

DENVER: Well, this was first articulated for me in being around Werner Erhard, the founder of est, and more and more, I observe its truthfulness. If you allow yourself to see it, it gets to be really obvious, at least to me. But the point is that it was a miracle for my two little souls to have made this circuitous trip to be with Annie and me. I'll tell you something. Three years ago, when we were well into the adoption process, I had a dream in which men in white robes with surgical masks came and placed in my arms this little boy-child who was round-eyed and had this marvelous gummy smile and a kind of overbite. And he grabbed my thumb and it was a completion. Simple as that. I told Annie about the dream and we laughed, we thought it was interesting. So the day we picked up Zackary, we were standing in the hall of the adoption agency when these people came rushing in with this baby. They put him in my arms and he grabbed my thumb, looked up at me and smiled. It



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was the same little boy.

PLAYBOY: Exactly?

DENVER: Exactly. The same face.

PLAYBOY: Was the child announcing himself to you in the dream? Is that how you interpret it?

DENVER: I don't know. He was born exactly ten days after I had the dream, so I thought that was far out. With both of our children, from the moment we started the adoption process, I had this sense of a little spirit out there that was starting a journey toward us. And every quiet meditative moment, before a show or at night before I let myself drift off to sleep, I would talk or pray or communicate with that little spirit out there . . . just saying to myself, to it, "Well, it's started. We can't wait to be with you. Your mom and I love you so much. I don't know what you've got to go through between now and when we finally get together, but whatever it is, I want you to know that there are two people here who love you very much. And we can't wait to be with you."

PLAYBOY: Whenever you talk about family, you get choked up and tearful. What is it that moves you so deeply?

DENVER: I don't know. The thing that I just flashed on was how very precious they are to me and how seemingly far away I am from them sometimes. I go through periods, when I'm on the road, of wanting to have my family with me and I'll get really depressed.

PLAYBOY: Your family doesn't travel with you?

DENVER: Rarely.

PLAYBOY: How much time do you spend at home in Aspen?

DENVER: Last year, it was about four weeks.

PLAYBOY: Recently, in addition to your concerts and television specials and albums and benefits and club date with Sinatra, you starred in your first feature, *Oh, God!* Had you wanted to do a film for a long time?

DENVER: Yes. Four or five years. I've been reading scripts and had movie offers at least since I've been doing my own specials. I knew what I was looking for and I didn't want to do it until it was just right and I was ready and could do it my way. And the one I was most interested in was the script for *Oh, God!* I liked the story and I thought I could be that guy. I liked what God was saying in it and the vehicle He took to say it; I thought it's exactly what I'm trying to say in my music and what I want to do with my life. I mean, it's just a lovely story, I think, and it's plausible, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Was there anything else that you considered doing before *Oh, God!* came along?

DENVER: At one point, I had an interview with Sam Peckinpah to be Billy the Kid, in *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, the role Kris Kristofferson played. And I

would have loved to do that, a whole different thing for me.

PLAYBOY: You wanted to play Billy the Kid?

DENVER: Yeah. I interviewed for the part, but I didn't get it, because Peckinpah didn't think I could kill anybody. Which is the truth, but that's what they thought about Billy the Kid, too. So what does he know? What do I know?

PLAYBOY: There's a line at the beginning of *Oh, God!* in which you say to God something like, "Why did You pick me?" And He says, "I set the world up so it can work. And you're my messenger." That seemed made to order for you.

DENVER: I will be very frank with you. Yes, I feel that that's my role. I feel I'm a messenger.

PLAYBOY: The message is that the world can work?

DENVER: Yeah. And I wouldn't say it exactly that way. I guess I'd say that the earth and the spirit provide us with everything we need. And maybe this is simplistic, perhaps it's naïve, but I look at those beautiful pictures that were taken of the earth from the moon and I see

"After the first 'Tonight Show' that I did, 'Farrrrr out!' became my trademark, because I guess I said it so many times. . . . Sometimes I use it consciously. Sometimes I use it unconsciously."

this one beautiful blue orb hanging there in the blackness of space—one planet Earth. And I see, in that sphere, that globe, everything that everybody needs to live a full and productive and happy, healthy life. We've got everything we need.

PLAYBOY: Going back to the movie, did you ever take acting lessons?

DENVER: Not really. A fantastic guy named Jeff Corey worked with me during the shooting of *Oh, God!* What he showed me allowed me to take some tools that I already had in performing and use them effectively.

PLAYBOY: You've never had any voice lessons, either, have you?

DENVER: No. So, hopefully, I shouldn't have too many acting lessons. I think if I had real serious vocal training, the way you train someone who's going to do opera, I would change my voice, and not for the better.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever find yourself acting onstage, during a concert?

DENVER: Oh, yeah. And I have a lot of conflict about that, but I think it happens with a lot of performers. I want to be honest with the audience, OK? Also, I recognize that I have a certain responsibility to entertain them. Sometimes there are nights when you have a shitty audience; some nights nobody can get in tune and play together. And some nights it's just simply not cooking, you can't get it there. And I know I can give them what they want, even if for that moment it's not honest. So you use tricks. My trick is that I become a little overenthusiastic. More enthusiastic than I'm really feeling. I think, if I can kick it off a little bit, I might get a spark out of the guys in the band or somebody out there or myself and the spark will spread.

PLAYBOY: What are your particular gimmicks?

DENVER: Saying "Farrrrr out" is one. After the first *Tonight Show* that I did, it became my trademark, because I guess I said it so many times.

PLAYBOY: So you can always drop a "Far out" on the crowd and it will get a big response?

DENVER: Yes. But it's a tool, which I think is a better word than gimmick. Sometimes I use it consciously. Sometimes I use it unconsciously. I'd like not to fall back on those little tricks, because it seems to me like a mask, a kind of lie. It's rare these days that I have to fall back on that kind of stuff. You know, we do good shows, I've got one hell of a band. And when you've got 20,000 people who have been waiting a month to see you, they're excited. I very rarely face a situation anymore where I have an audience that's kind of dead on its fannies. But if things are going wrong in the show—a little sound problem, a buzz here, losing a mike there, the mix feedback—I might get off track, and then I'll start using the tools.

PLAYBOY: Would you give us an example?

DENVER: Yeah, during that same concert in Atlanta that I told you about—the one that got such a great review—I was really distracted and off. Someone broke in backstage two or three times before the concert and was really hassling me. I hate that feeling of everything not being entirely in control, and this guy was trying to get to me. That kind of disruption is unusual. I don't have much stuff like that going on in my life, I'm not a threat to people, I've got nothing to push on anybody. So it made me really uncomfortable and I recognized that during the course of the show, I felt as if I were on automatic and that all of my attention were really on everything else that was going on in the building, everything that I could notice. So, from time to time, I'd use those trusty tools that always get a response.

PLAYBOY: In this interview, you don't seem to have said "Far out."

DENVER: You haven't been listening. It's

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a quieter thing, I guess, when it's real and spontaneous. Yesterday, I remember when we saw that hawk while we were walking, I pointed it out to you. Far out! I noticed the expression popping out. But onstage . . . I don't know, maybe overenthusiastic isn't the right word. Maybe it's cute. People think of me as cute.

PLAYBOY: Do you like that?

DENVER: I always wanted to be . . . [*in a deep voice*] sexy! It drives me crazy when somebody says, "Oh, you're so cute." But it's effective.

PLAYBOY: It's been said of you that one of the reasons for your great popularity with all age groups is your *lack* of sexuality onstage, that people feel safe with you and feel that their children are safe with you. What do you think?

DENVER: I'm aware that with most performers who've had great success at the levels that I have, sex has had a lot to do with it. Tom Jones, Elvis Presley, Neil Diamond. The kind of frenzy at their concerts comes out of that, but it's not inherently in their music, it's more the way they maneuver onstage. I doubt that Tom Jones moves around the recording studio like he does onstage. And I think that kind of sex is ego, not what the music is really about. Neil Diamond, for instance. He's written some beautiful songs. I think *Beautiful Noise*, his last album, is one of the best albums I've

ever heard. And I can't *stand* Neil onstage. I turned off his television show because of the way he presents himself onstage, which is not where I think the music is coming from.

PLAYBOY: Did you dislike Presley's performances?

DENVER: Oh, I was a great fan of his. He turned the world around and exemplified what rock 'n' roll was for most people. But Elvis, the original Elvis, was a singer, and if you're a singer, you've got to sing songs. And it got to the point, especially after he got back from the Army, where he didn't get to sing songs anymore. All those costumes and that posturing—he lost the opportunity to do what he was really meant to do. I remember seeing a tape of his concert in Hawaii and he didn't sing one entire song—two verses of *Hound Dog* and that was it.

PLAYBOY: You know Colonel Tom Parker, don't you?

DENVER: Yeah, I love the colonel. I got a telegram from him on a recent opening night that was signed, "Love, Elvis and the Colonel." He always signed telegrams like that.

PLAYBOY: That was after Elvis died, though, wasn't it?

DENVER: Yeah. Just the other day.

PLAYBOY: What about Sinatra, with whom you've worked. What do you think of him onstage?

DENVER: Mr. Sinatra's success has something to do with his sexuality, but it's different from those other guys'. Whatever he does onstage is totally aligned with what's going on in the music. Regardless of how he moves, everything is overshadowed for me by the quality of his performance. I just see that a lot of women go crazy over Ole Blue Eyes. And I don't see that at my concerts. You don't see frenzied fans at my concerts, people running up to tear my clothes off. I don't have a sweaty handkerchief to throw to them. And I'm the only one I know who draws the kind of numbers that I do without that.

PLAYBOY: But you want to be sexy and not cute, you say.

DENVER: Listen, I have a male ego, too, and sometimes I'm tired of being cute, man. But maybe I'm not sexy; I don't know. What it really gets down to is that it doesn't make much difference to me. What I want to do is communicate, and I do that best singin' my songs. I don't choreograph my movements.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think sexuality is a natural part of many singers' performances, like Sinatra's?

DENVER: Absolutely. What he has, what Lena Horne has is definitely sexuality. What Tom Jones and Mick Jagger have is just sex. And those are two different things to me. The difference is between



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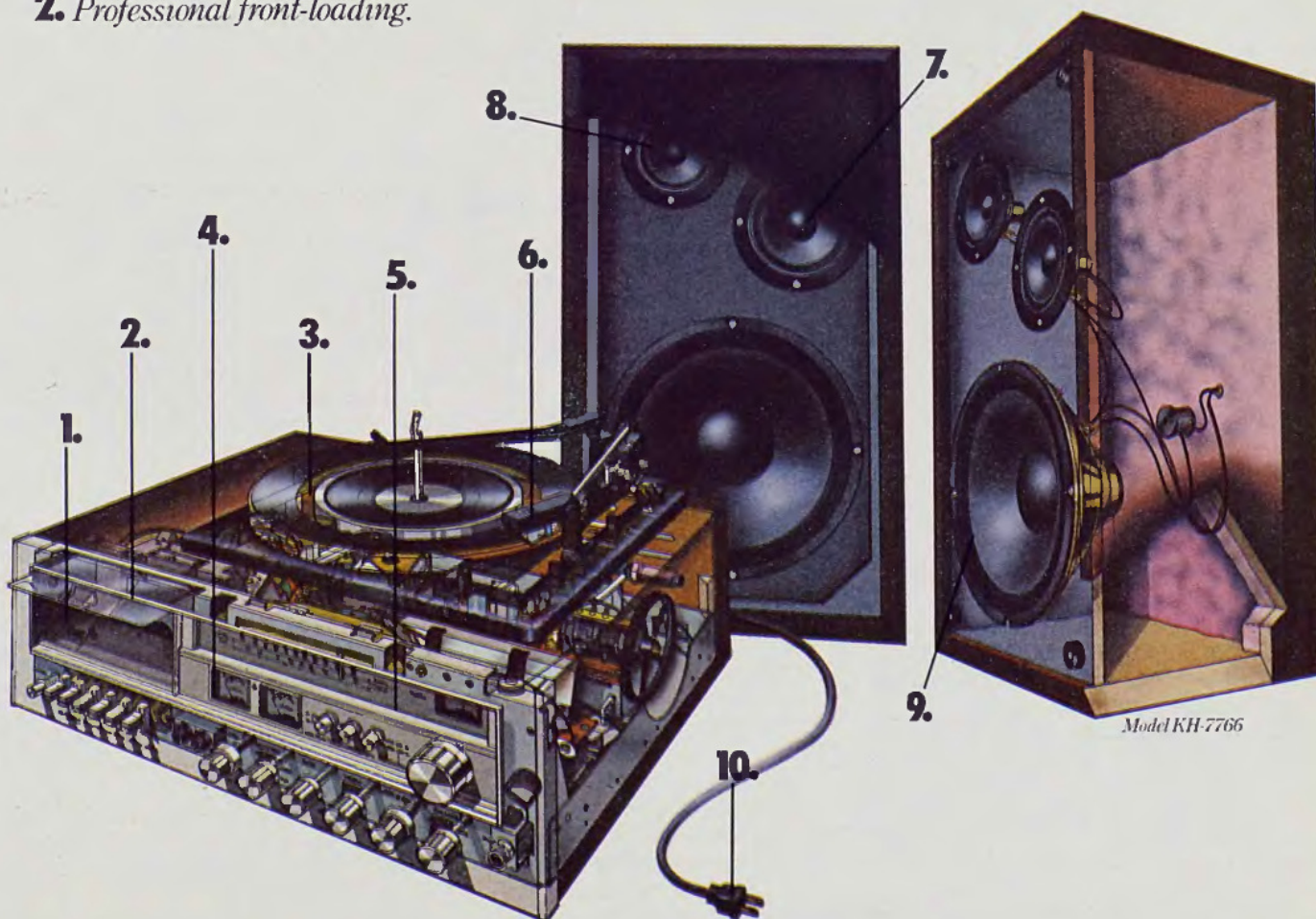
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PLAYBOY: Incidentally, why do you refer to Sinatra as Mr. Sinatra?

DENVER: Well, in show business, people really want to appear chummy with somebody who's a great success. One of the things I abhor is—take Sammy Davis Jr., for instance. A great entertainer, but there are some things about him that rub me the wrong way. Whenever he's on the Johnny Carson show, he calls him John, even though he goes by the name Johnny, we all know that. It's like a little plug. As for me, I don't know Mr. Sinatra. I've worked with him a few times and we've spent a minimum amount of time outside of rehearsing for our shows, so I don't feel I know him. He is an elder to me, someone I respect incredibly.

PLAYBOY: The pairing of the two of you on one bill struck a lot of people as odd.

DENVER: Yeah. Once, I walked out onstage while he was on. He had called for a glass of booze and I surprised him by walking onstage—with a glass of milk. He broke up and the audience loved it, too.

PLAYBOY: You once said you had a very modest self-appraisal as far as your singing and composing were concerned. Do you still feel that way?

DENVER: I'm getting to be a better singer, I think. I think that my voice is maturing and I'm also learning what to do with it. I think I'm getting to be a better songwriter as I learn to express myself from a more intelligent or mature viewpoint. I'm not a great guitar player. For instance, I really admire Paul Simon for the imagination he has and the dedication in his learning classical guitar, which I understand he studied extensively. It really expanded his playing. I don't have such a variety of range, of expression.

But what I think I do is communicate. My songs seem to touch people and I have a very definitive style. When you hear one of my songs, there's no doubt who that is; it doesn't sound like anybody else. In some cases, there's a just criticism that many of my songs sound alike. The guy who said all Denver songs start sounding the same had some legitimacy, and I believe that's a fault of my not playing the guitar better.

PLAYBOY: Which of your songs do you particularly like?

DENVER: *Calypso* is a great piece of music, a great lyric and melody. The chorus is inspiring. You know, when you hear a whole bunch of people singing that, it lifts you right up off your seat. *Annie's Song* is a simple song that I think is beautiful and majestic. I think *Rocky Mountain High* is a real good song, *Poems, Prayers and Promises*, *Back Home Again*—man, my own songs are my favorite pieces of music!

PLAYBOY: How about your lyrics?

DENVER: I think I write lovely, expressive poetry. In a way that doesn't lose people in its imagery but is easily understood and related to by everybody.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as your failings as a musician?

DENVER: Most specifically, my guitar playing. And my musical knowledge. I'd like to learn to play the piano, then I think I'd start writing some very different kinds of songs. But my own inadequacy in this area doesn't seem to be getting between me and accomplishing what I want, sharing with people through my music.

PLAYBOY: And you don't feel inadequate as a lyricist?

DENVER: Nope. I think I write some nice lyrics. They're my favorite songs. Obviously, you don't agree, right?

PLAYBOY: Right. Nice melodies but sometimes awkward silly lyrics, in our opinion. The new song that you sang for us last night has a terrible line, about "quiet stillness." It's redundant.

DENVER: No, it's not. There are a couple of lines in that song that send tremors through me. What I like about my lyrics is that I paint a specific picture so clearly that you can see whatever you want to see in it. So, in this song, I'm in a jet plane over the mountains.

*"I'm not a great guitar
player. For instance,
I really admire Paul
Simon. . . . I don't have such
a variety of range,
of expression."*

The line you're talking about goes, "There are pathways winding below me and pleasure I've gone where they go / In their quiet stillness I can hear symphonies, the loveliest music I know." That's a contradiction there: "Quiet stillness I can hear symphonies." Quiet stillness is more than just stillness and more than just quiet. That's about all I can tell you about it.

PLAYBOY: It's the sort of thing for which the critics will jump on you.

DENVER: That's OK. No problem at all with me. I tell you, I have no problem with my songs, whether people like them or not. I couldn't care less. And I love it when they like them and it hurts me when they're torn apart. But the song is finished, and that's it. I really have an experience of not owning any of those songs. From the moment it's finished, it's no longer my song. It's your song.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever tempted to go back and change a word here and there, even a few years later?

DENVER: No. The song does not belong to me, I don't feel ownership of it. The closest I get to feeling I own it is when

I see the sheet music with my name on it and when I get royalties from it. Like last night, when somebody requested *Leaving on a Jet Plane*, I found myself surprised.

PLAYBOY: You mean you had forgotten that song?

DENVER: No; but I don't think about it and I know I have some connection with that song. It's like your reminding me of *The Last Thing on My Mind*. That's definitely my song. But Tom Paxton wrote that song. Well, *Leaving on a Jet Plane*, that's my song. Oh, John Denver wrote that; oh, I know that song. Well, far out.

PLAYBOY: And you see only a slight difference between those two?

DENVER: Yeah, I think it's great.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that there is a kind of universal pool of music out there?

DENVER: Absolutely! That's it!

PLAYBOY: And some of it happened to have come through John Denver?

DENVER: It's not just the music, either! There's a universal pool of *truth* out there. Sometimes you write it down. Sometimes Werner says it. Sometimes Dick Gregory gets a laugh with it. Sometimes the Beatles sing it. Sometimes I say it. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: We don't feel that *we* wrote *Hamlet*.

DENVER: I did! And I could do it again. You know, when I struggle to write a song, I can't do it. The song comes when it wants to come and I've got practically nothing to do with it, the most I can do is get myself in a space to let it come.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example of a song that was born that way?

DENVER: Sure. I was walking on the deck of the *Calypso* [Cousteau's boat] the day I met Captain Jacques Cousteau, and suddenly the chorus of *Calypso* came to me. It didn't have music yet: "The places you've been to, / The things that you've shown us, / I sing to your spirit . . ." I heard it and said, "What was that? I've got to go write that down." That was literally how the words came. Then, for months, I struggled to write the verses to that chorus, verses that had to be totally different from the chorus, because I wanted them to sound classical, while the chorus is a sea chantey. So I was getting totally frustrated because I could not finish the song and nothing would come. I wanted to use it in my television special that was coming up, I wanted to put it on the album I was preparing, and I didn't think I was going to get it. Finally, one day I let go of it. "I can't do anything else," I told myself. "I'm wasting my time here." I let go and I went skiing. I made about two runs and I had the urge to write; I didn't need to ski anymore. I thought, I'll go home and start working on that damn song some more, so I got into my jeep and started for home. All of a sudden, I found myself

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sitting there behind the wheel, singing, "To sail on a dream on a crystal-clear ocean, / To ride on the crest of the wild raging storm, / To work in the service of life and the living, / In search of the answers to questions unknown / To be part of the movement and part of the growing / Part of beginning to understand. . . ." Man, I was tearing in that jeep, down the mountain and over to my house, so I could get that down on paper. No, there's nobody who could convince me that I did that.

PLAYBOY: Did you have the melody, too, or just the words?

DENVER: By the time I got home and sat down with my guitar, the chords were there, the melody was there. It was all there. Boy, I just love it, whoever wrote that song. It's one of my favorites to sing. You can totally give yourself with that song. It's a joyous, celebrative song. And I love it that I happen to be the guy to get to put the words down and I especially love it that I'm the guy who gets to sing it whenever I feel like it. Thrills me. But I didn't do it, and I *did* it. I want to take full responsibility for doing it and I take a lot of pride in that song, but I didn't do it. It was given to me.

PLAYBOY: You are nominated for awards in many categories—country, pop, middle of the road, folk. In which division do you primarily see yourself?

DENVER: I think that I do things in all those areas. Except, I guess, that I'm not really rock or jazz. But pop, middle of the road, country, folk—all of those.

PLAYBOY: Who are and were your own musical heroes and influences?

DENVER: Elvis Presley was the first. Not a hero, but he was the first to do a really new kind of music that communicated to a mass of my peers. His early stuff. After that, it was Bobby Rydell, Paul Anka, all of those people. I listened to their songs and sang them, but none of them was a real influence on me. Then, when folk music started happening—the Kingston Trio—a lot of artists were really influential to me. Judy Collins more than Joan Baez; Tom Paxton was a big influence on me. Someday, I want to do an album of Tom Paxton songs. I enjoyed the New Christy Minstrels—Randy Sparks gave me my first work as a singer, in a club in L.A. called Ledbetters. Later, when I joined the Mitchell Trio, Phil Ochs, Peter, Paul and Mary were very important. And the Beatles, of course, I always loved them. I don't know who is affecting me now, but of those I listen to, I think Stevie Wonder is the best.

PLAYBOY: Why?

DENVER: There is such passion and such life in his music. He's so incredibly musical, a great singer. And I think that we're doing the same thing. We come from two points of view and two experiences in the world, and that's reflected in what we do, but I feel that we're right in alignment.

PLAYBOY: Who else?

DENVER: I thought Harry Nilsson was a great singer; a few of his albums are some of the best things I've ever heard. Lately, I've gotten into Willie Nelson, I like to listen to Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris, Fleetwood Mac. I enjoy The Eagles' *Hotel California* album. And James Taylor's always been one of my favorites.

PLAYBOY: How about Carly Simon?

DENVER: Annie's a big fan of hers. She doesn't do much for me. I think Kristofferson is a brilliant lyricist and I really enjoy his songs, not very often by him.

PLAYBOY: You've been very active and vocal in various social causes in the past few years, but you've been criticized for not taking a political stand at a time when many folk singers did. Is that accurate?

DENVER: No, it's not true. I don't know if you remember it or not, but one of my cherished memories is of standing on the steps of the Capitol in front of a half million people, singing *Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream*. That was in 1968, I think. It was lovely to me because

*"One of my cherished
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people, singing 'Last Night
I Had the Strangest
Dream.'"*

it was before anything was really happening in my career. I was there with Peter, Paul and Mary, Phil Ochs and Pete Seeger. There were about three marches in Washington and I was at all of them. And there has been a constant growth since my days with the Mitchell Trio. The political satire that they did really opened me up. Jesus, at the beginning, people would have to explain to me why a line was funny, why everybody was laughing. I think I'm getting more intelligent and disciplined about supporting a candidate or defending a specific issue or taking a stand on something.

PLAYBOY: What are your essential social concerns right now?

DENVER: My foremost concern is with nuclear power. The time and energy, the money, the proliferation of nuclear materials in the world today is the most frightening thing in the universe for me. It says that the world isn't working, that there are a vast number of people who don't want it to work, who have no sense

of oneness with other peoples or with life. It terrifies me.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about a specific group?

DENVER: Yes. The terrorists. Any of them, all of them. I feel it's a realistic and pragmatic view to look at the fact that given the opportunity, a terrorist organization is going to use a nuclear bomb one of these days. I hope to God it doesn't happen, but it's certainly going to be threatened, whether they have the bomb or not. So the more nuclear material that is floating around, the more opportunity they have to get hold of some of those weapons. And they're going to do it.

PLAYBOY: But isn't the issue larger than that?

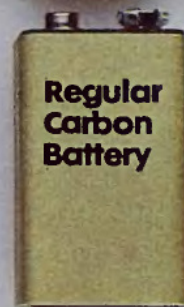
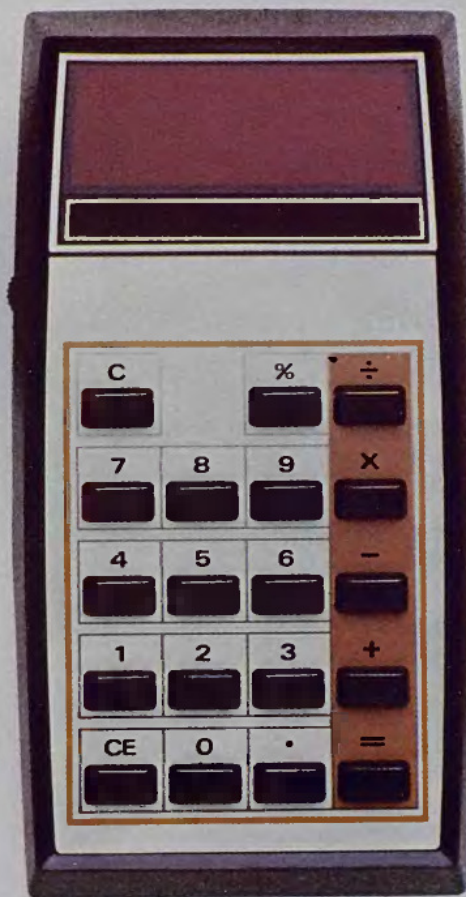
DENVER: Yes. The issue is our commitment to continued development of nuclear stockpiles, both as weaponry and as fuel for nuclear reactors. I used to have a real sense of doom about it. I don't so much anymore, but I think we're living in perilous times. Unfortunately, we have a society that really doesn't care. Beyond what touches them and their own personal lives, people don't care. They hear and see what's going on with the energy crisis, they go through a winter like the last one, a summer like we've just had, and they still waste fuel and waste water and waste time and don't start finding out about some of the alternatives. People can look at an issue that has the far-reaching impact of nuclear power and not take it upon themselves to educate themselves so that they can cast their votes intelligently. And then we have some who don't even take the time to cast their vote. I tell you, I am embarrassed for our people in that respect.

PLAYBOY: Is that why the attempt to promote nuclear safeguards has been unsuccessful?

DENVER: Partly. People are easily swayed. I had an argument with somebody who claimed that people opted for personal convenience now instead of thinking of their children and the future. And I disagreed with that. My sense of what happened—and this was one of the things that I went to Washington about, to talk to Energy Secretary Schlesinger in regard to the energy program—is that the power companies have all the money in the world. And what they were able to do in regard to the nuclear-safeguards propositions that were up in seven states last year was to spend a great deal of money, making very professional and very visible commercials in support of their position. And the other side, the side that I support, was pretty much a grassroots movement, of people whose jobs didn't depend on it but who had some sense of the dangers. We ended up spending one fifth to one half as much as the power companies spent. And we

(continued on page 135)

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lost in all seven states.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

DENVER: I sang in six of the seven states, gave concerts to raise money, and I did some commercials for television and radio in support of the nuclear-safeguards propositions. I also contributed \$100,000. And it's been one of my great disappointments.

PLAYBOY: Do you talk about nuclear power in your concerts?

DENVER: No. I refuse to politicize my concerts. If I'm lucky, I'll get the song done that I'm writing about nuclear power. And the song will say it. I learned a valuable lesson from my experience with Captain Cousteau and something called Involvement Day that he's been putting together for the past few years. They've had five of them now and I went to the last one in Boston. They go to an area and get all the environmental groups together. They have speakers and debates, an incredible display of solar-energy devices. In Boston, Barry Commoner spoke, a debate on nuclear power was held with two of the top guys on each side. In the evening, Pete Seeger, Don McLean and I gave a concert. Now, have I described an event? Something you'd want to attend? Yeah. Well, they had fewer than 5000 people in the whole course of the day. Now, I can go to Boston and sell out 30,000 seats at seven dollars to twelve dollars a seat for a concert. But my being there with Captain Cousteau and an Involvement Day to talk about nuclear power couldn't draw diddly squat. Couldn't do it. What I'm forced to look at is what people want from me. I don't think they want to hear me talk about nuclear power. Or hunger or the wilderness. They want to hear me sing those songs. They come to hear me sing and make them feel good or whatever it is that I do for them.

You see some interesting examples of what can happen. Shirley MacLaine for a long time really got into politics. She went to China, did a film, was very vocal. You know what she's doing now? She's back on the road performing, doing Las Vegas. Jane Fonda, Joan Baez, the same thing. If you take a look at anybody who was successful as a performer and who got involved in politics in a way that shifted his focus, you will find out that he lost his audience, to some degree, and in doing so, lost his potential effectiveness.

PLAYBOY: Those people you mentioned—Fonda, Baez, MacLaine—*did* affect political change, even if their careers suffered. Don't you think it's chickenshit to say, "I'll do it through a song, because people don't want politics from me"?

DENVER: Well . . . let's talk about that a little bit. People keep telling me, "John, you can't start putting your focus entirely on those concerns, because if you do,

you'll lose your effectiveness. If you want to do something in the world, you've got to keep singing." And I say, "If I gotta keep singing to do something, when am I going to get to do it? And when is the time more necessary than now?" And they can't answer that. And I can't really answer it yet. It doesn't seem like it has a solution. But I do think that I can be most effective by sustaining my position, by continuing to sing and do concerts and television and albums, so that I have the access to powerful people and can make myself heard. You know, I can sit down and call anybody in the country. I can have a meeting with Dr. Schlesinger and give him a couple of ideas and he might even buy one of them. I can go to Australia and do the same thing over there, do it in Europe; if I'm lucky, one of these days I'm going to go to Russia and China. And the first thing that I'll do when I get there is sing *Rocky Mountain High*.

When I went to Japan and sang for an audience of 20,000 people, two thirds of

"I feel that I had a great deal to do with stopping the Winter Olympics in Colorado in 1972. With a song: 'Rocky Mountain High.'"

whom did not speak or understand English, they sang every song with me, word for word. Now, they have never been to the Rockies. But somehow the song works for them, too. That's a powerful tool; it's not to be abused; it's not to be taken lightly. So if I can lend my voice to these trees and these mountains, this ocean and this planet, I will do that. I know that I can make an incredible political statement with a song. I feel that I had a great deal to do with stopping the Winter Olympics in Colorado in 1972.

PLAYBOY: With a song?

DENVER: Yes. *Rocky Mountain High*. They wanted to have the Olympics in Denver. There was a lot of crookedness and misinformation being passed on—promising the Olympics committee that we had the facilities already built, that we would definitely have snow there, and so forth. The people of Colorado did not want it, didn't want to raise \$200,000,000 or whatever it was, didn't want all the building, tearing up the mountains around Denver for a ski jump. Now, that's what the verse in *Rocky Mountain High* refers to. "Now his life is full of

wonder—but his heart still knows some fear— / Of a simple thing he cannot comprehend. / Why they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple more—more people—more scars upon the land."

PLAYBOY: And it was after that that it was decided not to hold the Olympics in Denver?

DENVER: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You've said that your heroes were Jacques Cousteau, Werner Erhard and Dick Gregory. What do they have in common?

DENVER: First of all, they're not heroes. I don't have any heroes. What I do have is a sense of some people I would like to live up to. They are so real and human, so willing to share themselves that they are an inspiration to me. Among them, and certainly at the very high end of it, are Captain Cousteau, Werner and Dick. They all have something to offer and a total commitment to make a contribution to the world, to the quality of life. It's exactly that. I would also like to say, knowing me better than anybody knows me, that if I were not me, I would have my name on that list.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty modest of you. Why?

DENVER: I have to tell you my definition of art. It's that which allows a person to see himself. You listen to a piece of music that touches you and you see yourself. That's what I can give to people, that's what I'm trying to do in my music. So I just took that thought a little bit further and said, That's what I want to do with my life. I would like my life to be a work of art—so true a reflection of my experience of myself and the universe around me that any time anybody comes in contact with me, he has, perhaps, a clearer sense of himself.

PLAYBOY: On to another subject. Last year, there was an uproar about your telling the press you smoke dope. What was that about?

DENVER: It was in Australia. All the things you hear about the Australian press are true. It's a yellow press, really out to get you. I was doing a concert tour there and a reporter asked me if I smoked dope. I said yes, I do. And all of a sudden, there was a gigantic furor. I got *thousands* of letters, some of them totally disappointed, some totally supportive, saying, "Glad you're finally coming out and saying it," "Glad to hear it," "Way to go." And some who didn't care.

PLAYBOY: How did you handle the mail?

DENVER: I sent a little letter to everybody that said that I sincerely hoped that whatever they'd heard or read or were told about me, they wouldn't let it get in the way of whatever value my music might have for them. You know, I regret my remark now; it was unthinking. I know a lot of people look up to me or use me as an example in some ways. If John Denver

smokes dope, it must be all right. Some little kid might be thinking that, you see, some young kid. And, just like alcohol, I believe marijuana should be handled responsibly, or like driving a car, and kids shouldn't get involved with any of them until they can handle them. So I don't want to condone smoking dope.

I'll tell you my single greatest fear. You know I'm stupid sometimes. As much as I try to stay healthy and keep myself together, I sometimes do unthinking things and I'm afraid someday I'll do something that will turn people off the music.

PLAYBOY: What do you imagine that might be?

DENVER: I have no idea and as we speak, I'm not really sure if that could happen. I can see them getting really angry, disappointed or upset with me, but the music is always going to work. On the other hand, young people are very impressionable and need heroes to look up to. I know I felt that way about President Kennedy. And now all of the non-sense comes out, years after his death, about his affairs. If I had heard that back then, it would have been such a shocking revelation to me, it would have destroyed my feeling for him. Because the one person who meant something to me turns out to be just like everybody else, see? People put you on a pedestal or set you apart, and then when it hits them in the face that, in fact, you really are just like everyone else, certainly it causes you to diminish in their eyes, and then maybe it causes the music to diminish.

PLAYBOY: We'd like to ask you about Annie and your marriage. You speak about her frequently in your concerts and, of course, *Annie's Song* is one of your best-known. How old were you when you met Annie?

DENVER: I was 22.

PLAYBOY: Was she your first love?

DENVER: No. I've had, I guess, three loves in my life. One when I was in high school in Fort Worth, if you can call that love. Then, when I started traveling and singing, I met a girl named Bobbie Worgo, who lived in Arizona. For about a year and a half, I would go to be with her when I had free time. I wrote a song called *For Bobbie* for her, the one that starts, "I'll walk in the rain by your side. . . ." Then we grew apart and I met Annie.

PLAYBOY: You have a pretty traditional view of men's and women's roles and of marriage and family, it seems. At least your songs suggest you do.

DENVER: I suppose so. I do think the epitome of manhood is being a father and the epitome of womanhood is being a mother. But in no way does that intimate that I think any less of the woman who's not a mother but has a career and is making a contribution in that way. But

maybe I do have a traditionalist sense about that. I never thought of it that way. My whole sense of Annie is that she wants to be a mother.

PLAYBOY: Then what about you? It seems to us you're pulled between the family and the world outside your family.

DENVER: Absolutely. You've hit the nail on the head. The constant joy to me of seeing Annie with our children—her womanliness, her being a mother—God! But I am a complex person. Annie doesn't fill every space for me, nor I for her. Many people don't face up to that and can't live with it, so it ruins their lives. I'm not willing to let that happen, so I'll be straightforward about it. And Annie knows about my drive to sing. I cannot give that up. I cannot. I would cheat myself, my family, everybody I love. I would take something away from all of them. Annie doesn't like very much of the life I lead. That's one of the differences in us. And yet there are aspects of my life that she really enjoys and wants to take advantage of. If I go somewhere she would like to go or where we have mutual friends and she and I have a

"I always thought I had the power to do everything, so I suppose it was a great lesson to learn that I didn't. . . .

I could see I was either going to burn myself out or get really crazy."

chance for some time together, she might come along. And certainly she can bring the kids, or not, as she wants. But, as I told you, I was home last year for a total of four weeks. That's terrible.

PLAYBOY: That's crazy.

DENVER: It is crazy. And for the first time in many years, I was getting unsure, insecure, everything was pulling in a different direction and there was no alignment in my life. There were so many pulls that each aspect was suffering. I always thought that I had the power to do everything, so I suppose it was a great lesson to learn that I didn't. Everything started to suffer—the last two television shows, and *Spirit*, my last album.

PLAYBOY: And your marriage as well?

DENVER: Yes. Annie and I were having a hard time. You see, my work has been getting more complex and more demanding all the time. And I could see that I was either going to burn myself out or get really crazy—those things go hand in

hand. I suddenly realized that when the choice came to do some new work or to spend more time at home, I kept doing the stuff with the music. And I knew that if I went on like that, I would lose my family.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

DENVER: I just stopped everything. At a point last winter, after I finished *Oh, God!* and my last contracted special for ABC, I told Jerry Weintraub I wanted no commitment from then on, on anything, anywhere in the future.

PLAYBOY: Was there pressure from Annie to stop working?

DENVER: Well, it's something that we've spoken a great deal about over the past several years, but she never badgered me about that. I felt she was just sitting there watching, saying to herself, "When are you going to do it? It seems to be getting crazy to me now." And when our relationship was strained, it generally had to do with that specific aspect of my work.

PLAYBOY: Does that refer to your brief separation—about a week, we gather?

DENVER: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Did you hear the rumor that you had run away with Olivia Newton-John?

DENVER: I heard that once and didn't hear anything more about it. Not such a bad notion. Actually, I think our separation was about a different thing than we've been talking about. Annie and I constantly need to examine ourselves. Both of us are very strong people and neither wants to be dominated by the other or by anything around us.

PLAYBOY: How does the craziness you described manifest itself?

DENVER: Well, I get very tight, very demanding, mostly in the professional sense, with the people who work around me. I make it difficult for them. And everything stops being fun. Our last tour was not much fun. Only during that time out on-stage. The last television shows weren't very much fun; they suffered and the album suffered. I don't think the movie suffered, because that was so very important to me.

I started tightening up, building a shell around myself, so I wasn't aware of the messages people were sending me. I learned over the past six months that I'm intimidating to people. I always was shy and never really felt aggressive, and then I had to recognize that I'm a very aggressive person, especially in work. I'm going for it all the time. But I was intimidating the people I love, my friends. And, Jesus, that was bad.

PLAYBOY: How long had all that pressure been building up?

DENVER: Steadily for one year, one solid year. I'd been thinking about getting off the treadmill; I'd talked to Jerry about it, but he never thought I was actually going

(concluded on page 266)

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ABHORRENT GREEN SLIPPERY CITY

as the gondola glided along,
Dubin dreamed of passionate
love in a fantastic city

fiction

By **BERNARD MALAMUD**

A LIGHT FOG lay on Venice that end-of-October late afternoon they arrived, via an hour in Rome, where it had been warm and sunny. Dubin and Fanny, after debarking the *vaporetto*—terribly slow, but he was eager to point out hazy sights, mist-enshrouded *palazzi*—were following a porter wheeling their luggage along a foggy narrow *calle*. There, as the mist thinned and they could make out others approaching, it seemed to the biographer that a red-haired girl clinging to the arm of a gray-haired man by her side, both stepping close to the wall to let the newcomers and their baggage go by—Fanny and the elderly gent momentarily stood between Dubin and the redhead half-hidden from him—was his daughter, Maud. He, startled, wobbling momentarily,





had been about to cry out her name; but the need for concealment was inexorable, so he had at once turned away from her, pulling his hatbrim low over his eyes; and when no more than a minute later he gazed back at the couple, they were shadows in the fog. The bronze red hair had vanished like the flaming sun sinking in a cloud-massed charcoal sunset.

Moved, regretful, worried—momentarily imperiled—Dubin had felt an impulse to run after them to determine if she was, indeed, Maud; but how could it be during the academic term at Berkeley, where he had telephoned and talked to her only a few nights ago? He was surely mistaken, had more than once confused Maud with another redheaded girl nearby. One is struck by the color and recognizes somebody who isn't there. Fanny, wearing blue shades, had apparently noticed nothing. She chattered amiably. The porter pushed ahead with the bags. Dubin was still shaken, though he had for the most part recovered his calm when they entered the still courtyard of the Hotel Contessa. Behind them, the setting sun appeared as a fiery half disk in the glowing silvery fog, and the evening promised pleasure.

"What's the weather supposed to be tomorrow?" the biographer asked the black-suited *segretario* at the desk as he examined their passports.

"Improving, *professore*." His thin nose had twitched: This swinging babe with this ambitious *vecchio*? Dubin felt he must look older with her than when alone.

"I have no university connection. I'm a professional biographer."

"Please pardon me, I meant as complement."

He nodded genially, not altogether displeased by the man's curiosity about them nor, at the moment, by the aura of expectancy Fanny whipped up around her wherever she appeared. He was mildly embarrassed by her unseasonable get-up—a voluminous long green dress, not her best color, high cork platform soles and a wide-brimmed straw hat—though summer, although it might be said to be lingering in Rome, had departed Venice. She wore her wire-framed glasses, spear-like jade earrings and a small gold crucifix in place of her Star of David.

"For the fun of it," she had explained. "I like to feel at home where I am."

"Will you feel at home with yourself?"

"Some people are freer than others."

That he granted. Fanny on holiday surprised, had overturned his expectations. She'd be a beautiful woman if she appreciated herself.

"This is she," Dubin reflected. "Let her be."

With her unfurled by his side, who would have noticed him in a foggy

Venetian street? He was certain it had not been Maud they had passed, yet wondered: If I was hiding, was she?

The *portiere* beckoned two bellmen. One, an energetic youth, gathered Fanny's three bags as if by instinct, none of which he would yield to the older man, who lugged Dubin's battered leather suitcase; and they, together with the assistant secretary, rose slowly in the wire-doored lift.

The assistant secretary, a closely shaved and powdered man with a sculptured black mustache, led them twice to the wrong room before leading them to the right one. "I deed not recognize eef it was a three or a seven on my paper."

"It's on the key," said Dubin.

"But you are absolutely right," said the astonished assistant secretary, his eyes mostly on Fanny. They had entered an attractive double room through an adjoining single-bedded one that Dubin wanted locked from their side. The assistant secretary offered to return immediately with the key, but Dubin quickly said he would ask the maid to take care of it in the morning. The man unhappily assented, though 1000 lire seemed to settle his nerves.

Their room on the top floor of the Contessa was a magnificent high ornate-ceilinged one, with French doors leading to a small balcony overlooking the Grand Canal. The fog had lifted and the view before them—Venice afloat in a rising sea on a serene October early evening—and the pleasurable anticipation of his amorous adventure filled Dubin with satisfaction at the rightness of his decision to do what he was presently doing.

They had met by chance on Main Street on Campobello. Dubin, at the tail end of his long country walk, had intended to hurry past her. But Fanny, approaching him as he had hesitated, abruptly told him she was back to pick up a lamp she had bought in town but hadn't been able to carry in her overloaded VW.

"I was hoping I would see you. I lost the name of the hotel I wrote on a piece of paper and you weren't registered in the two others I tried."

"Which did you try?"

"I went to the Brevoort and also the Astor."

"I was registered at the Gansevoort. Why didn't you telephone or drop me a line afterward?"

"It was on my mind," she said, "but I thought your wife mightn't like it. Also, I felt pissed at myself for forgetting the name of the place."

"My wife doesn't open my mail."

He searched her eyes; she seemed contrite.

Two days later, Dubin telephoned Fanny in New York and proposed a week

in Italy. "Why not?" she said, after momentary hesitation. "I haven't found a steady job yet, so it's OK with me, if you can make it."

On the plane, he had asked himself, "What am I doing here, a man my age with a girl hers?" The answer came easily and happily: "I am enjoying myself. I have it coming to me."

Fanny was buoyant, affectionate; they joked with each other. She sat snuggled close, straw hat on her lap, head on his shoulder, her sweet-smelling light hair spread like a flag across his chest. She had shown extreme nervousness before the flight, which had gradually disappeared after they had ascended. Dubin's difficulty was afterthought: He regretted having had to deceive Kitty. There ought to be a better way. He recalled Lawrence's remark: "Honesty is more important than marital fidelity."

"Kitty, I am going off with a chick for a week. A night out in living. I want the experience before I'm too old to have it. Don't fret, I'll be back soon as good as new and as loyal as ever."

Fat chance. She'd probably have told him she would not be there when he got back.

Kitty was overendowed in sensitivity; why upset her when you didn't have to? He had lied to protect her.

Fanny and he embraced on their Venetian balcony. Dubin nuzzling her cheek. Her breath, its hot floral quality, enticed his mouth to hers.

"In a little while," she said softly, after a long kiss. "We've been traveling since early morning and I could use a bath."

"Shall I get into the tub with you?"

"I'll be out in a jiff, lover."

While she was bathing, Dubin tried on a pair of striped pajamas Kitty had recently bought him. After a moment of reflection in a closet-door mirror, he removed them and changed into fresh underwear; but he did not admire his girth in boxer shorts, or his thin legs, so he drew on his trousers and buttoned up his shirt.

Fanny, as the tub gurgled and the toilet flushed, stepped out of the bathroom in a short white nightgown. Her body glowed. She had brushed her hair full and bright. Dubin sank to his knees like a man kneeling to be dubbed knight, embracing her legs as he kissed her between them.

She reacted in surprise, momentarily stiffening; then, with affection, ran her hand through his hair.

"I have my suitcases all over the bed, so I'd better finish unpacking like I see you have."

"I thought I'd get my stuff out of the way."

"I will, too. It won't take me long."

"'Had we but world enough and time,'



"Punch and Judy have gone pink, whatever that means."

dear Fanny," the biographer sighed.

"We have all week."

He rose. "You're a practical girl."

"I'm not very romantic, if that's what you mean, although I do have romantic thoughts once in a while."

"It lingers in me. Maybe it's my generation."

"Forget your generation. Even if you aren't my age, at least you act young when you want to."

"*L'chayim*," said Dubin, holding aloft an imaginary glass.

"It's cool," said Fanny.

She was unpacking the contents of a small store: casual clothing—piles of it she couldn't possibly use—and plastic bottles of creams, lotions, deodorants. This consumer's aspect of hers was new to him and he wondered how it squared up with her abstemious stay in a Buddhist commune.

"It's no rip-off," she said. "I happen to have this uncle who owns a drugstore. And my mother sends me clothes she doesn't want."

Amid her possessions, he noticed a rubber diaphragm in a worn plastic case.

"Don't you use the pill?"

"My uncle says it can give you breast cancer."

"Really? My wife never cared for it."

Fanny also carried a traveling iron and a portable clothesline she could rig up in any bathroom.

"Anything you want to hang on the clothesline, please do it, Bill."

He was helping her put things into drawers and the medicine cabinet.

"Why won't you call me William, Fanny?"

"I don't like to call you what your wife does."

"I hadn't thought of that but I prefer William to Bill."

With a comic groan, she fell back into an armchair, her nightie billowing.

"What do you say we get into bed, Fanny?"

"If you wish, Will-yam."

"Call me Bill, if you like. What do you wish?"

"Are you worried I might call you Bill sometime and your wife might hear it?"

The question startled him. He could not foresee circumstances in which Kitty and Fanny were likely to meet again. Don't consider yourself her equal, Dubin thought.

She regarded him cunningly. "Is something bothering you?"

"My mood at the moment is, as they say, *macho*, but you are being coy."

"What did you tell her was the reason you were taking off for a week?"

"I said I had some unexpected bits of research to do in Italy and possibly Sardinia to settle a few things on my mind. But since she knows I'm presently working on Lawrence's early life in Eastwood,

she may have wondered whether I wanted to get away for another reason, maybe so that I could see my work in perspective."

"Will she believe what you said?"

"She believes me," he said soberly.

"This isn't your first affair since you were married, William? I shouldn't think so."

He thanked her for saying his name. "No, but it is with someone—if you'll pardon the expression—as young as you, a long trip involved and some elaborate deception. Kitty happens to be easy to lie to, which makes it harder to do. I don't like not to be honest with her."

"Sometimes you sound innocent."

"I'm not innocent," Dubin said, "though my experience is limited."

"Like to some one-night fucks with older-type ladies?"

"Not exactly grandmothers—when I was lecturing here or there, or said I was."

"How many?" she asked curiously.

"Several affairs—none prolonged."

"In how long a time?"

"I've been married twenty-three years and have been adulterous about ten."

"Adulterous? What were you afraid of?"

"I wasn't afraid. I was largely satisfied as things were. I got married when I was past thirty and had for years too much to do to go actively looking for sex. I'd begun to work well and had a family to look after."

"Still, you don't have to go actively looking—it's there. It's always there."

"It's there but in a way I wasn't," Dubin explained. "I'm only recently a visitor to the new sexual freedom. How many affairs have you had, Fanny?"

She started at the question. "I never counted."

"Often with married men?"

She nodded. "I was into that for a while, less so now." Fanny gazed at him. "Why did you pick me to go away with?"

He asked if she was looking for compliments.

"I am curious, William."

"Your warmth," he said, "opulent womanliness, openness. Because you touch me with your fingers when we talk. You're a little larger than life, Fanny. I mean, you make life seem larger. I felt that before you undressed and threw your yellow pants at me."

"What about your wife?" Fanny said. "I never really got to figure her out."

"What about her?" he asked guardedly.

"She looks sexy for her age, but is she? My mother does but is as limp as a rag."

"Fanny, you can ask me anything you please about me and I'll answer you, but don't ask me about her—she wouldn't like it."

"Who is she, the Queen of Sheba?"

Fanny said irritably. "That really pisses me. I have noticed that any time I mention her, you get a tight-assed look, as though you want to hide under the rug. Are you afraid of her?"

"There's no reason to say that. She's a private person with a complicated history, which is her business."

"She isn't sick? Does she have health worries?"

The girl was acute. "Sometimes she does—" Dubin hesitated.

"My mother does, too. What were you going to say before I interrupted you?"

"Not much, really. A few days before I had to leave to meet you, she asked me to call the trip off. She didn't want to be left alone in the house. I said I would not go if she felt that way in the morning. But in the morning, she had changed her mind. She said, 'You've got to go,' so I went."

"What's her real trouble?" Fanny asked.

"Let's just say she's going through a prolonged glandular thing. That's all I intend to say about her."

"You don't have to tell me any more, I don't want to know," said Fanny, drawing up her legs and clasping them with her arms. "Just do you love her?"

Between her ankles, her blonde pelt was visible. Seeing his eyes rise to her face, she lowered her legs.

"I loved her," the biographer responded. "I love her still but differently. Time passes, needs and feelings change. One tries with others to recover past pleasures, past privileges. One looks for diversions."

"Is that what I am to you?"

"What would you want to be?"

"I want you to know I am not a whore."

"My God, why would I have thought so?"

"Attitudes don't always need words."

"I assure you of my respect, Fanny."

"How much respect does a diversion get?"

"Nothing is laid down by rule. There are possibilities."

"Well, what is possible?"

"I suppose it's possible to love one woman one way and another, another," Dubin said, wondering if he wanted it both ways.

"Which way do you think you could love me?" she asked.

"I'm drawn to you," he answered carefully. "That's obvious enough and as much as I want to think of or define just now. Let's stop analyzing our relationship, dear Fanny, and get into bed. An act defines itself."

"I really would like to," Fanny said, "but my stomach is rumbling like ape. When I get this hungry, I can't concentrate on anything, not even fucking."

(continued on page 348)

BLACKJACK FOR BLOOD

a top player reveals that
all it takes is lots of
homework and a
steel-trap memory



article

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

VICTOR MORRISON is that success story uniquely of our times—intellectual, corporate strategist and gambler. He is a daring young man who can speak articulately about Pascal's theories of probability or Von Neumann and Morganstern's theory of games, and equally sharply (continued on page 240)



parody
By LAURENCE GONZALES



THE ERRATIC COURSE of the galactic cruiser as it blasted through the constellation Tsooris was hardly intentional. Its captain had been hard by the Jack Daniel's for three days running. Coincidentally, this course was avoiding the long streaks of energy striking out from the Imperial cruiser. One of the beams touched the staggering, lurching ship and blew away its curb feelers and fender skirts. Then another distant explosion shook the ship and peeled away a layer of red-flocked wallpaper in the corridor—but it certainly didn't feel distant to Little Bo Peepio, the gay android, and his side-kick Panchoo DeeToo. To look at those two, you would have thought Little Bo Peepio, the tall, wispy machine wearing nothing but a necklace that said MITCH and a Porsche chronometer, was master of Panchoo DeeToo, the stubby, swarthy *pistolero* robot in the Two Fingers Tequila T-shirt; but while Bo Peepio might have thrown an absolute snit at the suggestion, they were actually equals in everything except that Bo Peepio gave better head and Panchoo DeeToo was the only Panchoo

unit in the constellation of Tsooris that was running off a turquoise-and-beaten-silver laser system.

Other explosions rocked the galactic cruiser. The low humming note that had been giving Bo Peepio a splitting headache suddenly stopped. Finally, Bo Peepio spoke:

"Who do you have to fuck to get a Valium around here?" he asked.

Panchoo did not comment immediately. His barrel torso tilted backward, his three powerful hand-tooled leather cowboy boots gripping the deck. The meter-high Mexicano 'droid was suffering from severe postnasal drip sustained while sniffing some Peruvian graphite dust earlier in the flight. A series of short, chirping Spanish invectives issued from his speaker. To even a sensitive ear they would have sounded like just so much Third World gibberish, but to Bo Peepio they formed words as clear as a tequila sunrise.

"This butch captain of ours is definitely on a *macho* trip," Bo Peepio said in a testy voice, thrusting out his metallic hips petulantly and patting down his chromium skullplate. "We're fucked for sure now."

Suddenly, a band of Imperial Storm Troopers appeared and began firing their weapons. One blast of energy threw Bo Peepio into a jumble of shredded cables, where dozens of currents turned him into a jerking, mincing, limp-wristed

display of acrobatics.

"Help!" he screamed. "My servopelvic Accu-Jac!"

As Panchoo extended his switchblade mechanism to try to help cut away the cables, Bo Peepio's tone turned *ultra-bitchy*:

"This is all your fault! I should have known better than to trust the logic of an albino graphite-snorting, hand-held half-breed vibrator!"

Panchoo cut loose with a series of searing Spanish curses usually reserved for those who gang-rape your mother. One of them made an allusion to Bo Peepio's ancestral link to the Water Pik.

Then a violent explosion shook the corridor.

Two meters tall. Bipedal. Flowing black robes and a simple string of cultured pearls. Hair by Sassoon. Face forever masked by a black Tiffany breathing creation stunningly punctuated by pear diamonds and rough-cut emeralds. A Dark Lord of Sith was a dazzling shape as it snapped its tight little buns back and forth, heading down the corridors, glancing self-consciously at its reflection in the mirrored walls. Solidly into S/M, it normally sported heavy leather-and-chrome manacles and a set of expensive Spanish handcuffs. Once-resolute rebel crew members ceased resisting at the sight and threw themselves at its feet, crying:

"Where did (continued on page 150) 145

*will luke rescue princess orgasm?
can a gay android find happiness
in a bit part? will the universe
be saved? does anybody have
a valium? funny you should ask*

WHOOOOOOOSH

WHEN ROCKET SHIPS WERE REALLY A **BLAST**

BACK IN THOSE halcyon days before World War Two, cartoonists and movie special-effects men creating rocket ships for Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon were followers of the gingerbread school of design. Thus, you had spacecraft that looked like the ones pictured here—with fins and vents and all kinds of silly gizmos attached to them. But they did have a certain individualistic charm—unlike today's jobs, which are bulletlike and boring. However, we've taken care of that on the next page with our own spaceship. You can be a regular Dr. Zarkov and put it together yourself.

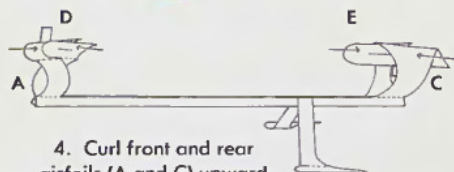
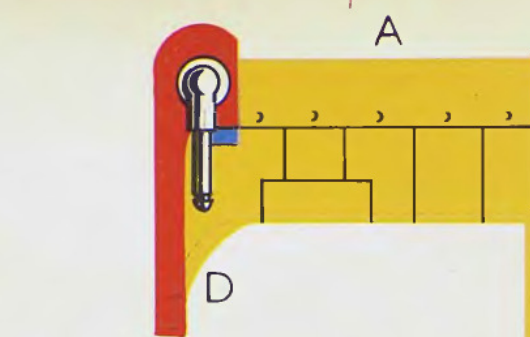


PLAYBOY'S DO-IT-YOURSELF ROCKET SHIP

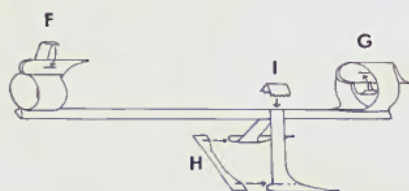
1. Finished rocket ship in majestic flight. Read all instructions carefully before you start or yours won't look like this.

2. Cut—do not punch out—along perforations.

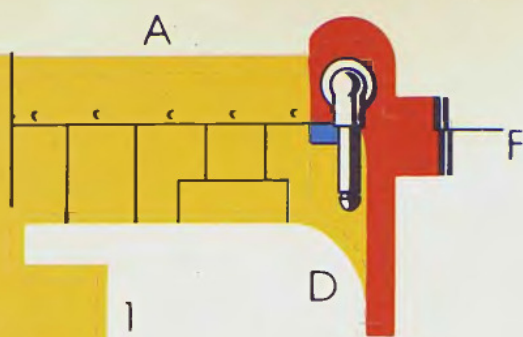
3. Fold body up lengthwise along scored lines to form a triangle. Tuck flaps 1, 2, 3, 4 over into slots. Fold front and rear airfoils (A and C) and landing-skid legs (B) down flat like wings.



4. Curl front and rear airfoils (A and C) upward into round tubes and interlock slots, so that D forms a fin above A, and E locks inside loop C.

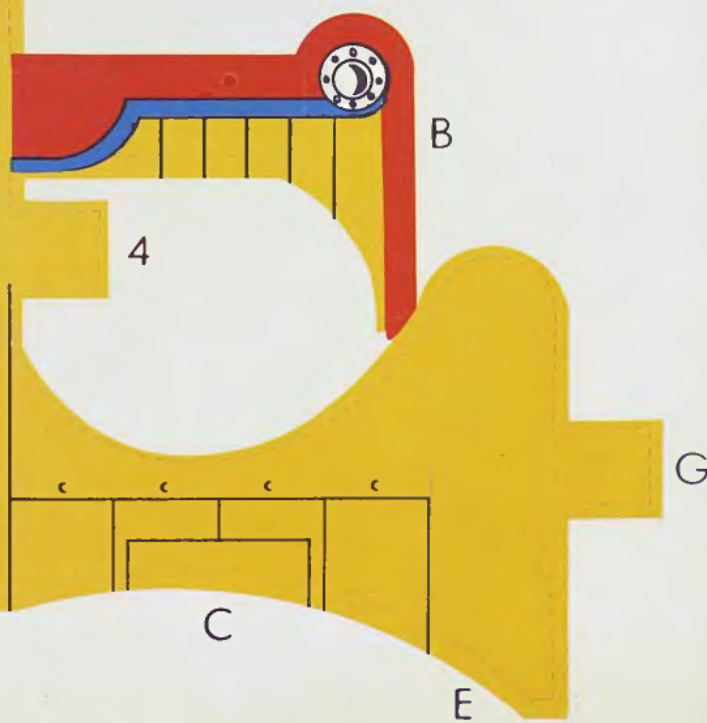
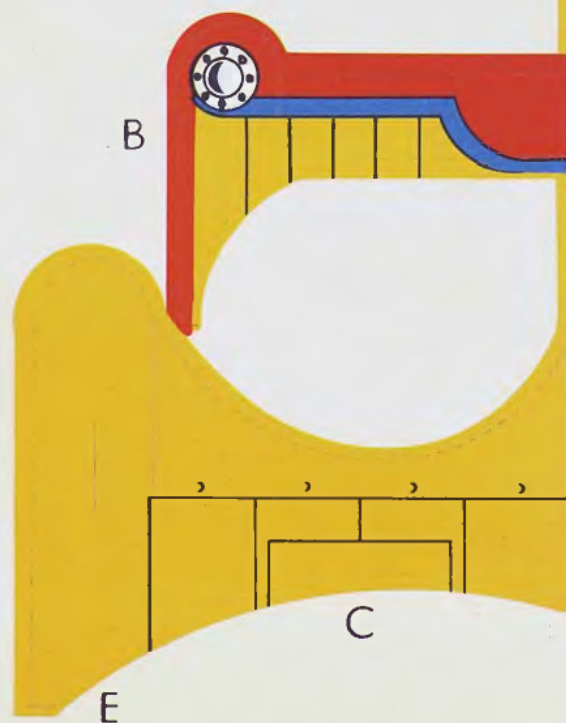


5. Insert tabs F and G, using point of knife to open slots. Slide crosspiece (H) into place connecting landing-skid legs. Join one quarter-inch piece of transparent tape (I) to skids and body, or use spots of glue to hold skid legs firmly to body.



6. Rocket ship to hand, ready for take-off. Hold as shown and launch slightly upward.

7. Avoid strong winds and enemy rockets.





STAR SPATS

(continued from page 145)

"The pod ejected from the crippled fighter, sending the 'droids to the surface of the planet below."

you get your hair done?"

As it turned down another passageway, they could hear Mr. Darth's heavy breathing through the Tiffany mask. But who could resist?

Elsewhere, Bo Peepio and Panchoo were entering the lifeboat hatch. The explosive bolts fired after a loud warning and the pod ejected from the crippled fighter, sending the two 'droids to the surface of the planet below. Like much of the Promised Land, it was pretty grim compared with Fire Island.

Soon after Luke Starfucker had come into possession of Bo Peepio and Panchoo—and for no explainable reason—they were all fast friends, as if they'd known one another for eons. While Luke was valiantly trying to repair Panchoo, however, the little Latin pervert became horny and began showing dirty movies with his silver-turquoise laser.

Luke, who was only 20 years old, had lived a sheltered life and, consequently, was watching with rapt attention as Panchoo, who was a bit weirded out on some unnamed 'droid crystals, unabashedly flashed holographic movies of a beautiful young girl and her trusty exercise 'droid. She kept mumbling something about somebody's Kenobish.

"Boy," Luke said in awe, "look at the Kenobish on that dude."

Panchoo mumbled something in Spanish and kept showing the dirty loops.

"Oh, help me," the girl pleaded. "Slip me some Kenobish, Ben!"

"Who is that?" Luke asked Bo Peepio.

"I really don't know. She was a passenger on our last voyage. Had her own dressing room. A movie star of some importance, I think. Bitchin' wardrobe."

"Some movies," Luke allowed. Then suddenly, Panchoo ended the performance. "What kind of shit is that?" Luke asked angrily, jumping up.

Panchoo screeched and bleeped in incomprehensible but clearly obscene Latin aphorisms. Bo Peepio winced and translated some of them.

"He says before she got into heavy S/M movies like this, she used to co-star with the stud of the entire constellation of Tsooris, one of the last surviving Jewish Knights, Bennie Wadd Kenobish. He also says you can pay him fifty Imperial monetary units for an instant replay or else blow it out your Imperial ass."

"Bennie Wadd Kenobish?" Luke said with a puzzled expression. "He's an old

man now. He couldn't possibly get it up. And what in blazes is a Jewish Knight?"

"Don't ask me, deary," Bo Peepio said, rolling his eyes seductively, "but if you know this Wadd character, I think I'd like to tag along."

Inside the bowels of the Imperial battle station, Princess Orgasma—intergalactically famous porn star—was being treated to the thrill of her life with a set of chromium molybdenum shackles by Mr. Darth.

"Tighter, Darth! Tighter!" she moaned, as one of Darth's minions moved forward to increase the pressure of the shackles on her pale wrists.

"You are my prisoner," Mr. Darth said, swirling his cape and fingering his strand of pearls. "I think what you need is a Farrah Fawcett cut."

"No, not that! Anything but that!" Princess Orgasma cried.

"How about a Linda Ronstadt?"

Luke's aunt Bea was rushing around the house like crazy.

"Lezee: lox, bagels, gefilte fish, onions—Luke! Oh, Luke! Oy! Having a brunch and forgot the onions. Luke, can you run down to the deli and get some onions?"

Luke stood there, looking at her strangely.

"Aunt Bea, are you sure you're not Jewish?"

"Whaddayou? Meshuga? Don't be silly. Enough tsooris I've got without questions like that. Now, go!"

"Aunt Bea," Luke whined, "what did my father do?"

"Your dad was a haberdasher. Enough, already? He sold suits, OK? So stop all the time talking Jewish or I'll tell your uncle Saul."

"Yes, Aunt Bea," Luke said dejectedly. Still, something about her made him wonder. . . .

Luke, Bo Peepio and Panchoo were blasting along in the desert on their way to the deli when they happened to run into old Bennie Wadd Kenobish. They were immediately attacked by four or five species of unusual creatures, but Kenobish took Luke and his 'droids into his house for protection. Suddenly, Panchoo got very excited and started showing his porno loops again.

"Ah," said Kenobish, "those were the days. *Schutting* Princess Orgasma till

the cows came home. What *chutzpah* she had!"

"*Schutting*? *Chutzpah*?" Luke asked. "What kind of words are those?"

"Yiddish," Kenobish said incredulously. "You don't speak Yiddish?"

"Well, I—" Luke was embarrassed. He knew the languages of several systems but had never heard of Yiddish.

"Oh, I know, I know," Kenobish said knowingly. "Your aunt and uncle. They probably fed you all that goyisher crap. It's all *chozzerai*. Your father was a Jewish Knight."

And with that, Kenobish got up and opened an old trunk.

"And I've saved this little *tsatske* for you all these years. It was his. He wanted you to have it."

"What is it?" Luke asked, taking the sleek tube in his hands.

"It's a sawed-off shotgun," Kenobish said, waving his hands about as if the boy were a total *putz*. "You want maybe a howitzer?"

Without even asking for any trouble from these Jewish Knights and gay robots, Luke suddenly found himself in the middle of a real mess. He was out riding toward Moishe Eisley Spaceport, a pretty nasty place, according to Kenobish. It was imperative that they not be suspected by the Imperial Storm Troopers while searching the spaceport for a pilot who could take them to rescue Princess Orgasma. But, as Kenobish had explained, the Force would be with them if they got into trouble. As they passed into the spaceport, they were stopped at a roadblock where Storm Troopers were asking for identification, hoping to find the 'droids who had escaped from the galactic cruiser where the princess had been.

"Sholom aleichem," Kenobish said as they approached the troopers. "Repeat after me." He then spoke in a very thick Yiddish accent. "Dis pisher is not of any interest to you." He looked at his watch. "We gotta buy some onions, OK? We're already late."

"Say," a trooper said through his white metallic mask, "you're not Jewish, are you?"

"You wanna be a comedian?" Kenobish asked rhetorically. "Go on *The Tonight Show*." And, with that, they pulled away from the roadblock.

As they parked by a cantina, Luke was still mystified.

"I can't understand how we got by those troopers," he said.

"The Force is all in the delivery, Luke. It can sometimes be used to influence others. But it can also be dangerous. Example: I put a down payment on a land-speeder like this one. How do I get credit? The Force. Now I'm stuck with

(continued on page 317)

ANYONE WHO
HATES DOGS
AND KIDS
CAN'T BE ALL
BAD—UNLESS
HE'S DUMB
ENOUGH
TO TAKE A
JOB AS
SAINT NICK

THE DIRTIEST OLD SANTA ON THE BLOCK



humor
By JAY CRONLEY

ALL YOU NEED to play Santa Claus is a suit and a calendar and a gut, the first of which can be rented from a place that handles theatrical costumes, the last of which can be attained or simulated. I wore a life preserver for bulk, and it also came in handy as insurance when a short boy unleashed a right hook at me after I told him that Santa didn't like kids who spit. Like dogs, the littlest children are the most dangerous. The hook bounced off me and caught the boy on his own cheek, granting my wish but avoiding the court costs.

I wore a felt suit that was hot, a nest of whiskers that itched like fungus (continued on page 306)



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE HOUSE PARTY

*if you thought the tv special was fun,
you should have been there the following day*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

WE'RE ALWAYS LOOKING for an excuse to take pictures of beautiful women who happen to have left their clothes somewhere else. And last spring we found an excellent one: when the ABC-TV *Thursday Night Special* premiered *Playboy's Playmate Party*. New meaning was given to the term boob tube, as Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner played host to a Mansion full of comely, curvaceous house guests. It was enough to boggle the mind (a boggled mind is the condition that results when the blood rushes to other parts of the body). Needless to say, the show was a great success, pulling the highest Nielsen rating ever recorded for *The Thursday Night Special* and warranting a rerun in early November. We had dispatched a photographer to the Mansion to record the televised *Party*, then had him stick around the next day to shoot the party *after* the *Party*—for posterity and our own immediate pleasure. That shooting was also a success. Our photographer managed to catch a few candids before the lens of his camera melted. Take a look: You won't be seeing sights like these on TV for years to come.

Not that we wish to detract from the show itself, mind you. Who can knock the televised crowning of the Playmate of the Year, especially when that Playmate is Patti McGuire? And especially when that ceremony is held at Playboy Mansion West, Hefner's sumptuous work-and-play home hidden away in Los Angeles' exclusive Holmby Hills? (PLAYBOY readers got a full treatment of the Mansion in the January 1975 issue.)

Comedian Dick Martin, himself married to Playmate (May 1966) and former London Bunny Dolly Read, presided (text continued on page 162)



Hef and surrounding beauties get a kick out of previous day's taping of the Playmate TV special projected on a wall-size Advent TV screen. This page, from top: 1976 Playmate of the Year, Lillian Müller, Hef and TV host Dick Martin go over cue cards before poolside taping. James Caon compares biceps with Arnold (Pumping Iron) Schwarzenegger as Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire looks on. The Disco Party in full swing on the last night of taping.



Above: After breakfast, the Playmates swim and sun-bathe. Easy-doing-it are, from left, Sheila, Hope Olson (October 1976), Lisa Sohm (April 1977), Laura Lyons (February 1976), Sondra and Denise. Macbeth the Macaw seems hung over from a night of partying.



Top: Having awakened with energy to spare, Denise Michele (Miss April 1976) and Patti loose a pillow barrage on a drowsy Sheila Mullen (Miss May 1977). Above: Still covered with suds, July's Sondra Theodore busses Hef in the Master Bathroom and the day is off to a damp but delightful start.





Below left: Hope is an observed observer of the African cranes and flamingos passing in review on the rolling lawn. Below center: Newly crowned Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire, out for a queenly tan, anoints herself with oil on the first day of her reign. Below right: The sun bathers get some cool aid from the water nymphs as Sondra puts a little kick into the party.





Above: Sondra shows ten-point non-Olympic form in a spirited dive from the waterfall. Top right: Patti and Hope challenge a reluctant Sheila to follow suit. But Sheila (right) finds sunning on a rock amidst the Japanese koi more to her liking.



Above: What with all the splash-downs, Lisa has to do some repair work on her soggy coiffure before stretching out for some serious tanning and not-so-serious chitchat with the rest of the girls. Meanwhile (above right), Laura peers through her oversized shades to see if she's getting burned where there was no tan before.



Above: On a chaise built for two, Patti and Sondra worship an unsmogged Californio sun while entertaining some private daydreams. Hef is off huddling on business matters but has promised to join them later in the Gome House for a Foosball shoot-out.



Above: In preparation for the evening's activities, the sun-soaked crew heads for the Bath House for a refreshing sauna. Lisa, Hope, Patti and Denise tone up their bodies in the dry heat. Below: Patti and Susan Kiger (Miss January 1977) explore what are, apparently, the more hilarious aspects of the Bath House Love Chair. A shower is next for the chairwomen before they dress and head for the Game House.



Right: Hef, back in action after taking care of business, joins Patti, Denise and Sondra in an animated game of Foosball while Hope kibitzes from the side lines. The Game House, with its pinball machines, electronic games, pool table and vintage jukebox, is one of the most popular spots on the Mansion grounds. Hef is such a pinball fan that Bally will soon market a special pinball machine in his honor. Observing the competition at a safe distance are Susan, sipping a tall, cool one, Sheila and a barefoot Lisa about to chalk up for some Eight Ball.



Above: Having built up a hearty appetite in the Game House, Hef and his Playmates return to the Mansion for a sumptuous seafood buffet in the Library. They dine on clams, lobster and fine wine beneath a treasured Gallo bust of Hef's former girlfriend, Borbi Benton, now one of the stars of the TV sitcom *Sugar Time*. After previewing some *Playmate Party* tapes, the group opts for a champagne celebration midst the bubbling waters of the Jacuzzi bath in the pool grotto.





Above: Hope, Hef and Potti huddle in the Jocuzzi; no doubt, they're discussing Potti's promotion tour as Playmate of the Year. Below: Lisa does an intriguing cheek checking of the water temperature.



Left: Denise surfaces from a dive and surprises a relaxed Laura with an impromptu champagne shower. It doesn't bother Laura, but she would have appreciated a little of the bubbly in her glass.



Above: The man *Time* magazine labeled a "dour sybarite" does a terrific imitation of someone who is thoroughly enjoying himself (*Time* editors should have such a good time), as the Playmates show their appreciation by gathering around their host in the Jacuzzi and toasting Hef's health with the bubbly. It provides the perfect candlelit capper to what has been a vintage day for Hef and the girls.

over the festivities with appropriate and undisguised glee as TV screens were filled with a parade of Playmates (actress Claudia Jennings, our November 1969 Playmate, helped Dick interview the gatefold girls), celebrities from the world of entertainment and a crowd of uninhibited partygoers. They had all gathered for several days of taped-for-the-tube relaxation and revelry. So many of the Playmates, celebrities and other guests who appeared on the show were personal friends that Hef, at one point during the three days of video taping, remarked, "This is like shooting a \$200,000 home movie."

No Hollywood set would have been better suited to this particular production. And even though much of the action was scripted for the TV cameras, how do you write a party for 200 people? One of the more fascinating experiments in crowd control involved a volleyball game refereed by comedian Bill Cosby, featuring bikinied players coached by basketball great Wilt Chamberlain. The girls showed championship form.

PLAYBOY nostalgia buffs had a field day with so many Playmates from years past in attendance. Boy evangelist turned actor Marjoe Gortner joined Hef in the interviewing of two of them—Joyce Nizzari (December 1958), who had flown in from Hawaii for the occasion, and Joni Mattis (November 1960). Joyce and Joni were not only Playmates but also two of the original Bunnies in the first Chicago Playboy Club. Joni has been Hef's West Coast secretary since 1968; Joyce was delighted to see ex-roommate Janice Pennington (May 1971), now a regular on the television game show *The Price Is Right*. Readers will remember Janice as the first of the Pennington sisters to become a Playmate. In fact, she and her sister Ann (March 1976) are the first siblings to appear in PLAYBOY's centerfold (that's not counting the Collinson twins, who bowed in a single issue). Marjoe was squiring his own personal Playmate, January 1975's Lynnda Kimball.

Even the kibitzers were special on this special. It seemed like everybody in Hollywood with a pair of eyes had turned out to watch the festivities. Among the not-so-innocent bystanders were Mansion regulars Peter Bogdanovich, Buck Henry, Robert Culp and Mel Tormé. Sports stars Jimmy Connors and Jim Brown—active types—worked out on the disco floor and comedian Jay Leno and singers Johnnie Taylor and Barbara Mandrell provided the programmed entertainment. (Off-the-cuff yoks were served up by Red Buttons, who had a meaningful dialog with a bottle that he knew had been bugged by the video crew.)

One of the Party's high points was the showing of a special film pastiche

by Gary Rocklen on the history of PLAYBOY's Playmates. Another film segment took viewers behind the scenes for a look at the photographing of Sondra Theodore for her appearance as our July 1977 Playmate.

When it came time for the presentation ceremony, Hef—with an able assist from Alice Cooper—introduced 1976 Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller, who presented a bouquet of roses and her personal congratulations to the new Playmate of the Year, Patti McGuire. The choice of the radiant Patti was obviously a popular one.

Camera crews were kept busy for three days filming the 90-minute special. Though what they were doing could hardly be classified as work, it also wasn't what you'd call easy. There was lighting and sound equipment to set up, camera angles to check, principals to round up, last-minute changes to make—and, of course, the constant distraction of some of the most beautiful women in the world. In the end, however, art won out. The camera assistants had, in fact, remembered to put film in the cameras and the film editor had been coaxed away from the Captain Fantastic pinball machine long enough to begin putting it all together.

Through it all, the participants—not the least of whom was Hef himself—had remained remarkably calm. Indeed, Hef hadn't complained at all as the film crew turned the grounds into a maze of wires. He uttered nary a word when Arnold (*Pumping Iron*) Schwarzenegger literally picked up a pair of Playmates and carried them off. And he simply looked on in mild amusement at the ineptness of the attempted interview of Patti by a rodeo cowboy who's made some movies under the name Jimmy Caan. The would-be Howard Cosell broke up the crew when he turned to the camera and ad-libbed, "I have to do this or Hef won't let me hang out here anymore."

But after the equipment had been packed away, the crew disbanded and the guests departed, nightfall found Hef and the Playmates exhausted. It had been a productive but hectic experience. They agreed that the next day would be theirs to relax and enjoy the Mansion and its delights. That was enough to set the gears in a PLAYBOY editor's head turning. Here was yet another chance to indulge in what *Time* referred to as the "narcissistic preoccupation with Hefner's Playboy Mansion." Hef could even do his famous "dour sybarite" act while surrounded by "young beauties." It was too good a chance to pass up.

It's almost noon when the Southern California sun finally wins out over the sleeping revelers.

Hef can hear singing wafting in from

the Master Bathroom. The voice belongs to Sondra, who is about to disappear into a huge marble tub full of bubbles.

You met Sondra in the July issue of PLAYBOY in the pictorial titled *Baby Blue*. Hef met her over a year ago at a party at the Mansion. They hit it off immediately and now Sondra is what Hef refers to as "my special lady." She is a budding actress with at least five TV shows and three movies to her credit. You may have seen her in *Barnaby Jones* or in an episode of the *Kids from C.A.P.E.R.* She appeared in the recent TV miniseries *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*, had a part in the movie *Skateboard* and has a featured role in the upcoming film *Stingray*.

Bright and outgoing, Sondra doesn't conceal her admiration and affection for Hef. "He has a combination of youthful spirit and manly charm that I love. I've learned a lot from him. It's like I've had three years of college since I've been here. I couldn't have landed in a better spot."

The "spot" Sondra is in this morning is up to her neck in soap bubbles, and it's there that Hef tells her that he'll be spending the afternoon with producer Michael Trikilis, discussing the editing of the special, and that he'll meet her and the other Playmates in the Game House when he's finished.

Meanwhile, the rest of the girls—well, most of them—are up and moving. Susan Kiger, who has appointed herself camp bugler, goes from door to door, rousing the stragglers. She's a genuine California girl, not to mention Miss January of 1977, and an inveterate sun worshiper.

She finds Laura Lyons, our 1976 Miss February, trying to sneak a few extra winks. "No way," says Susan, bounding in and making enough noise to get one sleepy Lyons eye open. Laura has flown in from London for the filming. Even though she has been West Coastling for several days, she's still suffering from jet lag. But she's not one to spend the day in bed, either, at least not without good cause, and she and Susan hop next door to check on Lisa Sohm, PLAYBOY's 1977 Miss April and presently a New York model.

Folks from the Big Apple are early risers and Lisa's no exception. Susan and Laura find an empty bed that has already been made up. Lisa's together in more ways than one. Laura and Susan head down to the Mediterranean Room for brunch.

The Med Room is what passes for the kitchen table at Mansion West. It's where you can sit, grab a snack or a full meal, collect and disperse the latest gossip, find out who's doing what to whom and watch the passing parade. It's the first

(continued on page 268)



"Anybody here still believe in me?"

NOT JUST ANOTHER GREAT WHITE HOPE

article **By TED GREEN**

*is dunking the ball into
kareem abdul jabbar's face
really the way to nirvana?
for bill walton, it's close*

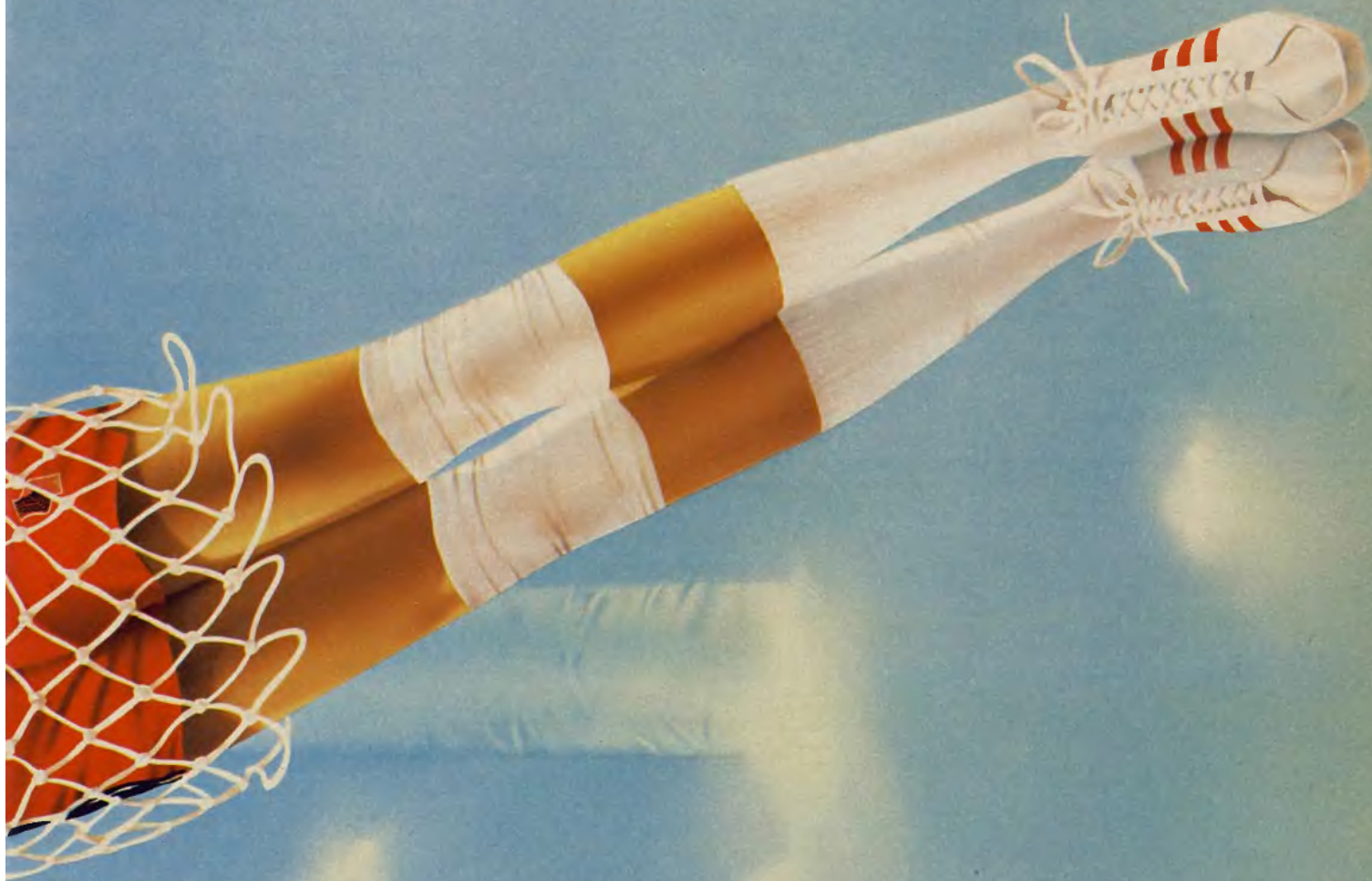
ILLUSTRATION BY DICKRAN PALULIAN



PORTLAND, OREGON, is known for rain, clean air, environmental concern, evergreen trees and bar-brawlin', shirkickin' lumberjacks. Last June fifth, the city became known for something else: a professional team led by a bearded, vegetarian, 6'11" center who supports Chavez, reads Von-negut, rides a ten-speed bike, mischievously doused the mayor with beer and who, at the bottom line, plays basketball more joyfully and more completely than any other big man who ever lived.

On that day, the last day of their seventh year, the Portland Trail Blazers, who had been laughable but never lovable through six long, losing seasons, won the National Basketball Association championship. And as a sea of fans stormed the court, Bill Walton, the club's heart, soul, captain and card-carrying member of America's counterculture, stood above them all, ripped off his white-and-red jersey, rolled it into a wet ball and flung it far into the stands. He then made his way to the locker room, where he threw his arm around some teammates, whispered to others, kissed still another on the cheek and swatted a champagne bottle out of someone's hand, shattering it against a wall.

"God, this stuff tastes bad," he said, swigging from another bottle. Nearly two hours later, after he'd shaken every hand and savored every last sweet drop of victory, Walton was still stretched on a table, naked, sipping one of



his favorite Sunburst fruit juices. "Man," he said, "I feel good all over."

The next day, some 100,000 Portlanders turned out for a parade celebrating the long-awaited success of the only major-league team in town. While his teammates cruised in open-top limos, Walton toolled alongside on his ten-speed. This \$400,000-a-year superstar was wearing cutoffs, a sweat shirt and sandals, and he had a big lipstick print on his cheek. Not far along the mobbed route, he dismounted and left the bike with a stranger. "That may have been the stupidest thing I've ever done," he said later. "I hope whoever has it will please bring it back. It's the only bike I've got." But his spirits were still soaring. He balanced a beer can on Portland mayor Neil Goldschmidt's head, then poured some on him. "This is as much fun as I've had since I was eight years old," Walton said. That same day, he declined an invitation to travel to New York to accept the new Thunderbird he had won as most valuable player in that final series against the Philadelphia 76ers. Walton, who once spoke out against capitalism, consumerism, racism and almost any other ism you could name, didn't need the car, anyway. He had just bought a new Mercedes. And the stranger returned his ten-speed.

About six weeks earlier, before a play-off game against Chicago, Walton, as is his custom, was in a dressing-room corner, closing his eyes, clapping, toe-dancing like a boxer, puffing his cheeks with short bursts of breath and then sucking in until he nearly began hyperventilating. That's his way of revving up. Before games of special importance or before confrontations with special players, such as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or Julius "Dr. J" Erving, he'll go through this ritual. So there's no doubt that Walton gets into his work. But no one really knew *how* into it until one night in the fall of 1976. It was the beginning of a new season with new teammates and a new coach. As the Trail Blazers' newly appointed captain, Walton requested to say a few words after coach Jack Ramsay—an intense, studious man with a Ph.D. in education—had made a sober pregame speech. "OK, now," Walton said, "let's give these guys some fuckin' shit!" The reserved Ramsay was flabbergasted, but the line became a standing joke, something the players waited for before leaving for the court. When Captain Bill forgot to say it, they reminded him. This time, in Chicago, as he faced his first play-off game as a pro, Walton was really juiced. The same guy who sat there after the game, stoic, polite, uncommunicative

and unprofane as hell, hit the door on his way out, turned and shouted, "OK, now, let's give these guys some fuckin' shit, like we're eatin' pussy!"

Some weeks later, the Blazers were trailing in the fourth quarter of a play-off game against Los Angeles. Curry Kirkpatrick was there for *Sports Illustrated* and gave a lively account of the action: "In the next 5:18, [Walton's] eyes glazed and raging as if somebody had spiked his kumquat juice with kerosene, the Mountain Man scored seven baskets. He banked, he tipped. He scored, he stuffed. He hooked right, he hooked left. After this reign of terror had subsided, Portland had the lead, 93-84." Nothing noteworthy, except the points came against the 7'2" Abdul-Jabbar, considered by many the game's greatest player and Walton's natural rival since both went to UCLA, where, five years apart, they won All-America honors, history degrees, a high percentage of games, N.C.A.A. titles and few friends in the media. On one play that symbolized the 1976-1977 pro-basketball season, Walton paused, flew down the middle and "flung himself into the air. Abdul-Jabbar went up to meet him somewhere north of reality." Walton violently dunked the ball right into those famous protective goggles, then waved to his best friend on the Blazers, Maurice Lucas, as if to say, "That was in Kareem's face." N.B.A. players say things like that all the time. And no one would blame Walton for saying it. Kareem had had his moments against him and had once even humiliated him. That was in Dayton, before Walton's rookie year, in an exhibition game no one would have paid attention to had it not been the first ballyhooed meeting of the UCLA giants. Or giant, as it turned out. Abdul-Jabbar outscored him 28 to 8. I was in the locker room when it was over and Walton's face was as red as his hair. Now, almost three years later, he had gotten his nationally televised revenge, highlighted by that savage dunk. But he didn't have to say anything. The shot spoke for itself; it was a *macho* manifesto. Yet the peculiar trademark toothy grin Walton flashed after that play-off game Portland went on to win—peculiar because he fights to keep a straight face, then curls his upper lip over his teeth before giving in to the urge—probably said as much about him as any stand he has taken on Vietnam, nuclear-power plants, Richard Nixon, American Indians and meat eating. It said that Bill Walton had just jammed on Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. He had given him some fuckin' shit. He had gone to heaven.

(Walton was close to heaven the night before Portland's second play-off game in Los Angeles last May. Make that the

morning before. It was about three A.M. when he and Ramsay, a fitness freak, went for a dip in a hotel swimming pool. In the rain. Wasn't that, uh, unconventional? "No, it was nice," Walton said, toweling off. "Real nice." That evening, after his team had won again on its way to a 4-0 wipe-out of the Lakers, Walton was back in the pool.)

On a dry, pretty spring day in Portland, Walton pulled up to the large, old home he, his lady, Susan, and 18-month-old son, Adam, shared (until recently) with sports activist Jack Scott, Scott's wife, Micki, Bill's younger brother, Andy, and an ever-changing number of house guests. When he got out of the car, Walton was greeted by Adam. His father swooped him up, kissed him and lifted him onto his shoulders for a ride to the house. Asked later if he ever changed his son's diapers, Walton laughed and gave this uncertain endorsement of shared duties: "Oh, maybe a few times, but I have other jobs. I'm not saying I believe in a division of labor, but..."

He does believe in the joys of fatherhood and in Susan Guth, a sandy-haired beach girl he met and first roomed with in their years at UCLA. She gave up beach volleyball and the blessed Southern California sun to be with her man in Oregon, where she mothered his child, kept house, jogged with Bill, palled around with Andy and even tried to dress the part by letting her long hair go a bit wavy and by wearing lumberjackess jeans and work shirts. Their lifestyle was another kind of manifesto: that in the establishment world of pro ball, the Walton family could still be "now" generation—laid back, mellowed out, living together and all that. So much so, in fact, that they took separate vacations after the championship was won, apparently without a trace of jealousy. Bill went river-rafting and Susan went with friends to Hawaii.

All this is not to suggest that Walton, at the age of 25, has sold out for a life of locker-room frivolity. When he talks on subjects other than basketball, he's quick to point out that his values and politics haven't changed. He says he's the same person who, as a UCLA sophomore, was arrested at a demonstration protesting the mining of Haiphong harbor. The same person who sent a telegram to Nixon shortly after Watergate, asking him to resign. The same person who called on the world "to stand with us in our rejection of the U. S. Government." The same person who said he understood blacks' frustrations and aspirations and wouldn't blame a black man for killing him. The same person

(continued on page 300)

WHEN WE SENT photographer Robert Scott Hooper and his right-hand woman, Theresa Holmes, to interview and photograph sexual swingers, we were reminded of the opening to *Star Trek*. We could hear the bass voice intoning, "This is your five-week mission: to flagrantly go where angels fear to tread; to seek out new worlds, new civilizations, new forms of life; to find kinky sex." Science fiction? Close. Hooper and Holmes turned in their logbook after having taken a very informative stroll along the sexual frontier. The visuals are shown on these five pages. Usually, a picture is worth a thousand words, but when Hooper turned on his tape recorder, the results were astonishing. These people were into some strange trips. The transcripts of the interviews proved to be so bizarre that we decided to reprint selected portions. The experimental sex styles described



SWINGERS' SCRAPBOOK

TAG-TEAM ORGIES, ODD COUPLES, SISTER TWISTERS, FANTASY FREAKS AND OTHER EXPLORERS OF THE SEXUAL FRONTIER—IT'S SHOW-AND-TELL TIME, AS REAL SWINGERS BARE THEIR BODIES AND SOULS FOR OUR CAMERA AND TAPE RECORDER



Tom and Sheila are into double dating, as you can see above. (Tom's the one with the beard, Sheila is the one not wearing a bathing suit.) They've forsaken the formal orgy scene for quiet dates with other couples. "It's best if the other two people share your attitudes about swinging," says Tom. "If both couples are into gentle sex with a little bisexual action between the ladies, fine. If one couple is into whips and chains and the other isn't, forget it."



The pictures on these pages feature the famous sister twisters, Carrie and Diane, at work on their favorite unsuspecting victim, Paul. Carrie is the brunette, Diane the blonde and Paul the one with chest hair. The three live together in what Paul describes as the best of all possible worlds: "When one of them is tired, the other isn't." And when Paul is exhausted? Well, the two girls do not make love to each other—that would be incest. But they do give great massages, front and back. The rest of the time, they are content to double-team their roommate.

here may well be the foundation of a new civilization, if not a new life form. Hooper and Holmes found couples (and other combinations) who were true adventurers, people who had invented their own, new world of pleasure. This is their report.

TOM AND SHEILA: ODD COUPLES

Tom and Sheila have been swinging for seven years. They are not married. Their initial swinging experience was set up by Sheila and, to a certain extent, most of the situations that have followed have catered to her interest—in other women. The two avoid orgies and tend to settle on steady dating with another compatible couple.

SHEILA: Well, I discovered very early in life that I could love women. My best friend was a girl named Karen. As kids, we did everything together. We would hold Miss World and Miss U.S.A. contests in the nude. We would make trophies by putting a tennis ball on top of a Coke bottle and covering the thing with tin foil. Karen was always a woman of wisdom, a woman of the world. We would discuss sex: like the difference between boys' bikes and





Chuck and Barbra (shown above) are fantasy freaks. They will do anything, anywhere, any time, as the spirit moves them. And it usually does in one of Chuck's several cars. The two have made it on a city highway in the middle of a rainstorm and in a parking lot behind a local church. Chuck explains: "Every time you act out a fantasy, it makes you stronger, braver and better in bed."

Bob and Kathy like free-for-all orgies. A sample is shown at right. (That's Kathy looking at the camera. We'll give a prize to the reader who can find Bob in that picture.) According to Kathy: "We like to keep each other in sight at swing parties. If I can't see Bob, I wonder if he's having a better time than I am. But then I think, that's impossible. Nobody could have a better time."

girls' bikes, why boys' bikes had that funny little bar. Karen said, "Oh, boys have penises and they need something to rest them on." Karen and I used to play mock sexual games. We'd take the wire wickets from a croquet set and stake each other out in the back yard. We'd pretend we were prisoners of Indian warriors. It was very sexual. We'd massage each other—in lieu of sex. I would rather be with her than with my boyfriend. Finally, one day I had to say to her, "I want to make love to you." She said, "Oh, believe me, that's no problem." It was such a nice thing to say—we never made love, but it was like having an orgasm in the bag. The permission, the possibility made it very easy to accept that tendency in myself.

A few years later, I was having a thing with Ilse, this older woman down the street. It was after I met Tom. She asked me, "Do you swing?" And I said, "No, I gave that up when I was seven." Then it



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT SCOTT HOOPER



hit me. Oh, swing? Uh, yes. I went home and told Tom and a few weeks later, it happened.

TOM: Ilse and her husband were very good. I've noticed that people who have had initial experiences with swinging tend to repeat those bad experiences. But if you start off with a good experience, then you know how to have good experiences. It's best if other couples share your attitudes about swinging; if they are into weird trips, it won't work. That's the problem we found with orgies. There would always be the bedpost notchers—the guys and gals who weren't satisfied until they'd bedded down 15 or so people. And there were the creepy crawlers.

SHEILA: Yech. A creepy crawler is a single guy who sort of walks into the room, goes into a corner, takes off his clothes, crawls to the pile in the middle of the room and starts grabbing. Nothing can disrupt an organized party faster than a group of unattached outsiders. Or drugs. You don't need drugs if you're into sex.

TOM: Now we've settled into a routine where we try to satisfy all of our fantasies. People will tell you that if you act out a fantasy, it loses its impact or that you become bored. That's bullshit.

SHEILA: When you satisfy a fantasy—whether it's sexual or otherwise—it's like pounding out the crumpled fender of a car, from the inside. All the wrinkles disappear and you end up feeling and looking brand-new. It would take all of MGM studios and 20th Century-Fox to satisfy some of my fantasies. Some of them aren't even sexual. I have this dream of standing up in a church on top of a pew, throwing darts at the cross. God would be looking on. A voice would say, "Hey, you finally got it."

CARRIE, DIANE AND PAUL: THE MENAGE

The sisters came first, growing up in a suburb of Washington, D.C. They had dated many of the same people and had attended swing parties sponsored by a local club, but never together. "Finally," says Carrie, "it just happened. We began going to the same parties. We found ourselves in the same rooms at the same parties. We compared notes. Oh, you make noise when you come? Far out. We decided to become a team. We kept attending parties. We'd show up at ten o'clock. For dinner. That's when they serve the food and it's still hot. We were looking for an unsuspecting victim. I had this abiding fantasy, to find someone, take him home, seduce him. That was Paul. The unsuspecting victim."

DIANE: The unsuspecting victim. Carrie's very big on that. We must hear "unsuspecting victim" around here at least once a day.

CARRIE: Yeah. Well, we kind of swept Paul in. We invited him over for a little

chateaubriand and sex. Diane and I had talked about it. We had everything planned in advance. He walked into the living room and we told him to sit in the rocking chair. Have you ever made love in a rocking chair?

PAUL: Carrie doesn't know how to tell a story to save her life. It was amazing. I'd never been sexually involved with either of the girls and I was kind of worked up. They put me into this rocking chair. They sat me in this chair and said, "Don't be scared, we want to tie your hands up." I said that I wasn't into bondage. I refuse to be dominated by a woman, you know. But they said, "Trust us." So I let them tie me to the chair. They began walking around, kissing me here, touching me there. They really knew how to pressure the bulge. Diane began to give me head, while Carrie stepped back and did a little striptease. Now, if you're at all normal, you're going to get a little worked up in a situation like that. Believe me, I was getting worked up. After they got me excited, they took my clothes off.

CARRIE: He's a toe man. Diane started kissing his forehead, then draped her leg over his shoulder. I started kissing his toes and worked my way up his calves to his crotch. Just enough to tease him. I didn't want to blow it.

DIANE: We were kind of new to this bondage thing. We figured that when we saw the tears coming out of Paul's eyes, it would be time to untie him. He didn't cry, but he was as excited as it is possible for one man to get. We went into the bedroom and finished him off.

PAUL: I moved in shortly after that. It's just the three of us. We don't swing at parties as much as we used to. We don't have to. These girls are seriously into sex. They are always taking me by surprise, with little episodes they've planned. I'm the unsuspecting victim, all right. One night, we made love in a room filled with flowers. Diane was giving me head—that's the way it usually goes, by the way. Diane excites me while Carrie goes off and does something crazy. I was sitting in a chair and Carrie was watching us from across the room.

CARRIE: Every now and then, he would close his eyes, to savor what Diane was doing to him. Whenever he would close his eyes, I would change positions. It was like red light, green light. He would open his eyes and one piece of clothing was gone. Then I was naked. Then I was touching myself. Then I was off the couch. Halfway across the room. Right next to him. My legs over his shoulders. Bang. You want to know what keeps us together? My imagination. I run the show around here.

DIANE: A lot of what keeps us together is our sense of humor. A lot of times we just lie in bed laughing.

CARRIE: Yeah. We watch Johnny Carson every night. Johnny Carson is our foreplay. No Johnny, no nookie.

PAUL: I agree with Carrie. What keeps us together is imagination. These are the sister twisters. They get ideas. Some of the things they suggest are kind of strange. But once I was gone on a four-month trip to China—I'm a merchant seaman. When I came back, they dressed up like geisha girls and gave me a bath and a hot-oil massage. Things they thought I had gotten used to in the Orient. But they're always looking for new tricks. Like glycerin: You spread glycerin over someone's body, it gets warm and tingly. Every time they kiss me, I can feel the heat. Or Mentholatum. A nice cool feeling. You can wake a person up with whipped cream. I've been the main course for breakfast a couple of times. They put me on the kitchen table and eat the whole thing.

CARRIE: Don't get the idea that we wait on him hand and foot sexually. We live like everybody else, except that there are three of us. He has bad habits that drive me crazy. Like, he'll leave gum in the ashtray. Diane and I still fight over the nail polish. And every night it's a hassle to find out who sleeps on the wet spot. And with three people, there's always a wet spot.

CHUCK AND BARBRA: THE FANTASY FREAKS

Chuck and Barbra met on a ski trip in Vermont. He was 20, she was 17. It was sex at first sight. They spent four hours making love in the bathtub of the house in which Barbra lived. Her roommates did not take kindly to the commotion and asked her to move. She moved—into Chuck's place in Queens.

BARBRA: I was a wild child. When I was 12, I used to go over to this guy's house to give him blow jobs—just so I could learn to do oral sex the right way. He wouldn't go down on me, 'cause he didn't want to break in a virgin.

CHUCK: He was afraid of getting involved.

BARBRA: A few years ago, we ran into the guy in a pillow store. Chuck went right up to him and said, "I'd like to shake your hand and thank you for the hours you spent with Barbra." The guy recognized me, but he had no idea who Chuck was. It was a gas.

CHUCK: When I was 13, every penny I had I spent on pornography. How-to-do-it books. When I was 14, I was a life-guard at this beach. Two teachers found me and instructed me. They would say do this, do that. After a year, they turned me out, but I was already a legend among 40- and 50-year-old ladies. They would meet me at the pool or something and say, "Oh, you're Chuck." Now Barbra and I are into a very heavy fantasy trip, spontaneous combustion.

(concluded on page 250)



Kenton B. Wilson

*"To ease your conscience as a firing squad,
one of the arrows will be a blank."*

THE HENRY MILLER DAWN PATROL

fiction by Hugo Award winner

**PHILIP
JOSE FARMER**

*under the sheet the
lone eagle swooped—
her widespread legs
guiding him like
landing-strip lights*

MRS. STOSS, head night nurse of the Columbia Nursing Manor, looked into the room. Henry Miller added fake snores to the genuine ones of his three roommates. From under a half-closed lid, he could see the face of The Black Eagle behind and to one side of her jowly head. Over her broad shoulder rose a dark hand with curved thumb and forefinger meeting.

Signal: The Bloody Baroness won't be flying much tonight.

After Stoss and the attendant had left, Henry thought about what The Black Eagle had said before bedtime.

"Listen, Ace, Stoss is out to get your ass in a sling. I don't know what's bugging that fat momma, but she's sure burned about you getting all that dried-up pussy. She don't want nobody happy nohow. She's always bitching about this and that. *This* is you. *That* is the three husbands died on her.

"Whatever she wanted from her men, she didn't get it. Maybe she don't know what it was herself. 'Course, she never mentions fucking. She wouldn't say shit if she had a mouthful. Whatever, Ace,

174 I'm on your (continued on page 238)





PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

MISSIVES AND MISSILES FOR THE JOLLY SEASON

TO OUR NATION'S POLLUTERS



You've drecked our halls
And stomach walls
With gifts of your pollutants.
(Sing carols, please,
To P.C.B.s
And ho-ho-ho
For mutants.)
Your nitrate's in our Christmas feast,
Your ickies clog our nog
And Rudolph has a lung disease
From stuff that's in the smog.
For you, who add and spray and dump
To bring us better living,
We hope that in the coming year
You get what you are giving.

PAPER SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADEGHIAN



Buck Brann

TO A FLASHER

We know you're going to love our gift,
It's just the thing you lack —
We had a special raincoat made
That buttons down the back.
It's bound to help you cure your urge,
Unless, of course, you'd sooner
Take up another line of work
And learn to be a mooner.



TO AN IMMINENT TRANSSEXUAL

Before you have your surgery,
This sentiment we tender:
We'd fight till death to back your right
To choose your favorite gender.
We'll send you stuff to read, postop.
The only problem is,
Are you still fond of Field and Stream,
Or have you switched to Ms.?



TO A JOGGER

You're quite the guy, from all reports,
The fastest thing in running shorts.
And all the women praise your style
At burning up the track per mile.
The sack race, though, is not so fine
(You never cross the finish line).

TO A SEXUAL MEMOIRIST



The critics gave you bad reviews,
They called you worse than hack.
In fact, they got quite vicious
As they went on the attack.
Cheer up, you are an artist, dear
(Forget that carping claque).
Cause, just like Michelangelo,
You work best on your back.



SCORPIO RISING

december's ashley cox is determined
to make it big in the movies. and
what ashley wants, ashley usually gets





"I'm a very sexual person. I'm a Scorpio, which is the most sensuous sign of the zodiac. When I tell guys that, they usually go, 'Wow, you're my kind of lady, you're the best sex partner a person could find.' And they're right, I am, but only with the right person."



"I believe very much in karma, the idea that everything you do comes back to you in some way. If you rip somebody off, sooner or later you'll get ripped off. If you're nice to somebody, somebody will be nice to you."



I WAS IN a scene at the very end of *Logan's Run*, you know, that sci-fi movie about a future domed city where all the inhabitants are under 30. Well, the dome was destroyed and the people started coming out. I was the first one to come out and go down the stairs to where Peter Ustinov was standing. I had to touch his face, the wrinkles, as though I'd never seen an old person before. It was a small part, but I got fan mail, can you believe it? People actually wanted to know, 'Who was that girl?' " That girl was Ashley Cox and we aren't the least bit surprised that she got fan mail. Ashley is not easy to ignore. She was barely out of high school at the time and that was her first experience before the cameras. It was just the beginning for the Texas native who was once so skinny she was dubbed *The Grasshopper* by shortsighted friends. "Then, almost overnight, I went from a skinny kid to this. I don't know what happened—I just filled out." Ashley isn't always given to such understatement, but she does have a tendency to view nature's gifts matter-of-factly. Not that she



"I really get into men who want to make me as happy in bed as I want to make them. I like it to be a completely equal and satisfying thing for both of us. So I don't like to rush it. I like a lot of kissing and caressing beforehand until we're both too turned on to stop."



is unappreciative; it's that when a magician produces a rabbit, she doesn't go looking for hidden compartments in the hat.

That attitude comes from some lessons in life Ashley learned early on: "We weren't really poor, but there were four kids and my father died when I was ten. So it was up to my mother to raise all of us alone. She did a fantastic job, but I knew if I wanted anything special, I'd have to go out and get it myself."

The first thing Ashley wanted was a new car. Eight months of work behind the counter of a drugstore went into just the down payment; but she got the car. Next she wanted to be a model. Not an easy profession in any town. But to make it in Dallas, you've really got to work. Ashley did and she made it. And when she got the break in *Logan's Run*, she decided to add acting to her goals. True to her usual form, Ashley went at it with a vengeance. "After I do a scene, I always think of ten ways I could have done it better or differently." Such persistence is paying off for Ashley. She managed to land a major part in the movie *Drive-In* and the reviews were good enough to open other doors for her. In the meantime, while working in a fashion show in Dallas, she was discovered by Playmate and cover girl Karen Christy. Karen suggested she try out for Playmate and even took the initial pictures, which she sent to PLAYBOY's editors. We were as impressed as Karen and here she is. "Now I think







"I love to dance, to move to the music. I can't sing or anything, so dancing is the way I appreciate music. I can go all night. I mean, I just get funky out!"



I have it together," says Ashley. "I know there are things I have to do to improve myself—like trying to erase some of my heavy Texas accent—but I'm willing to work at it, because I really enjoy what I'm doing." And if she does make it big, what then? "Well, that would mean I could help some of the people who have helped me. I could help my mother support our family." Giving is one of Ashley's greatest joys. She says, "I was walking on the beach the other day with my boyfriend, Ben, who plays in a rock group called Tobacco Road, and we saw a little boy who was collecting aluminum cans. You know, you get about ten cents a ton for them! So I called him over and asked him if he was thirsty. He nodded his head and I gave him a five-dollar bill and said, 'Go get something to drink.' Well, his eyes lighted up and he grinned from ear to ear. Now, I could have used that five for something else, but I don't think I would have gotten nearly the pleasure out of it that that little boy did." We may be prejudiced, but we think that little boy got a lot more than five dollars out of it. He got to meet Ashley Cox, which is something that, in a very few years, he'll be bragging about to his friends.



Ashley Cole

DO NOT
DISTURB

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

2

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Ashley Cox

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 120 SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 11/15/56 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas, Texas

GOALS: I'd like to be successful enough in my career to be
able to help the people around me.

TURN-ONS: Sexy, soft music, candlelight, rain and thunder,
men with well-built, tanned bodies.

TURN-OFFS: People who take their parents for granted. Losing
my father at age ten taught me how important they can be.

FAVORITE ACTRESSES: June Allyson, Rosalind Russell, Marlene
Dietrich, Lauren Bacall.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Stevie Wonder, Jose Feliciano, Earth, Wind &
Fire, Tobacco Road.

HAPPIEST DAY: I got my first major movie role, in "Drive-In."

BIGGEST JOY: I like to give people things they really want
and then watch their eyes light up.

SECRET DREAM: To make love outdoors in the moonlight. The
opportunity has just never come up.



*Age 7. That's a
grin if I ever saw
one.*

*Age 11. Oops, they
cut it too short.*



*Age 17. Trying to
look serious for
graduation.*

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was after she and her husband had begun foreplay one Saturday afternoon that the woman discovered she was out of vaginal jelly, so, throwing caution to the winds, she yelled through the bedroom door to her small son to run down to the supermarket to buy some. The boy was back in record time and knocked on the door. "Just leave it outside, Tommy," responded his mother.

"But I didn't get it, Mom," piped back Tommy. "All I could find on the shelves was cherry preserves, and I figured it was a little late for that."



Most people don't know that a succession of practical-minded ancient Egyptian rulers studied one particular aspect of plumbing. They were referred to at Cairo Polytech as Pharaoh faucet majors.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Alaskan hooker* as a prostitute.

It was at a cocktail party that a horny type was getting nowhere with a stunning blonde. Finally, he consulted the host—a buddy—about the situation and the latter said, "Look, Harvey, let me mix her one of my special concentrated triple old fashioned. It'll get her so stiff that she'll go to bed with you—just like your wife."

"Hell, no, Carl!" reacted the horny one. "I don't want her *that* stiff!"

A writer on incest surmises
His book won't be mentioned for prizes;
But he thinks it will sell,
And will do rather well,
With the title "*The Son Also Rises*."

Yes, I agree with you that my girl is a humdinger," said the 17-year-old to the garrulous, aging town character, "but what I'd also like her to be"—he went on wistfully—"is a ding-hummer."

So moving and authoritative is the performance of the sex-goddess star of a new hard-core film, we've been told, that at the end of its premiere there wasn't a dry fly in the house.

What is the difference," the society matron asked a keeper during a visit to the municipal zoo, "between the North American porcupine and the African porcupine?"

"The principal difference between them, lady," the attendant replied, "is that the North American species has a longer prick."

The matron fled in distress and anger to the zoo's administrative building, where the chief curator attempted to mollify her. "I apologize for my staff, Mrs. Leffingwell," he said. "It was an unfortunate choice of terms. What that keeper should have said is that the North American porcupine has a longer *quill*. . . . Actually, you know, their pricks are just about the same size."

Last summer, it was easy to spot the *nouveaux riches*. They were the ones who were watering their lawns with coffee.

As the strings played a soft obbligato,
The soprano's trilled notes were staccato
As she crouched on the face
Of the powerful bass
And enjoyed his tremendous vibrato.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *silicone injections* as two-point conversions.

A bunch of the boys were yakking it up in the fraternity-house living room when an angry voice from the floor above cut into the din. "Hey, you creeps, can that foul language!" yelled the angered brother. "I'm screwing a nice girl up here!"



Her mother had found the teenager crying and asked what the matter was. "Gee, Mom," answered the girl tearily, "we were told today in sex education that a baby comes out of the same hole that a boy's seed goes into in a girl."

"That's right, Pam," said the woman, "but I don't see that it's anything to cry about."

"But, Mom," sobbed the girl, "I'm afraid that Eddie's baby may kick out some of my teeth when it's born!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Well, the holiday season's upon us!"

A SPIRITED FINALE...

GREAT HOSTS and great entertainers, such as Shields and Yarnell, have one trait in common—they like to close the show with a dynamite finish. For the host, that means a dazzling dessert, something with flair and finesse; in short, a *spirited finale*. And it needn't be anything more (continued on page 332)

Should a gentleman offer a Rum Raisin Ricotta to a lady?

Or a cognac-laced Linzer Torte?

...makes a delicious pate du jour.



in which those lucky stiff,
shields and yarnell,
really get their juiced desserts

A
kirsch-
spiked
Eugenie...

And a Brandied Fruit
Fantasy will leave
you tipsy-turvy.

THE HUMMINEST LITTLE FOOTBALL MOVIE IN TOWN



I guess by now there can't be too many people anywhere who haven't heard about Billy Clyde Puckett, the humminest sumbitch that ever carried a football. Maybe you could find some Communist Chinks someplace who don't know about me, but surely everybody in America does if they happen to keep up with pro football, which is what I think everybody in America does. That, and jack around with somebody else's wife or husband.

—“Semi-Tough,” BY DAN JENKINS

IT'S SEMI-HUMID and about half hot in the Orange Bowl this Saturday night; not for nothing did an airline pilot once characterize Miami for me as “the green hell.” Football players and fairly reasonable facsimiles thereof are scattered around the artificial turf. Actually, it isn't hard to tell the real ballplayers from the bartenders and beach boys and rhinestone cowboys



article **By MARK GOODMAN**

*turning kris kristofferson
and burt reynolds into genuine
gridiron monsters for the making of
"semi-tough" proves to be semi-difficult*

of the leisurewear commercials—the ball-players know how to perch on their helmets. It's going to be a brutal night. This is the last week of filming of *Semi-Tough* and director Michael Ritchie has to shoot scenes from three different games.

In Jenkins' randy gridiron romp over about 100 yards of pro-football myths, Billy Clyde and his whimsical, pass-catchin' sumbitch of a side-kick, Shake Tiller, played for the New York Giants. Their mutual love, Barbara Jane Bookman (rated number two on their scale, "'cause there ain't never been a one"), is a Manhattan model. In the film version, the boys play for Miami and Barbara Jane is the owner's daughter—for the simple reason that owner Joseph Robbie of the Dolphins was the only National Football League owner who would cooperate with producer David Merrick's \$5,500,000 venture. "I think the problem," says Merrick,

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

conspicuously dapper on the side line, "was that the owners were afraid of being made to look foolish." Not that Merrick intends to make them look foolish. He may look like he just stepped into the Orange Bowl from a John P. Marquand novel, but he is a fierce fan and close friend of several owners and he wants to buy the New York Jets. Still, N.F.L. owners, like medieval bishops, will not tolerate the slightest irreverence, even from the most sympathetic sectarian prince.

This is one of the reasons that the scene on the field does not look quite right—the uniforms are slightly off. Also, there are only a couple of thousand people in the stands, mostly Biscayne Bay bombers aching for a glimpse of *Semi-Tough's* half-strong stars, Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson. (Barbara Jane, played by Jill Clayburgh, doesn't appear in game sequences.)

Yet there is something more important, more profound, that is amiss. The side lines are a twisted coil of camera cable and Ritchie gives orders calmly to his lieutenants as he sets up his cameras for the main shot of the evening. There is no need for klieg lights, of course; the stadium lights will do. But as Ritchie's cameramen begin lining up their angles and the assistant director and the resident football expert, former player and coach Tom Fears, counsel the extras, I begin to focus on the nagging anomaly: the cameras. There are just a couple of puny little cameras the technicians are, it seems to me, rather leisurely tooling into readiness. *That* is what's wrong; not, God knows, that there are cameras present at a pro-football spectacular, but that there are so few of them. We are missing in the Orange Bowl this March evening the dozen or more cameras strategically situated around the field like machine-gun emplacements—not to mention the outposts of microphones manned by blazered bromides named Bud and Jack and Chris. No instant replays, no slow-motion recaps, no split screens, no isolations, no quick pan to the pacing coach, no long, loving caress of the girl with the knockers in section EE—this is merely a *movie*. Not just any movie, mind you: *Semi-Tough*, backed by Merrick of Broadway and United Artists of Hollywood, is the biggest, splashiest, most ambitious sports movie ever made. Yet, compared with the squadrons of men and matériel deployed in the N.F.L. theater every autumn Sunday by network commanders, Ritchie and his ragtag band of irregulars look like a local crew filming a high school game.

Ritchie is standing out in sauna field with a loud-speaker, trying to convince all those bare-limbed, sweetly perspiring young things that they are in Denver and Green Bay. "OK," his voice booms, "get

those parkas and overcoats on, it's cold out here." Squeals, giggles, rustling and shuffling of winter gear from the stands; hell, yes, they'll put them on. For Burt and Kris, they'd don mukluks and Russian-army greatcoats and swim the length of every salt-water pool on Collins Avenue.

Suddenly, out he trots from the locker room, wearing his permanent wry, self-deprecatory smile and his old faithful number 22, same number he wore as a halfback at West Palm Beach High and Florida State, the gator gaucho himself, Burt baby, waving, smiling as the shrieks go up. "Oh, God! Look, Marcie, God, lookit! It's Burt, isn't he gorgeous? Isn't he goddamn gorgeous?!!" Reynolds, in his Miami uniform, slows down, saunters out to mid-field with a familiar rolling swagger, and you are reminded that he is the rebellious son of a Florida lawyer, that he did play a couple of very real games in this here Orange Bowl and that he is viewed, for better or worse, as the embodiment of the American male principle.

The cries and moans of the possessed die down momentarily, then flame again as number 81, slight of build, salt-and-pepper beard, emerges, surrounded by a small cordon of Miami cops. The girls leap to the railing and press over it frantically, their young breasts bobbing in a row like plump pears on a wind-rippled stand of trees, straining to spot the brooding, tightly strung muleskin balladeer who also played himself some college ball (four years at Pomona in California) and who can quote Yeats and Blake as surely as he can sing Hank Williams. "Kris! Kris! Look up here, Kris, please look up! Please!" *Pop! Pop!* go the flashbulbs. "Oh, Jesus, Kris, come on over here, lemme kiss you, Kris! *Pleeease!!!!*"

It is Kris who really rings their dear young chimes, and the reason, of course, is that he can sing; Burt, as he has persuasively demonstrated, cannot.

The jockstrap extras swap thumbshakes and fanny slaps with Burt and Kris, perform the obligatory tribal rituals, as if a real game were about to get under way. Ritchie leaves them for a moment to explain to the crowd, "We're going to run a series of plays and the only difference between this and an actual game is that we'll take longer between downs. But the defense, in this case Denver, will not know what the plays are and the hitting will be real."

Ritchie talks over the shot with his stars but is interrupted by an agitated Darryl Levine, the assistant wardrobe chief. A problem has arisen. The next shot will be an option pass, Puckett to Tiller, for a touchdown. The most engaging figures in this scene, as they are in what passes for real life, are the cheerleaders. Earlier in the day, Ritchie had begun shooting,

courtesy of the Miami management, the very, very lovely, very, very young team cheerleaders, the Dolphin Dolls. Trouble is, in the original shot done two months previously, Ritchie had used the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders, who, in their jerry-built halters, look as dewy and virginal as the chorus line at Caesars Palace. Levine wails, "Christ, the Dolphin Dolls are nothin' but *jailbait*. If we even look at them, we get arrested. Anyway," he says, all business now, "we'd have trouble with release forms on them. Not that it makes any difference—we've got to match up these cheerleaders with the older girls we shot in Dallas." Happily for Darryl, the stands are spilling over with all-Dade County debutantes with—as Billy Clyde might say—bodies like your basic bagful of bobcats and eyes of hardest agate. While the camera crews and electricians sprawl on the turf and begin one of those endless, unfathomable colloquies about scale, overtime, etc., Darryl gets down to serious work. "Hey, Jordan, that one up there, blue on red, yeah, blue boobs on red bottom there, get her..."

Another assistant adds, "Pay no attention to them if they're wearing engagement rings." Sly wink. "Won't do us any good for our vacation day tomorrow."

The police pitch in; cops can be pigs, too. "Hey, honey, what say you come on down here?" The selection is soon completed, with some sense of discernment; the *ad hoc* committee passes up a Dyan Cannon double in a scoop-neck sweater and Dutch Boy cap who has been brandishing a sign at the players bearing the frank legend: I'VE GOT WHAT U WANT.

While Darryl instructs his makeshift squad (no surprise that most of them are ex-cheerleaders) and Fears exercises his congeries of castoffs, Ritchie interrupts his war conference at the side-line camera to talk about his movie. "I probably set out to make *Semi-Tough* for the opposite reasons that David Merrick and United Artists bought the book," he says. "They wanted to make *M*A*S*H* on the football field; I wanted to make the time-honored romantic comedy. Billy Clyde and Shake play in the Super Bowl still, but it's not that important anymore. Walter Bernstein [the screenwriter] and I just took the last chapter of Dan's book, where Billy and Shake and Barbara Jane define their relationship, and we use that as a springboard for a script. Every Howard Hawks movie had that same theme, only the other guy—usually Ralph Belamy or Macdonald Carey—turned out to be a wrongo. I sort of brought in the Cyrano problem: How do you *schstup* your best friend?"

And how do you keep from getting your \$5,500,000 jock knocked off at the box office? Sports movies (and *Semi-Tough* will be identified by the public as

(continued on page 202)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

*exceptional goodies
that make giving
and getting
a yule delight*



Above: Rolleiflex' model SLX SLR camera features an electric motor, plus automatic exposure control, distributed by EPOI, \$2650 with lens.

Top: The Transar/ald loud-speaker system consists of five stacked diaphragms all driven by a voice coil, by ESS, about \$3000 a pair.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE



Above: A limited-edition ultraflat 18-jewel men's watch the dial of which is a 24-kt.-gold ingot minted by the Union Bank of Switzerland, by Corum, \$2950.

Below: Silver-finish ice bucket doubles as a wine cooler, from Gucci, \$90.
Bottom: Sterling-silver felt-tip pen, designed by Elsa Peretti of Tiffany, \$22.



Above: Super Cup 460 skis, designed for racers, hot-doggers and experts, feature extra fiberglass layers and no hinge points, by Fritzmeier, \$195.



Below: Handic's model TT40 direct-drive turntable, \$229, and model 7070 receiver with less than .08 percent distortion throughout system, \$509.



Below: Woodsy-scented Andromeda cologne is manufactured in a limited edition, comes in a hand-numbered bottle, 6 1/2 ozs., from Accents & Images, \$30.

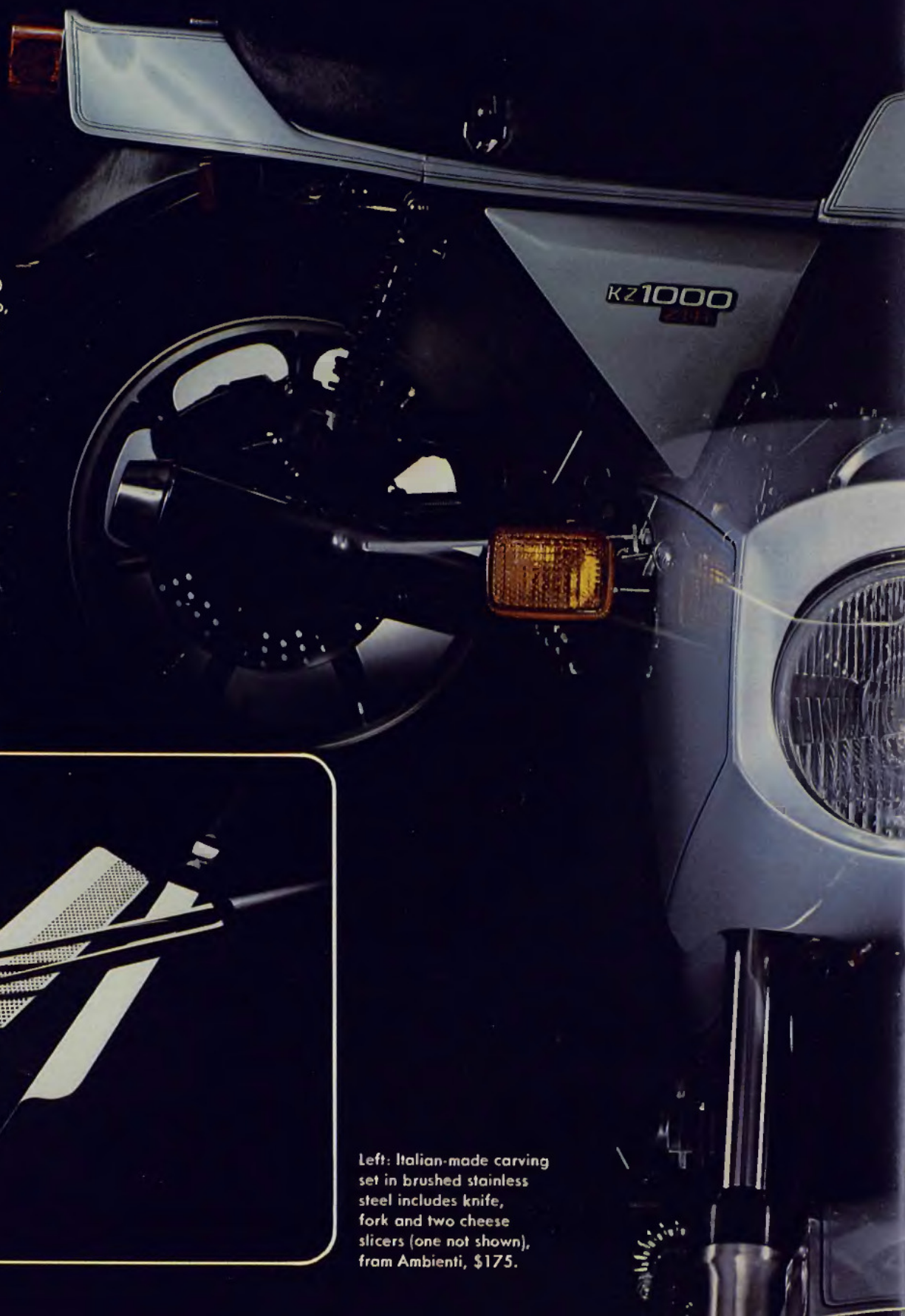


Left: Minolta's XL-660 super-B sound camera features an LED that serves as a sound monitor, \$420; zoom microphone with case, \$79.



PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Right: Kawasaki's 1000 Model ZI-R packs 90 hp, features dual front disk brakes and single-disk rear, plus a reserve lighting system, \$3695.

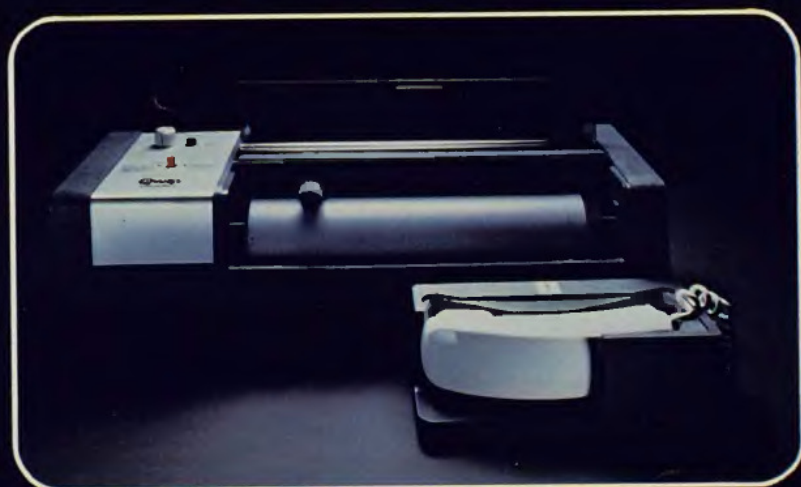


Left: Italian-made carving set in brushed stainless steel includes knife, fork and two cheese slicers (one not shown), from Ambienti, \$175.



Above: Italian-made canvas-and-leather desk memo portfolio, from Paul Stuart, \$65. Top: Lucite bottle carrier with glasses, from Kaleidoscope, \$55.

Right: QWIP's 1200 series model sends words and pictures over the phone to another machine in four minutes, \$1200 per model or \$45 monthly rental.



FOOTBALL MOVIE

(continued from page 196)

"Flesh is fondled, boobs bob and jiggle as the cheerleaders soar into the sky. Score!"

a sports movie, no matter how its makers characterize it) have notoriously poor track records. But Ritchie, Harvard educated and at 38 a hot young director who professedly knows nothing about sports, did a nice job of capturing snowflakes on canvas in his first jock outing, *Downhill Racer*, and hit at least a ringing double with *The Bad News Bears*. So if anyone can properly distill all the liquor and sweat and sperm and blood and Gatorade that fuel and lubricate pro football, I guess Michael Ritchie can. We'll see. Observes author Jenkins: "I predict that *Semi-Tough* will be a better football movie than *Navy Blue and Gold*."

Ballplayers and cheerleaders are nearly ready and Ritchie must return to his cameras. Before he leaves, he says, "One more thing. This is the last sports movie I'll ever direct. Know why? The uniforms. I'm dead-serious. You don't know the hours we've spent matching up numbers, helmets, every last grass stain and patch of dirt, getting all the scenes to mesh. Brutal."

"So I'm doing a circus movie next. It's got action, all right, but at least the performers don't have numbers on their backs."

Ritchie leaves and I introduce myself to Mike Ballou and his wife, Maxine. He's a former N.F.L. journeyman, she's a TWA stewardess, and both have small parts in the movie. Mike is in uniform, Maxine wears a T-shirt with MANY THANKS, BURT REYNOLDS inscribed around a heart. "We've had a lot of fun with this," Mike is saying. "When we were shooting down in San Diego, we watered the field and got it good and muddied up. We saw Burt up in the stands talking to Chris Evert—she used to come out to see him. We thought it'd be nice and romantic if we grabbed him and dragged him through the mud, so we did. Then there's this bar scene where I'm the stand-in and I eat this glass. One of the other players says, 'What the fuck you doin', eatin' another glass?' I say back to him, 'What the fuck you mean, "another"? This is my first of the night. . . .'"

"Offense on the field!" cries a spindly assistant in tie-dyed T-shirt and cutaway jeans. Mike trots out and Maxine takes over. What does Maxine do? Anything she wants, I think, but I don't say it, Mike is one big sumbitch. "Ritchie needed a stew for the flight after the Super Bowl, and I was around, so why not use the real thing?" She laughs, big white teeth,

blonde hair swishing, bosom tugging at Reynolds' heart.

"I was in the locker room yesterday, pulling my T-shirt off, when Burt walked in. What could I do? He just laughed and said, 'Well, I finally caught you without your husband.' Anyway, I do the airplane scene, and then a party scene at this ranch, where one of the players is holding a girl over a balcony three stories up, and the guys below are saying gross things like, 'If you drop her, drop her on my face.'"

"The only real problem they've had," she continues, "was when they started shooting and the guys just weren't hitting. A few of the name players didn't want to get hurt, things like that. Ritchie saw the rushes and decided they didn't look real enough. He gave Fears some shit about it. Fears said, 'OK, I'll take care of that.' So he started giving out lines of dialog on the field to the guys who hit the hardest. Boy, did Mike come draggin'-ass home! He wasn't worth a damn that night, but he was one of eleven guys who got lines."

Now Ritchie is ready to shoot. Burt is to take the hand-off from the quarterback as if he's going to sweep around end; then he will pull up and fire a pass to Kristofferson in the corner of the end zone. "This is a take!" Ritchie calls, and the cameras roll with Burt, who lofts a nice spiral into the end zone—whoops, Kris muffs it.

Ballou trots off the field and confides, "Kris is nervous out there. The crowds are starting to get to him."

Kris is also pissed at the wardrobe man because his uniform isn't right, and it is affecting his play. He drops a couple of balls, spits out "Damn!" pounds his fist. Some of the players try to loosen him up.

"Number eighty-one!" one yells. "Fifteen yards for overacting!"

Another, a tough pro linebacker named Steve Kiner, cries, "Hey, Kris, let us know when it's you and not your double. No reason for you to die!"

Kris shouts back, "Not to worry. I've got arrows pointing to me, saying, 'This way to Kris Kristofferson.'"

Fears and his assistant, Frank O'Neill, a professional trainer, pace the side lines behind Ritchie. After all, this is their big game, too. Fears is the real article, all right, a former All-Pro end with the Rams and, more recently, a coach in the now-defunct World Football League. But with a three-day gray stubble and a tiny hat perched on his head, he looks disturbingly like Walter Brennan as Eddie in *To Have*

and Have Not. He comments nervously as Ritchie talks to Kristofferson, "Our stars are both good athletes—Burt, particularly. He was a damn fine halfback at Florida State. He doesn't want to do a tough shot several times, but he'll take a good lick once."

O'Neill adds, "Kris is good, but he hasn't worked at catching a ball in a while. Remember, he's a musician . . . he tries to stab at the ball, as if it were a violin, instead of letting it come to him. That's how he tore a tendon in his third finger earlier, but he got right back out there. Trouble is, when he misses a ball, he comes back to the huddle mad at himself. Maybe he tries too hard."

Kristofferson jogs back to the huddle. Everyone is tired and edgy now; even the stands have thinned a bit. The tension is as heavy as the Miami humidity, like the tension in a real game when it's getting late and some points are badly needed on the board. "OK, let's get it rolling!" Ritchie cries. He leaves the director's seat on the camera to move down the side line toward the end zone. "Right here!" He points out the spot to Kris. "Look for the ball here!"

As the cameras whirl, the Miami cheerleaders chant it up, "Here we go, *Miami*, all the way!!"

Ritchie gets caught up himself, hollering, "All right, gang, all the way!!"

Burt takes the hand-off, fakes wide, stops, plants, fires a sharp spiral toward the corner. It looks wide, but Kris, driving into the end zone, dives for the ball, pulls it in, bounces hard on the turf—"He's got it!" Teammates and cheerleaders pour into the end zone, some of the players swarm over Kris, some of them swarm over the cheerleaders. *Flesh is fondled, boobs bob and jiggle as the girls soar into the sky. Score!*

One butt-whipped lineman stumbles off-camera and falls on his back, puffing and laughing. "For Chrissake, will someone say, 'Print it!'" he gasps.

Afterward, there is a dinner break, training-camp style: Line up with your trays outside the locker room. There are many humorous comments about its being feeding time at the zoo, but, indeed, the slight, bemused figure of Merrick is almost trampled in the stampede. Once the initial terror is past, Merrick shrugs it off; he doesn't mind anonymity. He is that rare figure, the shy impresario. There's a good reason for that. He is *David Merrick*, producer of *Hello, Dolly!*, *Fanny*, *Gypsy*, *The World of Suzie Wong*, *Irma la Douce*, *Promises, Promises* and *Oliver!*, among others, for Broadway; and *The Great Gatsby* for Hollywood. Do you realize what he can do for someone's career over supper at Sardi's, with a word at the Polo Lounge? So they pursue him

(continued on page 258)

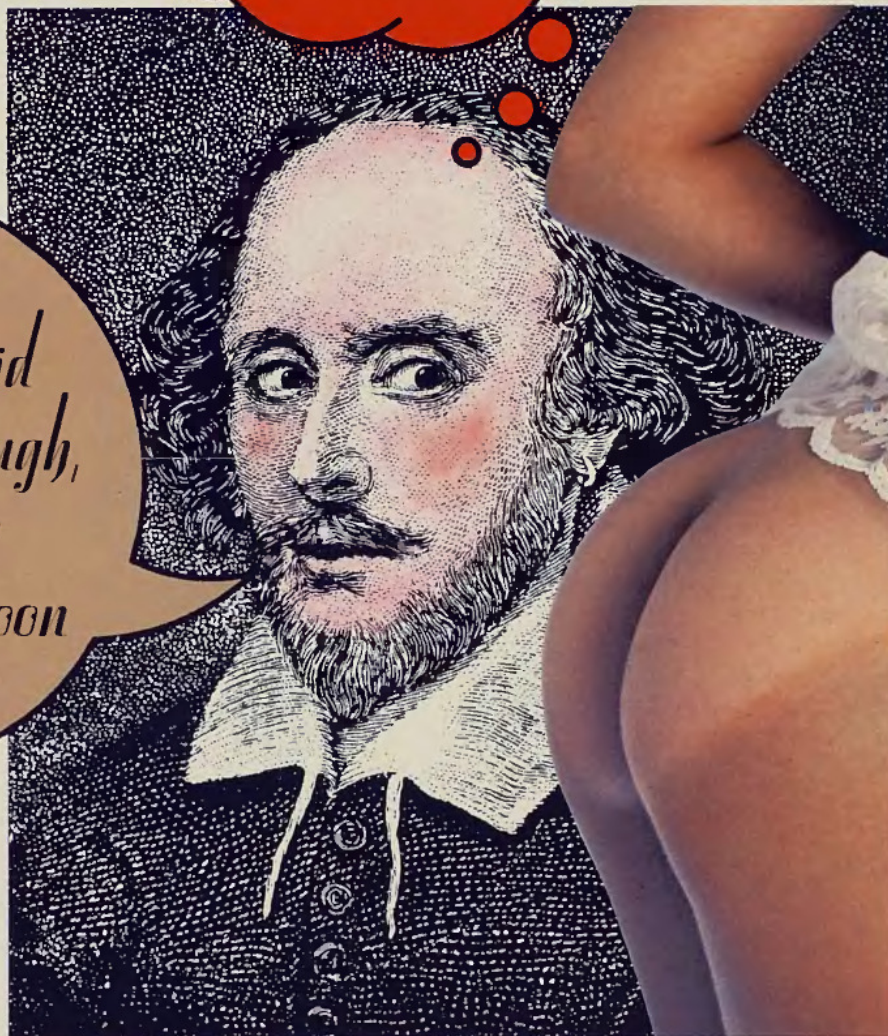
SEX FROM THE SAGES

Boy,
would I like to
ring her chimes!

*The chariest maid
is prodigal enough,
if she unmask her
beauty to the moon*

**down
through
the ages, the
famous
have talked
and written
about it—
here are
some samples
from
quotable
notables**

**compiled by
EDWARD F. MURPHY**



THE SUBSTANCE OF OUR LIVES is woman. All other things are irrelevancies, hypocrisies, subterfuges. We sit talking of sport and politics, and all the while our hearts are filled with memories of women and the capture of women.

—GEORGE MOORE

Sex and sexuality never made anyone ill and never made anyone feel guilty. It is the hate and destructiveness concealed in them which produce strange aberrations and bitter regret.

—DR. KARL MENNINGER

I don't know what I am, dahling. I've tried several varieties of sex. The conventional position makes me claustrophobic. And the others give me either a stiff neck or lockjaw.

—TALLULAH BANKHEAD

No more about sex, it's too boring. Everyone's got one. Nastiness is a real stimulant, though—but poor honest sex, like dying, should be a private matter.

—LAWRENCE DURRELL

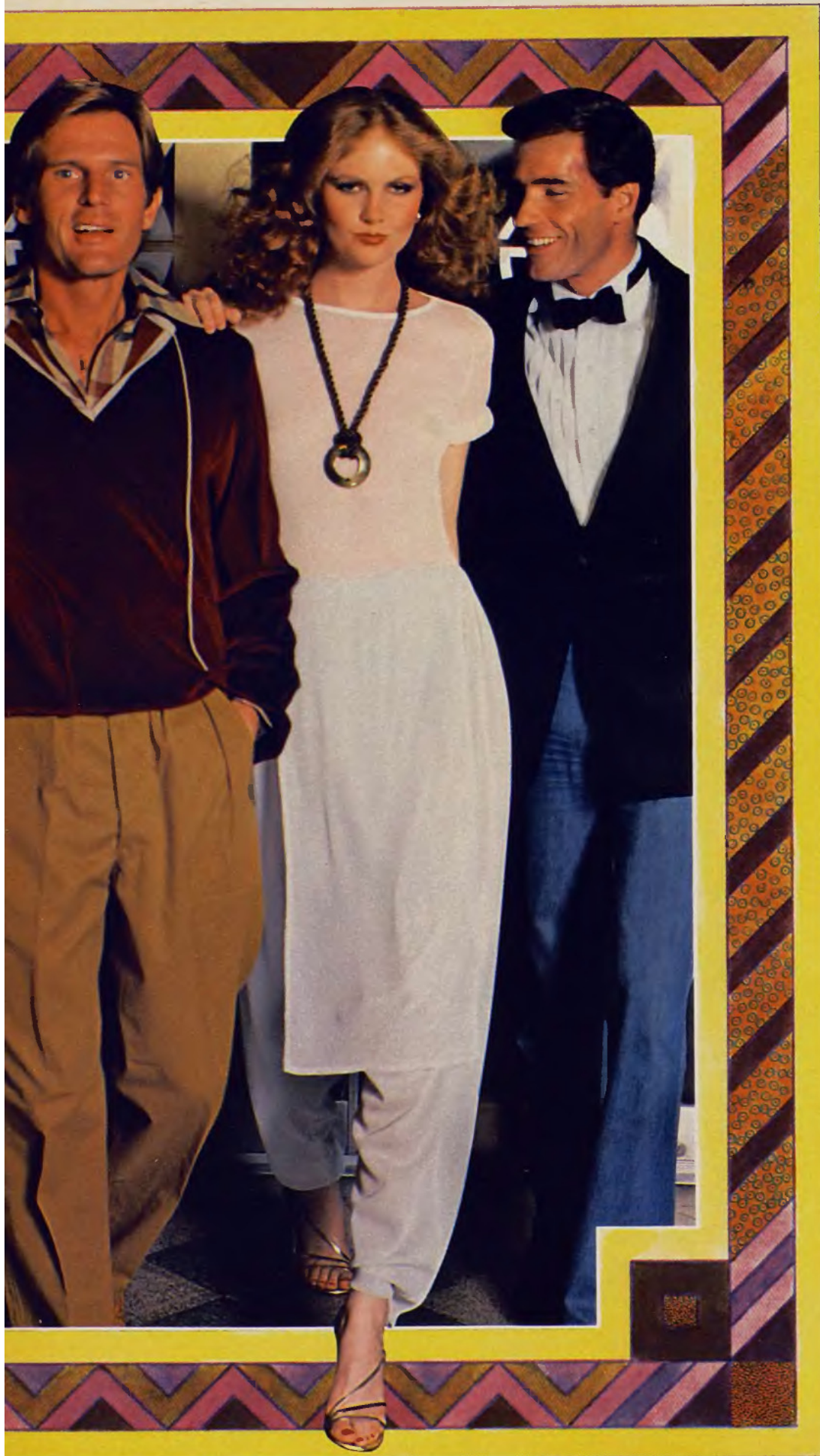
Someday, perhaps, a new moral reformer, a great apostle of purity, will appear among us, having his scourge in his hand, and enter our theaters and music halls to purge them. It is not nakedness he will chase out; it will more likely be clothes.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS

Sex is a momentary itch,
Love never lets you go.

—KINGSLEY AMIS

The late British Home Secretary, who prides himself on being a very sincere Puritan, gray, (continued on page 344)



CLUB DATE

GREAT DISCO GARB
FOR THOSE
WITH FIDGETY FEET

Studio 54, where are you? N.Y.C., of course. And what does one wear for a night of doncing at Studio 54? Well, you might consider (near left) a velvet pinstripe dinner jacket with satin peak lapels, by After Six, \$160; plus a cotton broadcloth shirt with wing collar and pleated front yoke, \$45, and satin bow tie, \$15, both from Polo by Ralph Lauren; teamed with your own jeans. Or (far left) a velour V-neck, by Frank Gloding for Robert Truth, \$35; windowpane pleated Lochlano shirt, by Hothoway, \$35; and double-pleated twill slacks, from Unique Clothing Warehouse, \$16. (Her outfit is by Thierry Mugler for Riding High, Yurey Marchesi for Riding High and Gindi.)

attire

By DAVID PLATT

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT—going to parties, discos and new clubs. And the clothes you wear should be as much fun as all that crazy dancing, drinking and God knows what you're up to. So when heading out, leave your traditional attire for the office. Dress up, or dress down (black tie with jeans), but use your imagination to put yourself together to match the festive mood. Fortunately, the fashion biz also has gotten the message, so there are plenty of bright, loose styles to choose from. Looking good is half the fun.

Right: The troops are up in arms to boogie, especially when wearing a cotton velour crew-neck, by Ferrer y Sentis, about \$40; ploid polyester/cotton shirt, from Hennessy by Van Heusen, \$17.50; and cotton "parachute" pants with drawstring waist and ankles and rear cargo-style pocket, from Unique Clothing Warehouse, \$11. (She's in dancing duds from Buffalo Weavers.)

Below: And the beat goes on with (left) a polyester crepe-de-Chine collarless outershirt with Velcro tie closures, by Dovid Leong New York, \$35; polyester pongee pullover shirt with deep V-neck and raglan shoulders, by Shori Alexander for Ibiza, about \$55; and nylon pull-on pants, by Dovid Leong New York, \$45. At right, below, is a satin-back crepe jump suit, by Ronald Kolodzie, about \$80; and silk shirt, from Mazur's, \$48. (The lady's outfit is from Charivari, Ltd., Carol Rollo for Riding High, Charles Jourdan and Mory McFadden.)





Right: The crowd at Studio 54 is looking at you, kids. And why not, whot with our man's wearing a rayon/silk satin double-breasted jacket, \$235, ribbed silk/Lurex vest with onged pockets, \$85, mohair/wool dinner-jacket slacks with bonded waist, \$85, all by Robert L. Green for Gentlemen; plus a white-on-white self-striped shirt with long-pointed collar, by John Henry, \$20; and a geometric-patterned tie, from Yves St. Laurent Neckwear, \$13.50. (His dote's clothes are from Buffalo Weavers and Yurey Morchesi for Riding High.)

Left: If you don't see whot you like, just reach for it—and who's going to turn this guy down, whot with his wearing a wool/Angora/nylon sweater with patch pockets, about \$62, over a checked flannel shirt with spread collar and button-through flap patch breast pockets, about \$30, polyester/gobardine socks with wide flared legs, about \$50, plus a wool/silk fringed scorf, about \$26, and a calfskin envelope-type man's handbag with wrist strap, about \$70, all from Peter Barton's Closet. (The shoes on those dancing feet are from Vittorio Ricci.)







SEX STARS OF 1977

and, lo, the lady with the three names, the lion's mane and the pearly teeth led all the rest

article By ARTHUR KNIGHT It had never happened before and it might never happen again, but the reigning sex star of the year 1977 wasn't really a movie actress. She was Farrah Fawcett-Majors, one of three co-stars in a television series, *Charlie's Angels*. As Farrah Fawcett, she appeared last year—to no significant kudos—in a secondary role in a secondary sci-fi thriller *Logan's Run*. Then came *Angels* and the tawny blonde with the tousled hair and gleaming teeth overnight became the hottest thing in T-shirts, posters and bath mats. College girls attempted to imitate the hairdo. College boys pasted up her outsized photos in their dorms. When she appeared to play tennis in the Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes at Mission Viejo in Southern California and began to doff her warm-up jacket, teenagers yelled for her to take off more.

Although television had made Fawcett-Majors a star, there was no guarantee it could keep her there. As the spring season was ending, the actress declared her intention to find more rewarding roles on the big screen—a statement that brought on the inevitable lawsuit and the perhaps equally inevitable \$1,000,000 film contract, to star in a "romantic mystery comedy," *Somebody Killed Her Husband*. But will that make her a movie star? Watch this space.

It's a strange irony that, (text continued on page 220)

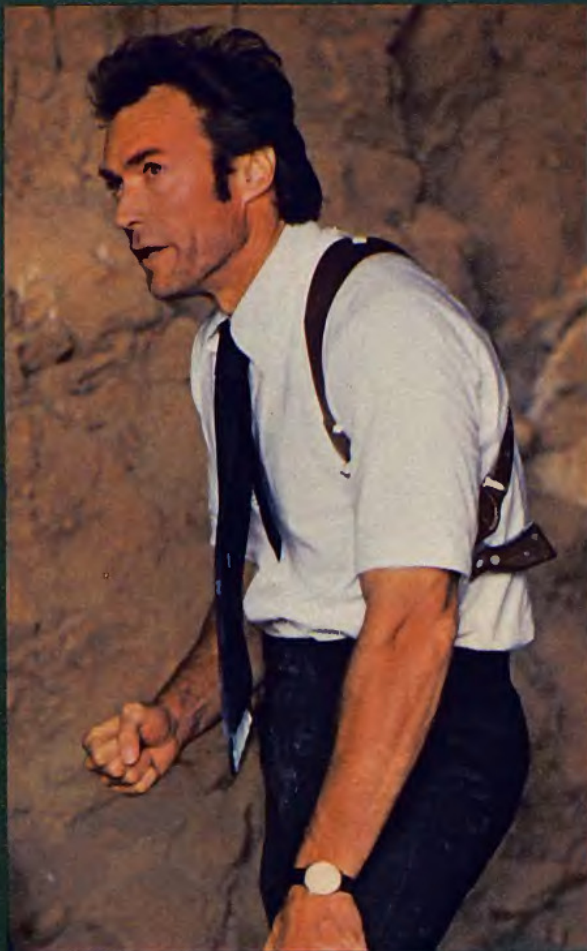
FAN FARE: These were the faces—and figures—that quickened the public pulse in 1977. Although Farrah Fawcett-Majors (left, in a pose like the one that sold 7,500,000 posters) did have a part in last year's movie *Logan's Run*, her chief claim to fame was as one of television's *Charlie's Angels*. At the year's end, she was trying to wriggle out of TV in favor of more film making. Jacqueline Bisset (above right), seen to great advantage in *The Deep*, won *People* and *Newsweek* covers and a role as another Jackie type in *The Greek Tycoon*; while Sylvester Stallone (right), fresh from his overwhelming *Rocky* triumph, made a trucker saga, *F.I.S.T.*





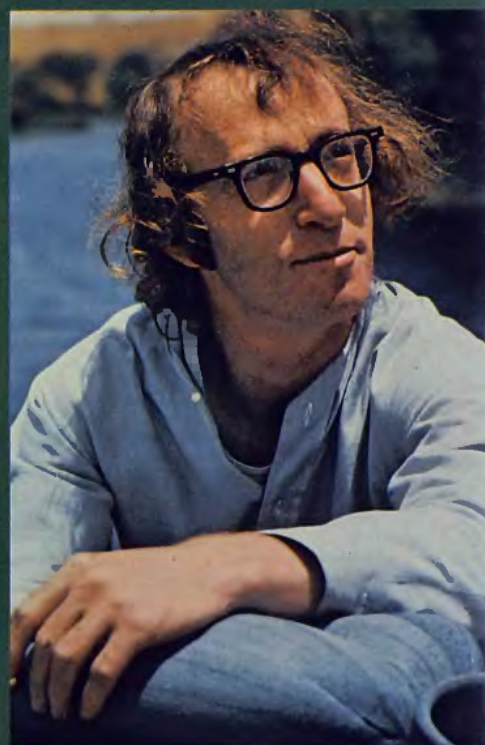
SENIOR CLASS: The perennially popular Raquel Welch (left) seems to lose none of her charm with the passage of time, a fact demonstrated this year in *The Prince and the Pauper*. Catherine Deneuve (right) appears, if anything, to get lovelier with each film; if you don't believe us, run down to your local theater and see her in *March or Die*, *Lovers Like Us* or *La Grande Bourgeoise*, all of which have been on view in 1977. Meanwhile, Ann-Margret is her inimitably seductive self in *Joseph Andrews* and *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* (as Ma Geste, below right). Every woman's dreamboat Robert Redford (below left) lay comparatively low during the year, surfacing briefly in the all-star epic *A Bridge Too Far* but spending most of his time on his Utah spread promoting solar energy.





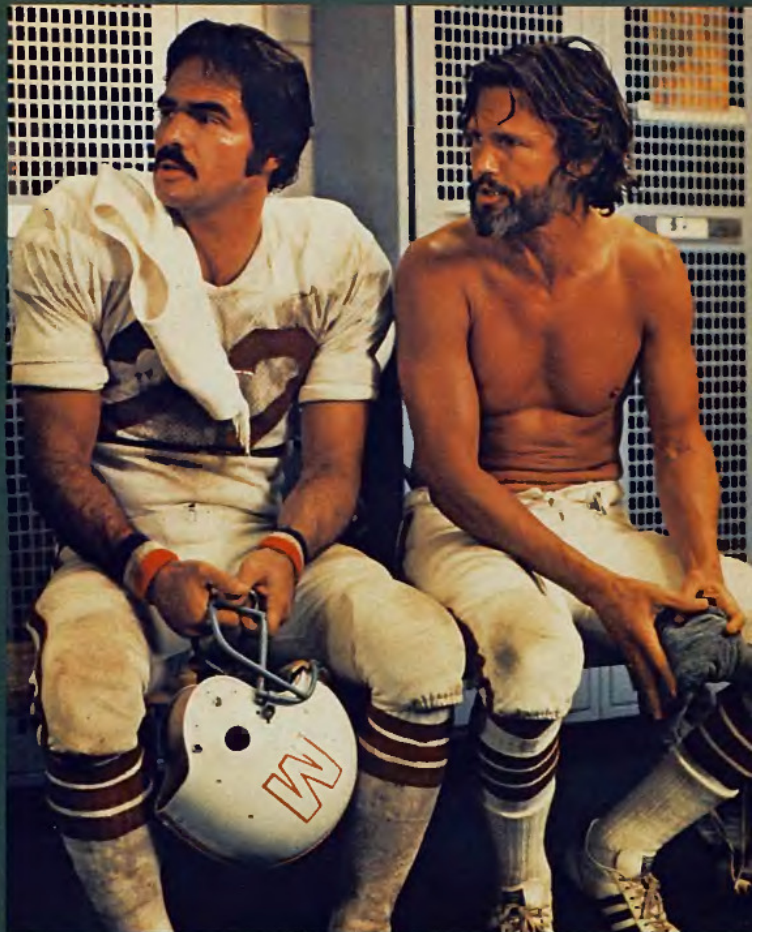
SUPERSLEUTHS: Secret agents, cops and detectives are always good box-office bets. Among those stars taking that well-beaten path in 1977 were Roger Moore and Barbara Bach in the newest James Bond thriller, *The Spy Who Loved Me* (above); Clint Eastwood, who followed one police flick, *The Enforcer*, with another, *Gauntlet* (above right); Valerie Perrine (right), who played a private eyeful on the trail of Terence Hill in *Mr. Billion*; and Perry King (with Phyllis Davis, below, in a scene from the screen adaptation of Joseph Wambaugh's *The Choirboys*).



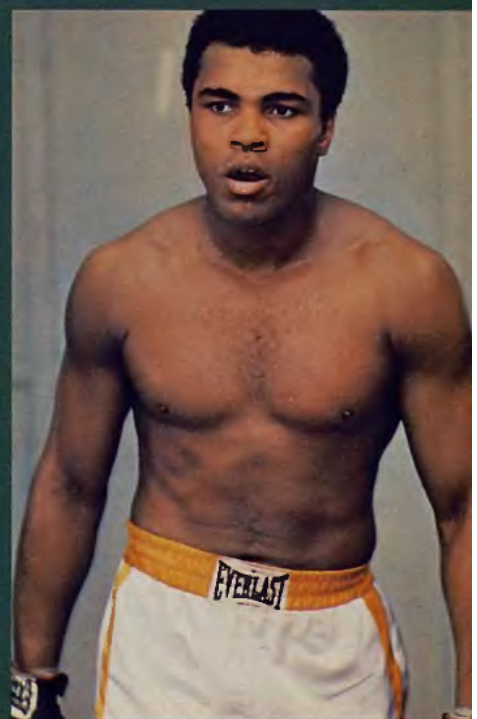


SONG & DANCE: Singers acted, dancers emoted and an Academy Award winner learned to play the sax in varied cinema fare. Barbra Streisand (above left) got her Oscar for a song in *A Star Is Born*; world-famed ballet danseur Rudolf Nureyev (above right) became *Valentino* in a biography of the silent-movie idol; and Robert De Niro blew his own horn (with a sound-track assist from jazzman Georgie Auld) for Liza Minnelli in *New York, New York* (below).

COMIC RELIEF: Was it a romance? A comedy? An autobiography? *Annie Hall* elicited both laughs and lumps in the throat as it chronicled the rocky relationship of Diane Keaton (top, sitting for *PLAYBOY* in her idea of a Sex Star pose) and Woody Allen (above). Diane is now in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*; Woody's next project is shrouded in secrecy.



JOCKS: A little muscle on display never hurt a fella's sex appeal. Few, of course, can carry that premise as far as Arnold Schwarzenegger (above left), the former Mr. Olympia and star of *Pumping Iron*, who has just signed for a series of *Conan* adventure pix. Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson are gridiron stars in *Semi-Tough* (above right). Below, from left: Al Pacino is a race-car driver in *Bobby Deerfield*; Paul Newman, a real-life auto racer, plays hockey in *Slap Shot*; and the world's heavyweight boxing champ, Muhammad Ali, is—what else?—*The Greatest*.





INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS: Travel agents for movie stars have it made these days. Above left: Italy's Giancarlo Giannini and America's Candice Bergen in a scene from Italian director Lina Wertmuller's first American-financed picture, *A Night Full of Rain*. France's Dominique Sanda (above right) plays opposite Sweden's Erland Josephson in *Beyond Good and Evil* and America's Jan-Michael Vincent in *Damnation Alley*; her countrywoman Annie Duperey charms in France's *Pardon Mon Affaire* (right, top) and Hollywood's *Bobby Deerfield*. Britain's Charlotte Rampling (right, bottom) appears in *Orca*, a U.S. release, and *The Purple Taxi*, an Anglo-French venture shot in Ireland; *Cousin Cousine*'s Marie-France Pisier (below right) went Hollywood for *The Other Side of Midnight*. Below left: Yank Beau Bridges woos Dutch-born Sylvia Kristel in *Behind the Iron Mask*.





HOT OFF THE TUBE: TV exposure can provide a springboard to stardom. Witness *Happy Days*' Henry Winkler, cast in *Heroes* and (above left) as a Gorgeous George type in *The One and Only*; John Travolta of *Welcome Back, Kotter*, starring in *Saturday Night Fever* (above right) and *Grease*; Barbara Parkins (below left), who went from TV (*Peyton Place*) to film (*Shout at the Devil*) back to TV (*The Captains and the Kings*, *Testimony of Two Men*), and Susan (Partridge Family) Dey, seen below right with William Katt, a guest on several television series, in *First Love*.





THE YOUNGER GENERATION: Off to a head start in showbiz are Playmates Daina House (above left), cast in *Crash*, *The Last of the Cowboys* and a leading candidate to play Candy Barr, and Sondra Theodore (above right), whose film bow in *Skateboard* won her a meatier role in an upcoming film tentatively titled *Stingray*—with Chris Mitchum. Tina Aumont (top, far right) was seen this year in *Casanova*, *Madam Kitty* and *La Grande Bourgeoise*. Mark Hamill and Carrie Fisher (center right) rocketed to fame via the surprise hit *Star Wars*. Below, far right: Taryn Power is menaced in *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*. Talented 14-year-old Jodie Foster (below right) is, as always, sophisticated beyond her years in *The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane*. Melanie Griffith (below left) is currently in *Joyride* and *The Garden*. Tina, Carrie, Taryn and Melanie are all movie stars' children.



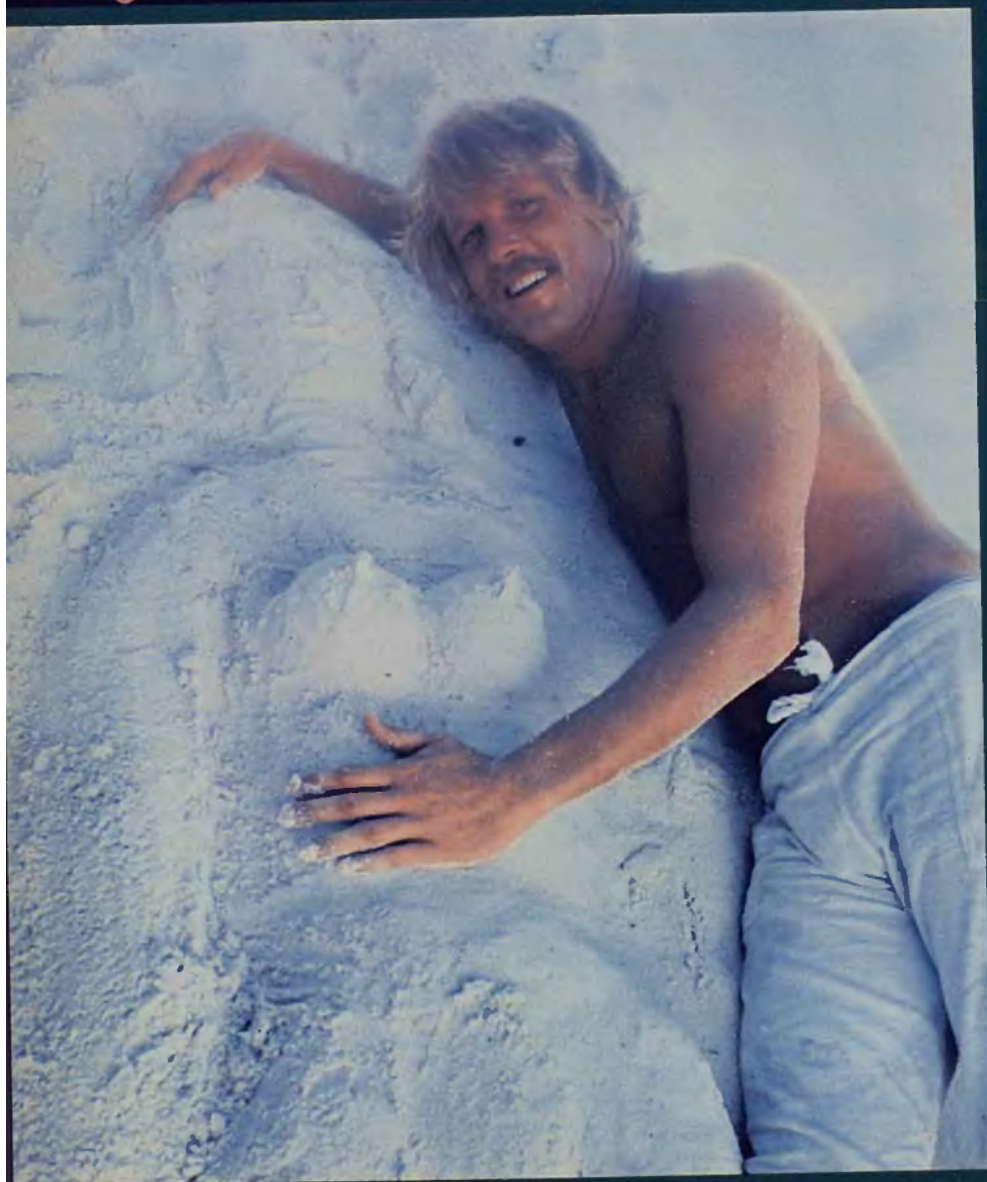


XTRA SPECIALS: It's easy to see why Harlee McBride (above) made waves on the soft-core scene when she appeared in *Young Lady Chatterley*, a spirited sequel to the controversial D. H. Lawrence classic. Meanwhile, back at the hard-core raunch, the year's biggest sensations were the admittedly mature Jennifer Welles (seen below left with Sammy Teen in a touching moment from *Honeypie*), who claims the hit *Inside Jennifer Welles* will be her swan song, and the inimitable John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes (below right), superschlong star of too many films to list here.





MAKING IT: Breaking out from the crowded ranks of cinema hopefuls are Susan Sarandon (left), seen in 1977 in *The Other Side of Midnight* and due early next year in *Pretty Baby*; Nick Nolte (below left, with sandy friend), heartthrob of millions in TV's *Rich Man, Poor Man* and Jackie Bisset's paramour in *The Deep*, who shows up next in *Dog Soldiers*; Sissy Spacek (below), lauded by *Newsweek* as "most promising actress of all" after her work in *Carrie*, *3 Women* and *Welcome to L.A.*; Roy Scheider (below right), who first gained notice in 1971's *The French Connection*, earned top billing in this year's *Sorcerer* and is cast in the long-delayed, but still projected, sequel to *Jaws*; Marthe Keller (right), the strikingly beautiful Swiss-born star of *Black Sunday*, *Fedora* and *Bobby Deerfield*—the last a film during the making of which she became more than friends with her co-star, Al Pacino; and ex-model Barbara Carrera (far right), a beauty from Nicaragua who got herself mixed up in some beastly doings in *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (lavishly chronicled in *PLAYBOY*'s July issue), then went on to become the undisputed new sensation among the photographic set at this year's Cannes Film Festival.





at least in the past, television stars tended to become so thoroughly identified with the character they played in a series that audiences would accept them only in that role. Susan St. James, for example, was cuter than buttons as the girl researcher-reporter in television's *The Name of the Game* but got nowhere when she tried to use that as the springboard to a movie career—or, to be more precise, she ended up right back where she started, as Rock Hudson's ever-helpful spouse in the *MacMillan & Wife* series. Vivacious Valerie Harper, after making her mark on the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, was rewarded with TV stardom and a show of her own, the popular *Rhoda*; on the big screen, however, the best she could get was supporting roles (as in *Freebie and the Bean*). Actually, Mary Tyler Moore herself is probably the best case in point. Although her TV series remained in the top ten for seven years, her forays into features (*Thoroughly Modern Millie*, *Don't Just Stand There*, *What's So Bad About Feeling Good?* and, especially, *Change of Habit*) invariably ended in disaster. "Audiences just didn't want to go out and pay for something they could get at home for free," was the explanation proffered by one MTM executive. Perhaps; but it's just as possible that audiences weren't eager to see their wholesome, irrepressible Mary Richards dressed as a nun or playing a Village hippie. The same holds true for male stars, though not quite so rigorously. Some, such as Clint Eastwood and Steve McQueen, have been able to shake loose of their television persona; but it has generally taken several years and a complete switch away from their television image to make it happen.

As for TV's current golden girl, whether it's win, lose or draw on the big screen, Farrah Fawcett-Majors has nothing to worry about. Late last July, at one of those Hollywood bashes that not even Hollywood can afford anymore, Fabergé announced that it had just signed her (at an undisclosed seven-digit figure) to be the name, the face and the voice for its newest line of cosmetics. Farrah, resplendent in a white-satin tuxedo, merely smiled that famous smile and waved a lot. (Too bad the company doesn't market a dentifrice.)

As of 1977, however, Fawcett-Majors, T-shirts and all, remained very much a television phenomenon. On the other hand, as predicted in these pages last December, the sloe-eyed Sylvester Stallone, he of the unruly hair and bulging biceps, quickly became the film phenomenon of 1977, when his *Rocky* rocketed him from total obscurity to instant fame. Made on a \$1,100,000 budget (puny by today's inflated standards), the film is expected to gross over \$150,000,000

world-wide, according to its producer, Robert Chartoff—"and that doesn't include television sales, records, T-shirts and so on down the line," he hastens to add. With ten percent of the action, Stallone—who, with wife, infant and dog Butkus, was living on borrowed funds throughout the production—stands to close out the year a multimillionaire, his *Rocky* money handsomely supplemented by the \$500,000 he is getting for *F.I.S.T.*, in which he plays a labor leader not unlike the late Jimmy Hoffa. Directed by the prestigious Norman Jewison, the film again boasts a screenplay by its star (this time in collaboration with Joe Eszterhas). It's slated for release early in 1978.

Even while *F.I.S.T.* was still in production in Dubuque, Iowa, Stallone's success as *Rocky* had begun to catch up with him. Reports one admittedly prejudiced observer, "It was incredible. Most of the shooting was at night and the kids—both girls and boys—would start gathering about nine o'clock, most of them in *Rocky* T-shirts, just hoping for a glimpse of Sly. Maybe he'd finally come out at seven A.M. They'd still be there, hoping for an autograph. So he'd sign a few. Next night, they'd be back, hoping for more." That's the kind of adulation that was once accorded to the likes of Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and James Dean. It's a way of saying "We love you." It's also a way of saying "You're a star." Not surprisingly, perhaps, Stallone has already gone through the rising star's ritual of firing first his agent, then his business manager.

Less flamboyant than Stallone, but a graduate of the same hang-tough Manhattan school, is Robert De Niro, an actor with impeccable credentials. For those who saw him in Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets* or *Taxi Driver*, he was your typical Lower East Side hood—paranoid, unpredictable, ever the potential killer. Yet in *Bang the Drum Slowly*, playing a simple-minded, goodhearted ballplayer dying of a rare disease, he tore your heart out. Most critics agreed that while Elia Kazan's version of *The Last Tycoon* was an unconscionable stiff, what little life it possessed came from De Niro's multifaceted portrait of Monroe Stahr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's glamorized version of one-time MGM executive Irving Thalberg. As young Don Corleone in Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather II* (in which he had the unenviable task of creating a credible precedent for the character that Marlon Brando had already given us in *The Godfather*), De Niro decisively made off with the Best Supporting Actor award of 1974.

But those were character roles, the sort of thing that Paul Muni used to do at Warners' back in the Thirties. *New York, New York*, also directed by Scorsese, intro-

duced us to a new, warmer, more human De Niro—likable enough but, as T. S. Eliot would have said, "not a verse to live with." His Jimmy Doyle is, above all, a hard-driving, hard-driven jazz musician (and for once, an actor is able to convince us that he really does blow a mean saxophone), caught in the switch from big-band swing to small-combo bop. It's a fascinating character but one that would probably fall to pieces in less capable hands. In fact, the mercurial leaps in Doyle's personality are held together primarily by the intensity of De Niro's performance; the script provides little to prepare us for his vicious diatribe against his wife, played by Liza Minnelli, when the two are together in his car, for example, and none whatsoever for his boorish behavior at the night club where a former friend is appearing. It's possible, of course, that these motivations actually were supplied by the original script and simply disappeared as Scorsese cut the picture from four hours to roughly two and a half.

Unlike Stallone, De Niro doesn't seek out the adulation of the crowds. He is an extraordinarily private man, actually delighting in the fact of nonrecognition. Like Alec Guinness, he researches the people he is to play, be they ballplayers, taxi drivers or hot jazz musicians, until he has down pat the tricks of their trade. His Doyle in *New York, New York* is a total turn-on, a sexually aggressive male who also happens to be overwhelmingly eager to make it on the jazz scene. Interestingly, a small but memorable performance—and Minnelli's biggest vocal challenge in the picture—comes from sultry Diahnn Abbott, doing a very persuasive Billie Holiday interpretation. Diahnn just happens to be Mrs. Robert De Niro.

New York, New York is also the best thing that has happened to Minnelli to date. For several years, she has been much more the performer than the actress. Even in *Cabaret*, the critics talked about her cabaret numbers, not her portrayal of Sally Bowles. *Lucky Lady* was the kind of disaster that nobody wants to discuss. In *New York, New York*, on the other hand, Liza comes through with all the tremulous vulnerability, the facade of sophistication and the broad streak of Frank sentimentality that made her mother so popular. *New York, New York* unlocks whole new vistas for Minnelli's career, vistas that have apparently been projected onto her new stage musical, *The Act*, again under Scorsese's direction.

Taken as a whole, 1977 was a year of few surprises. In the course of a cover story, *Newsweek* named gorgeous Jacqueline Bisset as "the leading candidate for that place of honor in our fantasy life, the Screen's Most Beautiful Woman,"



"A candy cane with batteries?"

but that's not news, since she has been a leading candidate ever since she walked topless out of the sea in her first Hollywood movie, *The Sweet Ride*, an otherwise unmemorable 1968 release. Although Bisset has had no qualms about doing nude scenes—with that body, why should she?—her most sensational exposure came in this past summer's surprise hit *The Deep*. As the film opens, she and co-star Nick Nolte are spearfishing in the crystal-blue waters off the coast of Bermuda, repeatedly swimming toward the lens of the underwater camera. It's immediately apparent why the cameraman can't take his eyes off her in her white cotton T-shirt, so wet that the fabric clings to her breasts, revealing them—erectile nipples and all—to far greater advantage than the nudest of skin flicks could possibly manage. That opening sequence makes one understand what is really meant by the "rhapsody of the deep." In fact, when Bisset is forced to strip later in the film by Lou Gossett and his hopped-up pals, or when island natives perform a voodoo ritual with a bloodied chicken claw upon her nude and writhing torso, the effect is notably less erotic. Of course, she performs the strip with her back to the camera and the shot with the chicken claw has been ever so discreetly framed, but nevertheless, in both instances, the nudity is total. It's a paradox that must have nettled the Motion Picture Association: The eroticism of a fully clothed body *vs.* the relatively low charge provided by total (if tasteful) nudity.

Where *The Deep* fails—and it does—is in its lack of a co-star of comparable voltage to make the sexual sparks fly on the screen. Nolte, fresh off a television series, gives the kind of laid-back performance that makes you know that if the script hadn't said otherwise, a bright girl like Bisset would never have snorkled with him a second time (though the company made no effort to squelch the rumors that, while on location in Bermuda, she did considerably more than snorkle with her co-star). But such tales seem to be part of the Bisset legend. After *The Sweet Ride*, she herself made no effort to conceal the fact that she was shacking up with the star of that movie, Michael Sarrazin, while when she was doing *Day for Night* with the great French director François Truffaut, she not only appeared with him on every possible public occasion but also acted as his interpreter. Her present *bon ami*, according to the *Newsweek* piece, is Victor Drai, a French *courturier* who sold his business in Paris to be with Bisset in Los Angeles—and has been doing very nicely in its booming real estate market ever since. But it's symptomatic of today's star wars that at the age of 33, and endowed with a near-perfect face and figure (both of which she

displays to great advantage), Jacqueline Bisset—after more than 20 films—remains a "leading candidate." Perhaps her role opposite Anthony Quinn in *The Greek Tycoon* (a role precariously similar to that of another Jackie who married a Greek tycoon) will bring her the superstardom that has so far eluded her.

Another strong contender for that choice distinction, however, is fresh-faced, dewy-eyed Diane Keaton. Her film career, which had been progressing at a steady pace since her modest debut in *Lovers and Other Strangers* (1970), began to zoom earlier this year when she co-starred with Woody Allen in his semiautobiographical *Annie Hall*, one of the year's more resounding hits. Obviously, it was a role created specifically for her: It included incidents from their long-standing on-again, off-again relationship (such as the sequence with the escaped lobsters or the nocturnal summons to kill a spider in her bathroom—perhaps even the audience's response to her first attempt at becoming a night-club singer). In any case, she projects a warm, endearing presence—that of someone who can, remarkably, laugh at Allen's jokes and one-liners as if she were hearing them for the first time. *That* takes acting.

Just winding up postproduction as this is being written is Richard Brooks's adaptation of last year's sensational best seller *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, with Keaton in the role of the ill-fated schoolteacher who goes searching for love in bars. Brooks counts among his many successes his adaptation, a decade ago, of Truman Capote's no less sensational *In Cold Blood*. About Diane, Brooks says, "She's close to perfection." Which is no mean praise from a man who is himself a perfectionist.

No such accolades from writer-director Frank Pierson about his *A Star Is Born* star, Barbra Streisand. In an article for *New West* and *New York* that was part venom, part vengeance and part purgative, Pierson (whose credits include *Cat Ballou*) laced into the lady for continual interference, indecision and self-indulgence. He found himself, he charges, writing, rewriting, then restaging the entire film at Streisand's whim. For several weeks, Pierson's piece was the talk of Hollywood, where one rarely so publicly bites the hand that feeds you. But then the Streisand fans asserted themselves where it counts, at the box office, and Pierson's diatribe was forgotten. After all, the fans were coming to see Barbra, and maybe her co-star, Kris Kristofferson—but certainly not Pierson.

It seemed an affirmation of what is becoming a Hollywood cliché, that the audiences follow the stars. It's a cliché that is having a devastating effect upon today's production scene, when a producer

like Joseph E. Levine will offer the likes of Robert Redford, Sean Connery, Michael Caine, Laurence Olivier and Liv Ullmann as much as they would normally receive for an entire picture in exchange for a few days' work on *A Bridge Too Far*. Or, following much the same pattern, the reputedly upwards of \$2,500,000 that the Salkinds have paid Marlon Brando for about two weeks' work on *Superman*, plus a percentage of the picture. No star—not even Brando—has ever insured a movie against the vagaries of the box office. (Whatever became of *The Missouri Breaks*?)

Equally in question is what the film will do to the advancing film career of Kristofferson—not that the popular singer and composer of country ballads really needs to worry about returning to his \$50-a-month furnished room in Nashville (even though he continues to pay the rent on it, just in case). But ever since *Cisco Pike* (1971)—and especially in last year's *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*—he has been polishing his image of the bearded, flashing-eyed loner who dishes out an irresistible brand of sex. Well, in *A Star Is Born*, despite a bathtub *à deux* with Streisand, it soon appears that, as far as she's concerned, his sexiness is quite resistible. But word is beginning to roll in from the New Mexican locations for *Convoy*, directed by the grizzled Sam Peckinpah, with the delectable Ali MacGraw opposite Kris, that all of that could change. And by the time this article appears, *Semi-Tough*—in which Kristofferson co-stars with Burt Reynolds and Jill Clayburgh—should also be on the screen. At 40, Kris has been an Army helicopter pilot, a Rhodes scholar, a Golden Gloves boxer, a football player, a songwriter, a singer and a movie star, and still is not sure where he wants to focus the rest of his life; but he just may have the potential of becoming one of the hottest male leads in Hollywood.

For the moment, however, that privileged position seems to be occupied by Kristofferson's *Semi-Tough* co-star, Burt Reynolds, even though Reynolds himself laughs away the notion. He'd rather direct. One of the handful of contemporary stars with the physical equipment and emotional range to inherit the Clark Gable mantle, Reynolds seems almost willfully to have limited himself to such lightweight entertainments as *White Lightning*, *W. W. and the Dixie Dance Kings*, *Gator* and, most recently, *Smokey and the Bandit*, yet another battered entry into the C.B. car-chase/car-crash sweepstakes. Admittedly, he staged some of the auto wrecks superbly—but what has that got to do with an acting career? Reynolds smiles toothily and brings a notable agility to his truck-driving role,

(continued on page 338)

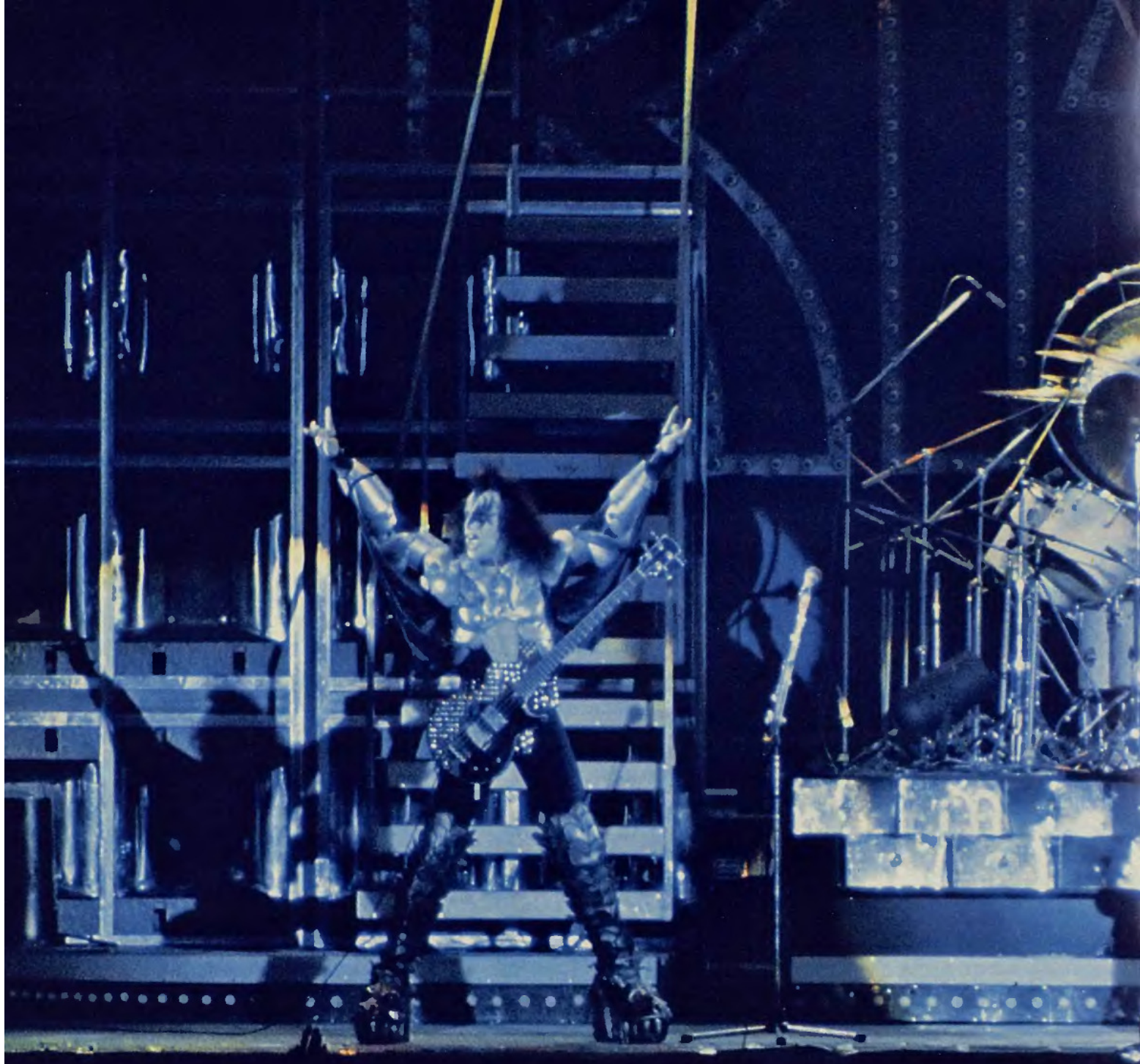


HOW I SPENT MY SPRING VACATION ON TOUR WITH **KISS** IN JAPAN

article By DAVID STANDISH

THREE DAYS IN TOKYO, and so far I've seen so little of Kiss, our hosts, that I barely have all their names straight. Except for watching them clown for us during the flight over—and a solid rumor that they all ordered spaghetti from room service when they got in—the only thing I've learned about them that isn't printed every month in *Hit Parader* is that drummer Peter Criss is a gun fancier and has a tasty pistol collection that leans toward James Bond models. This tidbit came from a short, unplanned interview conducted with him at the huge and lavish Hotel Okura late Saturday night, lying on the floor in the hallway in front of bass player Gene Simmons' room.

Carl Arrington of the *New York Post* and I had been in Gene's room while he showed us, one by one, a suitcase full of Japanese



Gene Simmons, bachelor of arts



Kiss memorabilia—their painted alien faces on the covers of magazines, guest appearances as comic-book characters, hand-inked portraits done by lovelorn artistic teenagers. As background through the open door, we could hear occasional manic outbursts in the hallway. For reasons of security—the hotel's—we'd been given a whole floor to ourselves. The seed of college-dorm life in the setup was blossoming time lapse into full freshman bloom.

So we're looking through this stuff, marveling in the right places, when in the hall we hear laughter, the muffled clump-clump-clump of feet running in short bursts, periodic airy *pop-pop-pops*, more laughter.

The BB wars have flared up again. While we of the press were stuck sitting in traffic on Saturday afternoon, on our Hato Bus tour of Dynamic Tokyo, most of the band and friends were cruising a five-story toy store here. Japanese toys are terrific because many of them, used right, are fairly dangerous. Especially nice are the futuristic Buck Rogers pistols that shoot small plastic BBs shaped like miniature champagne corks. The band bought several.

When we got back from Dynamic Tokyo in the afternoon, in moods ranging from grumpy to worse, the hallway on our floor was already reel three of *Gunfight at the Hard Rock Hotel*. We apparently came in just as they were

Tokyo: This event brought
to you by Mr. Udo and
Rockupation '77.



The Simmons Collection



Mysteries of the Orient



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GRUEN

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press and roadies in taxis, on a long, expensive ride into the city, in hopes of trailing us to the band's lair. Every once in a while, as gray, ugly Tokyo unfolded before us, provoking shouts of "Newark!" "Detroit!" "Cleveland!" inside the bus, I'd see a taxi alongside, blossoming with young girls waving and giggling and peeing their pants. Big Al Ross, our friendly publicist, kept comparing it to the Beatles. And, like it or not, in some ways he was right.

The press conference, for example, provided a few echoes of those golden old hard day's nights, or was supposed to. Outside the Hilton as we pulled up, there were maybe 60 or 70 young girls, black hair gleaming in the sunshine, standing around in small bunches on both sides of the street, patiently waiting for that magic *glimpse*. We were directed to a featureless meeting room, past security right up there at Manhattan Project levels. Inside, sitting around tables were 100 or so select photographers, journalists and a few well-connected groupies. Cameras and tape recorders of every fancy description lay in black heaps on the white tablecloths, alongside trays of little bald crustless sandwiches and glasses filled with cola and Bireley's Orange.

Lead guitarist Ace Frehley's wife was turned out in a gorgeous silk kimono, bought the day before, and looked like a stand-in for Madeline Kahn in *Sayonara '80*. Bill Aucoin, the band's manager, trimly 30ish, in tailored beige slacks that matched his exact mustache, was, just then, taking picture after picture of her—trying out his spiffy new Nikon, a gift from Mr. Udo, the Japanese promoter, of whom more later. Aucoin is persistently rumored to be the real brains behind the entire multimillion-dollar Kiss boogie, though it is as persistently denied.

The press conference opened with dimmed lights and a short color film of the band onstage, dressed like delirium tremens, prancing and leaping and leering through four songs. The lights went up after the film and in strolled the live flesh, wearing full battle dress. They sauntered theatrically toward the long low dais in front, and the photographers went nuts. There are almost 100 rock magazines—some of them fat as phone books—published in Tokyo alone, and they must pay handsomely for close-ups of Kiss. In ten years of wasting my life this way, I'd never seen such a prolonged electric storm of flashes. It lasted nearly 15 minutes, a remarkable photo frenzy, with the photographers buzzing around the band like giant stroboscopic flies. Eventually, some were coaxed reluctantly back to their seats and the Q and A began, moderated by an attractive

bilingual young woman. The tone the band seemed to be aiming for was classic charming Beatles put-on, and in spots it pulled it off.

From the Hilton, after a lavish lunch bash thrown by Victor Musical Industries, Japanese division, featuring bite-sized chunks of broiled this and that, served perched on small hot boulders suggesting lunch-sized Alps and Rockies, we were taken to the airport and put on a packed flight for Osaka, 250 miles southeast. During lunch, the distinguished-looking president of Victor stood and addressed us briefly in Japanese. Translating for him was a skinny PR man whose business card read SATOSHI "HUSTLE" HONDA. As Hustle relayed it, the president was saying that in this propitious cherry-blossom season, it was his hope that this tour would cause the sales of Kiss albums to spread across Japan like cherry blossoms blown before a spring wind.

Half the buildings in Osaka were bombed to splinters during the war, but the city has been built back industrial-strength and draped in future-shock neon to make sure you notice. Much of it looks like the issue of a *ménage à trois* among downtown Chicago, Century City and Las Vegas. The view from my room at the Osaka Grandé consisted of an elevated expressway soaring above a six-lane bridge that crossed a river long since domesticated into a canal, with low geometric mountains of high-rise office buildings behind. On one hung a golden heraldic crest three stories high, emblem of the Suntory company, which produces a whiskey of the same name that's as ubiquitous in Japan as Budweiser is back home.

Guidebooks usually advise that if you find yourself stuck in Osaka, you should day-trip elsewhere. That's what most of us did. We had two days to hang out while the band rehearsed and got used to the new set. Then, after two Osaka concerts, it would be life on the road, 40 of us moving together on trains and planes and buses, a series of one- and two-nighters that would go like this: from Osaka to Kyoto, then to Nagoya for two concerts, back to Osaka for one more, then one down south in Fukuoka and back to Tokyo for four concerts at the Budokan—the last of which would tie a record established by the Beatles.

I spent Tuesday temple-hopping in Kyoto with Arrington and Michael Gross, who was covering the tour for *Swank*. To get there, we took the famed Shinkansen—which translates as Bullet Train or Rocket Train. It can do upwards of 150 mph without swirling your sake, and the lead car is designed to

(continued on page 232)

GREAT MOMENTS IN SEXUAL CENSORSHIP

*as someone never said,
"no nudes is good nudes"*

compiled by
JOHN BLUMENTHAL
and KATE NOLAN



In China during the Tang dynasty, the "physician's doll" allowed female patients to point out the locations of their ailments to the doctor without disrobing. Disrobing was a no-no.



VATICAN, EUROPEAN ART COLOR, PETER ADELBERG, N.Y.

In the early 16th Century, at the request of Pope Clement VII, Michelangelo painted *The Last Judgment* on the altar wall of the Sistine Chapel. Curiously, there was no interference with the content of his work, which presented many figures nude. Some years later, however, Pope Paul IV ordered lesser artist Daniele da Volterra to paint loincloths over the nudities (above), a feat that earned Volterra the nickname *Il Brachettone* (The Big Underwear). In 1933, a U. S. Customs officer seized a book containing a photo of the original version of *The Last Judgment*, sans underwear, citing it as "obscene."

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Lead guitar turned out i bought the stand-in for '80. Bill A trimly 30ish that matche just then, ta her—trying gift from M moter, of v persistently behind the boogie, the

The p dimmed the band tremens, leering th went up a the live fle They saun long low d raphers we rock magaz phone book and they mus ups of Kiss. I life this way, longed electric nearly 15 min frenzy, with d around the ba flies. Eventua luctantly bac and A began,

NOBODY REALLY KNOWS exactly when sexual censorship began. Mythically, it probably started in the Garden of Eden when Adam suddenly got shy and invented the first set of underwear. Historically, however, political and religious censorship was going great guns for centuries before anyone had the bright idea to censor erotica. The Greeks and the Romans freely depicted every possible variation of intercourse on practically everything from vases and bowls to statues and frescoes without any form of prohibition. (Those fig leaves you've seen covering the naughty parts of ancient statues were put on much later, in the 19th Century.) Even early Catholic censors passed lightly over sex, preferring to expurgate works for their heretical content only. In fact, it wasn't until sometime around the 16th Century that sexual censorship became a popular hobby among the pure and righteous and it wasn't until several centuries later that it became a profession. Whatever its roots, though, sexual censorship has, over the past 100 years, gotten progressively (regressively?) more absurd.

Everything on the following pages is documented historical fact. We didn't make anything up. Teddy Roosevelt really did call Tolstoy a sexual and moral pervert; Theodore Dreiser's *The Genius* really was banned in the U. S. and subsequently burned by the Nazis; and Arthur Schnitzler's play *Reigen* really was put on trial in America to determine whether or not the music—not the lyrics, just the music—was obscene. And the list goes on. As columnist Herb Caen once put it: "Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth."



Invented in China during the Tang dynasty, the "physician's dall" (above) allowed female patients to point out the locations of their pains to the doctor without disrobing. Disrobing was a no-no.

Centuries ago, when the erotic frescoes and mosaics of Pompeii (above) were completed, there were no restrictions on who could see them. But by 1823, viewers needed a royal permit and in 1931, the collection, considered obscene, was ordered closed by the Italian government. Today, women are still forbidden entry.



King vs. Sedley (1663) was the first known conviction for obscenity. Sir Charles Sedley (left) got drunk, climbed up a balcony, disrobed, made a profane speech and poured urine onto the crowd below. He was jailed for breaking the peace, but the conviction is considered the first obscenity case because it showed that common law in the absence of statute could penalize conduct offensive to the public.

Eighteenth Century English Methodists considered dancing a profane practice and expelled from the church any schoolmaster who received doncing instructors into their schools and parents who employed doncing teachers. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, proclaimed his disapproval of public dances unless, as he said, men and women danced in separate rooms (right), since that method would automatically prevent any physical contact.



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In the early 16th Century, at the request of Pope Clement VII, Michelangelo painted *The Last Judgment* on the altar wall of the Sistine Chapel. Curiously, there was no interference with the content of his work, which presented many figures nude. Some years later, however, Pope Paul IV ordered lesser artist Daniele da Volterra to paint loincloths over the nudities (above), a feat that earned Volterra the nickname *Il Brachettone* (The Big Underwear). In 1933, a U. S. Customs officer seized a book containing a photo of the original version of *The Last Judgment*, sans underwear, citing it as "obscene."



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, PURCHASE, MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM COVE, GIFT, 11

In 1913, self-proclaimed censor Anthony Comstock demanded the removal of *September Morn* (above) from a New York gallery window, saying, "There is nothing more sacred than the form of a woman, but it must not be denuded."



In Victorian England, such things as turkey skirts (left) were used to hide nasty legs.

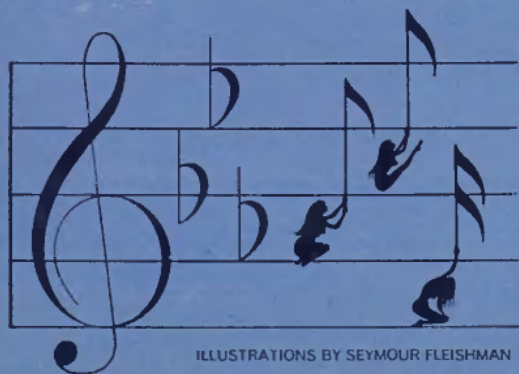


HISTORICAL PICTURES SERVICE, INC.

In 1833, Noah Webster (above) cleaned up the Bible, changing words like stink to smell and whore to lewd woman.



In 1896, San Francisco inventor Michael McCormick got a patent for a mole chastity belt (above) that delivered painful sensations when the wearer's thoughts ran in lascivious channels. Voluntary self-obuse would be checked.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

Arthur Schnitzler's play *Reigen* was put on trial in the U.S. in 1930 to determine if the music was dirty. The court ruled that the music was OK because it was written in E-flat (left), a "clean" key, whatever that is.

BANNED BOOKS

In 1865, Walt Whitman was fired from the Department of Interior for writing *Leaves of Grass*, considered "indecent."

In 1890, Tolstoy's *The Kreutzer Sonata* was outlawed in the U.S. and Teddy Roosevelt called Tolstoy a "pervert."

In 1915, U.S. censors edited Dreiser's *The Genius*, taking out five "god-damns," three "damns," eight "hells," one "God," one "my God," five "by Gods," one "God Almighty" and one "Go to the devil." The book was banned in New York in 1916 and burned by the Nazis in 1933.



An 1861 book on household management described the male wardrobe but excluded pants because they were unmentionable.

A law requiring that girls wear bloomers and blouses to swim was on Chicago books from 1895 to 1938. Below, a city alderman makes sure a bathing suit is the "proper" length. In 1927, an Englishman was arrested for sun-bathing in shorts because, as the judge said, "The upper part of your body is indecent."

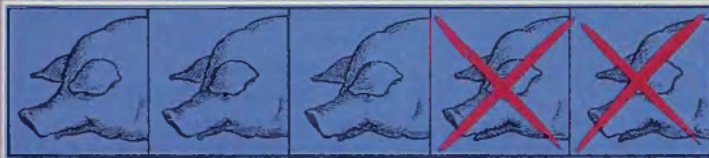


CHICAGO TRIBUNE PHOTO

ANA CERTIFICATION SERVICE



When the "Standing Liberty" quarter was released in the U. S. in 1916, it set off one of the biggest controversies in the history of American coinage, due, of course, to Miss Liberty's seminude attire (above left). Reacting to the voice of the people, mint officials covered up all the nasty parts and reissued the new quarter (above right) in 1917.



In the film *Zaza* (1939), the heroine was supposed to yell at the villain, "Pig! Pig! Pig! Pig! Pig!" But the infamous Hays Office, which censored films, ordered the film makers to "delete two pigs" from the script.



UPI COMPIX

After a long Broadway run in the Twenties, Mae West's popular play *Sex* was shut down by police and West jailed on obscenity charges. Eventually, film censorship forced her to retire.

UPI COMPIX



In the Sixties, ABC censors working on *I Dream of Jeannie* said that Barbara Eden's navel could not appear onscreen. A publicity still (right) reveals that Miss Eden does have a navel, which, on the show, was covered up by a belt.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



When Elvis Presley appeared on the Ed Sullivan show in 1956, zealous CBS censors ruled that he could be shown on TV only from the waist up. Although Presley wore a relatively conservative outfit then, this is what he looked like from the waist down (left).



Shots of Jayne Mansfield in *PLAYBOY* (June 1963) (left) got Hefner busted on an obscenity charge. The case resulted in a hung jury and was finally dismissed.

In February 1977, an Ohio court found *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt guilty of pandering obscenity. He was fined \$11,000 and sentenced to 7-25 years in prison. Satirical cartoon at right appeared in *The Nashville/Gospel* magazine.



"THE NASHVILLE/GOSPEL"

MY SPRING VACATION

(continued from page 226)

"And there are also the smoke bombs and flash pods and confetti exploding in fireworks bursts."

resemble a silver snub-nosed bullet or a voyage to the moon circa 1952. The Shinkansens connect most cities in Japan like railroad superhighways and they are always on time. A terrific way to get around. The Osaka-Kyoto run is so short, though, about 15 minutes, that our Shinkansen never quite got cranked up and wailing—we got that the next day on the way to face our past in Hiroshima.

In Kyoto, we made our rounds of the necessary stations. Kyoto was never bombed during the war, in part because it was the ancient imperial capital. Scattered around town are nearly 1000 shrines and temples, some tucked into spots on thriving business streets, others spread thoughtfully over acres, ponds and gardens tended with Buddhist care since the 13th or 14th Century, our time.

At the Ryoanji Temple on the outskirts of the city, there's a celebrated stone garden created back then by a Zen monk with strange things on his mind. It is mainly a long rectangular expanse of white gravel raked lengthwise meticulously into many parallel rows. Cornfields under snow seen from the sky. A limestone sea in light chop. Anything you see, including nothing. This combed expanse is broken in only five places, deliberately random, by craggy small groups of black boulders. That's the garden. Rocks and gravel. I loved it. As the temple brochure explained, "We can view the garden as a group of mountainous islands in a great ocean or as mountaintops rising above a sea of clouds. . . . Absorbed in this scene, we, who think of ourselves as relative, are filled with serene wonder as we intuit Absolute Self, and our stained minds are purified. In Zen, everything, even a leaf of grass, expresses ultimate Reality. Thus, we can say that this simple garden of itself suggests to us absolute value."

Running the full length of the garden on one side are three rows of bleachers made from fine Japanese cedar. On them sit people in their socks, holding clear-plastic bags provided by the temple and containing their shoes, contemplating the garden in silence. The crowd at a Zen football game. I added my own invisible cheer for a while.

On the grounds of the same temple, there's a monk-made pond that's 1000 years old, which is also something to think about. Back about then, my Saxon

ancestors were living without villages or roads in the forests and swamps of northern Germany-to-be, chased around like wild goats by Charlemagne; while in Japan in 900 A.D. there was a bureaucracy already so advanced that one government bureau was designated the Department of Poetry.

The world's thinnest teenager had a jagged scarlet lightning bolt streaking diagonally across his face. The bolt was edged in silver glitter. From the ground up, he was platform shoes, silver tights, black-leather hotpants and a cling shirt. His poor mother. Three girls not to write home about stood near him, talking, black hair spilling without flaw onto the shoulders of their white coveralls, each with the kiss logo sewn in spangles across the back. Elsewhere, also in spangles, they had duplicated exactly the signature of each band member. The autograph of Paul Stanley curved gleaming around one athletic rump. A few kids had on UCLA sweat shirts. One with a PLAYBOY Rabbit. A T-shirt that said on the back, in graceful English script, LONELY BOY! Another in the same style that read YOUNG BLOOD. Scattered here and there were the mad devout, their faces painstakingly painted in the image of their heroes.

We were all hanging out in the lobby of the concert hall, waiting for Kiss to start the first of ten in Japan. Most of the crowd was already sitting inside. The opening act, a Japanese group called Bow Wow, had just finished its set and been rewarded for its efforts with a bored pitter-pat of applause.

In a few minutes, we went in to find our seats. The usual between-acts Muzak was being piped loud and clear through the monstro amps on each side of the stage, stereo headphones of the gods.

Could it be? Yes. To warm up this audience of 2500 Japanese teenyboppers out here in the Osaka sticks, Kiss before going on was feeding them tapes of flower-top *primo* Led Zeppelin—*Stairway to Heaven*, *Black Dog*, *Rock & Roll*. . . . They did it every night of the tour. I never figured out whether it was bravado or ingenuousness—if it mattered to Kiss at all that they were, musically speaking, blowing themselves out of the water every night by playing these Zeppelin tapes.

Silvery machine-gun bursts from a bad angel. Jimmy Page's guitar was nicely carving up the place when two live roadies appeared onstage. Urged on by increasingly excited screams, they began lethargically removing the black sheets draped over the Kiss set—a new, cut-down version of the one they use in the States. The old one wouldn't fit on the lone 747 they'd chartered to carry cargo, and they wanted a new one, anyway. It cost only \$150,000. Twenty-five feet high, it's wide as the stage and consists chiefly of stacked black Marshall amps. Peter Criss's considerable drum kit is inset in the center of this loud honeycomb. It's flanked on each side by a Busby Berkeley stairway to heaven, ascending steps big as dream-sequence dominoes that light up when they're stepped on. Much fancy prancing occurs here. At the top, over the Marshalls, there's a runway on each side. The drum kit itself is on a platform that moves up and down like a lube rack; during the drum *solo*, it's sent zipping pneumatically to stage front. And there are also the smoke bombs and flash pods and eerie dry-ice fog and confetti canisters artillery-launched over the crowd, exploding in fireworks bursts that fall like showers of spring snow. . . .

As the lights go down, the screaming goes up. Bob Weiner, ace gossip columnist for the *Soho Weekly News*, has brought along a box of gum-wad earplugs and passes them out among us press. As Gene Simmons said quietly a few days earlier, "The kids like it loud." I guess. When I'd seen Kiss at the Chicago Stadium back in January, they were putting out a measured 140-plus decibels to the first 20 rows or so. It's an effect you can reproduce almost exactly by sticking your head inside a jet engine. If you're under 15, it's very stimulating. The considerably more sensible Japanese had set an upper limit of 110 or so—and were metering the concert halls every night to keep Kiss honest—but that's still high enough to leave you with a head full of ghostly telephones ringing away for hours.

Everybody is standing and screaming in the semigloom as Kiss takes its carefully choreographed battle stations. Then lights, flash bombs . . . music! Simple slamming Gibson chords. Paul pouts and leaps and shouts out lead vocal. Gene is the prowling evil lizard, horny and looking for something to rape. Ace, playing lead guitar in a Flash Gordon outfit, is of the Bill Wyman school of performers. The self-proclaimed "master of space and time" seems to have left his body playing guitar while his spirit is off in another dimension, duking it out with Ming the Merciless. Somewhere behind the jungle

(continued on page 254)



Interlandi

"Well, God bless Tiny Tim!"

THE 1978 PLAYBOY

cast your ballot for your jazz,
rhythm-and-blues, pop/rock
and country-and-western favorites



MUSIC POLL

234 HEY, KIDS, you know what time it is? Time to get out your crayons and Pentels and prove that you still remember those old civics lessons about the foundations of democracy—by voting for your pick hits

in the new, improved 1978 Playboy Music Poll. Don't call out the National Guard if you don't see His or Her name in a certain category—just write it in. But whenever you can, please use the right

number. And don't forget the back of the ballot, where you can vote on entrance to music heaven. Only official ballots count, and they must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1977.

ILLUSTRATION BY RUOY LASLO

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1978 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT

POP/ROCK Male Vocalist

1. David Bowie
2. Jackson Browne
3. Jimmy Buffett
4. Harry Chapin
5. Roger Daltrey
6. Neil Diamond
7. Bob Dylan
8. Mick Jagger
9. Elton John
10. Paul McCartney
11. Robert Palmer
12. Robert Plant
13. Johnny Rotten
14. Leon Russell
15. Neil Sedaka
16. Paul Simon
17. Russell Smith
18. Bruce Springsteen
19. Cat Stevens
20. Rod Stewart
21. James Taylor
22. Neil Young

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Baez
2. Barbi Benton
3. Karen Carpenter
4. Valerie Carter
5. Cher
6. Judy Collins
7. Kiki Dee
8. Janis Ian
9. Carole King
10. Melissa Manchester
11. Christine McVie
12. Bette Midler
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Maria Muldaur
15. Olivia Newton-John
16. Stevie Nicks
17. Marie Osmond
18. Bonnie Raitt
19. Helen Reddy
20. Linda Ronstadt
21. Carly Simon
22. Grace Slick
23. Phoebe Snow
24. Barbra Streisand
25. Donna Summer

Guitar

1. Bill Bartlett
2. Jeff Beck
3. Chuck Berry
4. Richard Betts
5. Roy Buchanan
6. Eric Clapton
7. José Feliciano
8. Peter Frampton
9. Jerry Garcia
10. George Harrison
11. Steve Howe
12. Terry Kath
13. B. B. King
14. Ted Nugent
15. Jimmy Page
16. Robbie Robertson
17. Carlos Santana
18. Boz Scaggs
19. Cat Stevens
20. Stephen Stills
21. Peter Townshend
22. Robin Trower
23. Miami Steve Van Zandt
24. Joe Walsh
25. Leslie West
26. Frank Zappa

Keyboards

1. Gregg Allman
2. Brian Auger

3. Booker T.
4. Jackson Browne
5. Keith Emerson
6. Andrew Gold
7. Isaac Hayes
8. Nicky Hopkins
9. Garth Hudson
10. Elton John
11. Robert Lamm
12. Chuck Leavell
13. Barry Manilow
14. Bill Payne
15. Billy Preston
16. Todd Rundgren
17. Leon Russell
18. Allen Toussaint
19. Rick Wakeman
20. Edgar Winter
21. Gary Wright
22. Neil Young

Drums

1. Ginger Baker
2. John Bonham
3. Bill Bruford
4. Kenneth Buttrey
5. Jim Capaldi
6. Karen Carpenter
7. Bobby Colomby
8. Aynsley Dunbar
9. John Guerin
10. Mickey Hart
11. Levon Helm
12. Jai Johanny Johanson
13. Bill Kreutzmann
14. Russ Kunkel
15. Buddy Miles
16. Keith Moon
17. Nigel Olsen
18. Carl Palmer
19. Bernard Purdie
20. Danny Seraphine
21. Ringo Starr
22. Charlie Watts
23. Stevie Wonder

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Jack Casady
3. Peter Cetera
4. Rick Danko
5. Donald "Duck" Dunn
6. John Entwistle
7. Wilton Felder
8. Larry Graham
9. Rick Grech
10. John Paul Jones
11. Greg Lake
12. Phil Lesh
13. Paul McCartney
14. Carl Radle
15. Chuck Rainey
16. Lee Sklar
17. Garry Tallent
18. Klaus Voormann
19. Willie Weeks
20. Bill Wyman

Composer

1. Ian Anderson
2. Karla Bonoff
3. Jackson Browne
4. Jimmy Buffett
5. Neil Diamond
6. Bob Dylan
7. Elton John
8. Bernie Taupin
9. Carole King
10. Robert Lamm
11. John Lennon

Group

1. Acrosmith
2. Amazing Rhythm Aces
3. Beach Boys
4. Bee Gees
5. Boston
6. Chicago
7. Crosby, Stills & Nash
8. Dictators
9. Doobie Brothers
10. Eagles
11. Electric Light Orchestra
12. Fleetwood Mac
13. Heart
14. Jefferson Starship
15. Kansas
16. Kiss
17. Steve Miller Band
18. Mink DeVille
19. Pink Floyd
20. Queen
21. Ram Jam
22. Ramones
23. Rolling Stones
24. Santana
25. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
26. Sex Pistols
27. Steely Dan
28. Tower of Power
29. Jethro Tull
30. The Who
31. Wings
32. Yes
33. Led Zeppelin

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. George Benson
2. Bobby Bland
3. James Brown
4. Ray Charles
5. Marvin Gaye
6. Al Green
7. Donny Hathaway
8. Isaac Hayes
9. B. B. King
10. Bob Marley
11. Curtis Mayfield
12. George McCrae
13. Johnny Nash
14. Billy Paul
15. Smokey Robinson
16. Joe Simon
17. Sly Stone
18. Johnnie Taylor
19. Barry White
20. Bill Withers
21. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Natalie Cole
2. Carol Douglas
3. Roberta Flack
4. Aretha Franklin

BALLOT

Put down the **NUMBERS** of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

GUITAR

KEYBOARDS

DRUMS

BASS

COMPOSER

GROUP

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

COMPOSER

GROUP

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

BRASS

WOODWINDS

KEYBOARDS

VIBES

GUITAR

BASS

PERCUSSION

COMPOSER

GROUP

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

PICKER

COMPOSER

THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES.

(continued on next page)

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, Ringo Starr, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

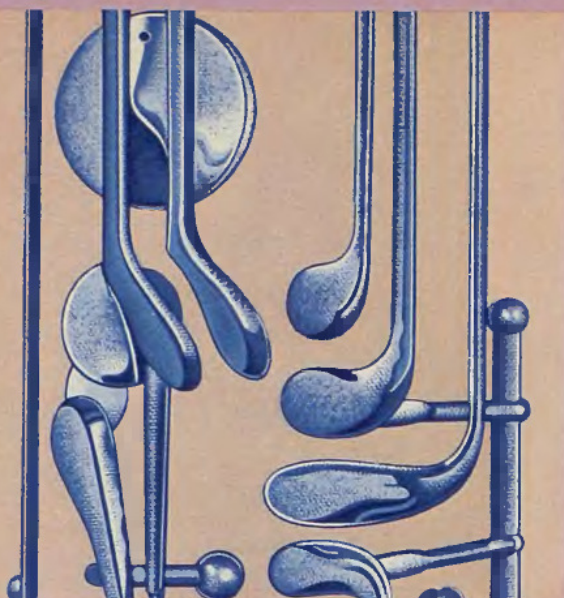
Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60611.)



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

5. Gloria Gaynor
6. Millie Jackson
7. Chaka Khan
8. Gladys Knight
9. Gwen McCrae
10. Melba Moore
11. Esther Phillips
12. Martha Reeves
13. Minnie Riperton
14. Vicki Sue Robinson
15. Diana Ross
16. Marlena Shaw
17. Valerie Simpson
18. Phoebe Snow
19. Mavis Staples
20. Tina Turner
21. Dionne Warwick
22. Deniece Williams

Composer

1. Nicholas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
2. Thom Bell
3. Johnny Bristol
4. James Brown
5. Bobby Eli
6. Kenny Gamble-Leon Huff
7. Al Green
8. Isaac Hayes
9. Willie Hutch
10. Bob Marley
11. Curtis Mayfield
12. Eugene McDaniels
13. Smokey Robinson
14. Allen Toussaint
15. Barry White
16. Norman Whitfield
17. Frank Wilson
18. Bill Withers
19. Bobby Womack
20. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Average White Band
2. Bootsy's Rubber Band
3. Commodores
4. Earth, Wind & Fire
5. Floaters
6. Isley Brothers
7. Gladys Knight & the Pips
8. Labelle
9. Love Unlimited Orchestra
10. Bob Marley & the Wailers
11. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
12. Ohio Players
13. O'Jays
14. Parliament-Funkadelic
15. Pointer Sisters
16. Rufus
17. Sly & the Family Stone
18. Spinners
19. Stylistics
20. Supremes
21. Temptations
22. War
23. Wonderlove

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. George Benson
4. Brook Benton
5. Bobby Bland
6. Ray Charles
7. Sammy Davis Jr.
8. Billy Eckstine
9. Johnny Hartman
10. Jon Hendricks
11. Al Jarreau
12. Johnny Mathis
13. Lou Rawls
14. Gil Scott-Heron

15. Frank Sinatra
16. Grady Tate
17. Leon Thomas
18. Mel Tormé
19. Joe Williams
20. Jimmy Witherspoon

Female Vocalist

1. Pearl Bailey
2. Shirley Bassey
3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
4. Ella Fitzgerald
5. Roberta Flack
6. Lena Horne
7. Cleo Laine
8. Peggy Lee
9. Carmen McRae
10. Liza Minnelli
11. Melba Moore
12. Odette
13. Esther Phillips
14. Flora Purim
15. Della Reese
16. Esther Satterfield
17. Nina Simone
18. Phoebe Snow
19. Barbra Streisand
20. Sarah Vaughan
21. Nancy Wilson

Brass

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Randy Brecker
5. Donald Byrd
6. Miles Davis
7. Jon Faddis
8. Art Farmer
9. Maynard Ferguson
10. Dizzy Gillespie
11. Urbie Green
12. Al Grey
13. Slide Hampton
14. Wayne Henderson
15. Freddie Hubbard
16. J. J. Johnson
17. Thad Jones
18. Chuck Mangione
19. Blue Mitchell
20. James Pankow
21. Cynthia Robinson
22. Doc Severinsen
23. Woody Shaw
24. Clark Terry
25. Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

1. Emilio Castillo
2. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
3. Joe Farrell
4. Stan Getz
5. Benny Goodman
6. Eddie Harris
7. Woody Herman
8. Bobbi Humphrey
9. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
10. Yusef Lateef
11. Hubert Laws
12. Ronnie Laws
13. Herbie Mann
14. Gerry Mulligan
15. Walter Parazaid
16. Tom Scott
17. Wayne Shorter
18. Zoot Sims
19. Stanley Turrentine
20. Junior Walker
21. Grover Washington, Jr.
22. Edgar Winter
23. Chris Woods

Keyboards

1. Eubie Blake
2. Dave Brubeck

3. Chick Corea
4. Miles Davis
5. Eumir Deodato
6. George Duke
7. Bill Evans
8. Jan Hammer
9. Johnny Hammond
10. Herbie Hancock
11. Earl "Fatha" Hines
12. Ahmad Jamal
13. Bob James
14. Keith Jarrett
15. Ramsey Lewis
16. Les McCann
17. Marian McPartland
18. Sergio Mendes
19. Thelonious Monk
20. Oscar Peterson
21. George Shearing
22. McCoy Tyner
23. Mary Lou Williams
24. Joe Zawinul

Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Victor Feldman
4. Terry Gibbs
5. Lionel Hampton
6. Bobby Hutcherson
7. Milt Jackson
8. Mike Mainieri
9. Buddy Montgomery
10. Red Norvo
11. Emil Richards
12. Cal Tjader
13. Keith Underwood
14. Tommy Vig

Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. Jeff Beck
3. George Benson
4. Dennis Budimir
5. Kenny Burrell
6. Charlie Byrd
7. Larry Coryell
8. Al DiMeola
9. Herb Ellis
10. José Feliciano
11. Eric Gale
12. Grant Green
13. Jim Hall
14. Barney Kessel
15. John McLaughlin
16. Tony Mottola
17. Joe Pass
18. Bucky Pizzarelli
19. Melvin Sparks
20. Gabor Szabo
21. Philip Upchurch

Bass

1. Keter Betts
2. Walter Booker
3. Ray Brown
4. Mike Bruce
5. Joe Byrd
6. Ron Carter
7. Stanley Clarke
8. Bob Cranshaw
9. Art Davis
10. Chuck Domanico
11. Cleveland Eaton
12. Jim Fielder
13. Jimmy Garrison
14. Eddie Gomez
15. Bob Haggart
16. Percy Heath
17. Carol Kaye
18. Charles Mingus
19. Monk Montgomery
20. Carl Radle
21. Rufus Reid
22. Miroslav Vitous

Percussion

1. Hal Blaine
2. Art Blakey
3. Willie Bobo
4. Jimmy Cobb
5. Billy Cobham
6. Alan Dawson
7. Jack De Johnette
8. John Guerin
9. Red Holt
10. Stix Hooper
11. Elvin Jones
12. Jo Jones
13. Mel Lewis
14. Harvey Mason
15. Airtio Morcira
16. Joe Morello
17. Alphonse Mouzon
18. Buddy Rich
19. Max Roach
20. Mongo Santamaria
21. Grady Tate
22. Lenny White
23. Tony Williams

Composer

1. Mose Allison
2. Carla Bley
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Stanley Clarke
5. Chick Corea
6. Miles Davis
7. Eumir Deodato
8. Gil Evans
9. Herbie Hancock
10. Bob James
11. Keith Jarrett
12. Antonio Carlos Jobim
13. Quincy Jones
14. Thad Jones
15. Michel Legrand
16. Chuck Mangione
17. Charles Mingus
18. Thelonious Monk
19. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson
20. Wayne Shorter
21. Horace Silver
22. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Count Basie
2. Dave Brubeck
3. Ray Charles
4. Billy Cobham
5. Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House
6. Crusaders
7. Miles Davis
8. Deodato
9. Mercer Ellington
10. Maynard Ferguson
11. Jan Hammer
12. Lionel Hampton
13. Herbie Hancock
14. Quincy Jones
15. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis
16. L.A. Four
17. Ramsey Lewis
18. Chuck Mangione
19. John McLaughlin
20. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '77
21. Return to Forever
22. Buddy Rich
23. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
24. Doc Severinsen
25. Weather Report

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

Male Vocalist

1. Moe Bandy
2. Glen Campbell
3. Johnny Cash

4. Roy Clark
5. John Denver
6. Freddie Fender
7. Mickey Gilley
8. Merle Haggard
9. Waylon Jennings
10. Kris Kristofferson
11. Jerry Lee Lewis
12. Gordon Lightfoot
13. Roger Miller
14. Ronnie Milsap
15. Willie Nelson
16. Charley Pride
17. Eddie Rabbitt
18. Jerry Reed
19. Charlie Rich
20. Johnny Rodriguez
21. Ray Stevens
22. Mel Tillis
23. Conway Twitty
24. Jerry Jeff Walker
25. Don Williams

Female Vocalist

1. Barbi Benton
2. Judy Collins
3. Jessi Colter
4. Donna Fargo
5. Crystal Gayle
6. Linda Hargrove
7. Emmylou Harris
8. Brenda Lee
9. Loretta Lynn
10. Mary MacGregor
11. Barbara Mandrell
12. Jody Miller
13. Anne Murray
14. Tracy Nelson
15. Olivia Newton-John
16. Dolly Parton
17. Mary Kay Place
18. Jeannie C. Riley
19. Linda Ronstadt
20. Connie Smith
21. Tanya Tucker
22. Tammy Wynette

Picker

1. Chet Atkins
2. David Bromberg
3. Roy Clark
4. Vassar Clements
5. Curly Ray Cline
6. Ry Cooder
7. Pete Drake
8. John Fahey
9. Lester Flatt
10. Johnny Gimble
11. Lloyd Green
12. John Hartford
13. Sonny James
14. Leo Kottke
15. Charlie McCoy
16. Jerry Reed
17. Earl Scruggs
18. Ralph Stanley
19. Doc Watson
20. Reggie Young

Composer

1. Hoyt Axton
2. Mac Davis
3. John Denver
4. Merle Haggard
5. Tom T. Hall
6. Linda Hargrove
7. John Hartford
8. Waylon Jennings
9. Kris Kristofferson
10. Gordon Lightfoot
11. Roger Miller
12. Michael Murphy
13. Willie Nelson
14. Johnny Rodriguez
15. Shel Silverstein



"Then he was zeroed in, firing quick short bursts, what the hell, his tongue was a machine gun, too."

side. But if she catches you, can't nobody help you."

An hour before dawn, he awoke. Piss call. His joy stick was as upright and as hard as that in the Spad XIII he'd flown 59 years ago. He clutched it, moved it to left and right, saw the wings dipping in response.

He climbed out of bed and stood blinking before the dresser. On it were two framed photographs. One was of his daughter, poor wretch. Its glass was cracked, damaged when he'd flung it across the room after she'd refused to smuggle in booze for him.

The other photo was of a man standing by a biplane. He was a handsome 20-year-old, a lieutenant of the Army Air Service, himself. The Spad, The Bitter Pill, bore a hat-in-the-ring, the 94th Squadron insignia, on its fuselage. The glass shimmered in the faint light, reflecting his days of glory.

Then he'd been half man, half Spad, a centaur of the blue. Flesh welded to wood, fabric and metal. Now—79, bald head, one-eyed, face like a shell-torn battlefield, false teeth, skinny body in sagging pajamas.

But The Lone Eagle was up and ready for another dawn patrol. He limped to the bathroom, favoring the bad knee, and he pissed. His joy stick, which was also, economically, his Vickers machine gun, became as limp as a cigarette in a latrine. Never mind. It'd be functioning when he closed in on the Hun.

After leaving the bathroom, he opened a dresser drawer and removed a leather fur-lined helmet and a pair of flier's goggles. He put these on and taxied to the hall. No enemy craft were in sight. The stench of shit hung in the air, radiated from several hundred obsolete types. They'd crapped in bed, and now some were awake, shrilling for the attendants to clean them up. Nobody was going to do it, though, until after dawn.

Most of the obsoletes were asleep, and they'd be indifferent if they went all day with shit down to their toes. Or, if they were aware of it, they couldn't move, couldn't talk.

Oh, oh! Here came The White Ghost. Around the corner far down the hall, a woman in a wheelchair had appeared. She was up early, looking for a victim. If she kept on her heading, she'd run into the Von Richthofen of the nursing home. Stoss would rave at her like a sergeant reaming out a dumb recruit.

He returned to his hangar to allow The White Ghost to roll on by him. She was 96, but her fuel line wasn't clogged. A real ace, a sky shark, deadly. If she wasn't so damn ugly, he would have challenged her long ago.

Silently, she wheeled on by. She never talked, just cruised day and night, hoping to catch somebody by surprise. As soon as she passed, he banked left and flew down the hall. Though the pace made his undercarriage hurt, and the Hispano-Suiza in his chest thumped, he got to his objective on schedule.

This hangar held only two, Harz and Whittaker. Harz was a snoring lump, big as a Zeppelin Staaken bomber. He could take her any time, but it was the sleek tough fighters he was after. Like Whittaker. A widow—weren't they all?—of unadmitted age but to his keen falcon eye about 74. Except for some of the young nurses, the handsomest craft in the place.

Her framework was splendid, though covered by wrinkled fabric. Her motor cowlings were still shapely, considering the date on which the factory had shipped her out. He classified her as a Fokker D-VIIF, the best.

She'd been sociable enough—until the day he'd zoomed by and dropped a note challenging her. From then on, she was as cool and aloof as the Kaiser invited to dinner by a pig farmer. But she had class. She'd not run squealing to The Baroness.

His motor having quit racing, he glided toward her, then stopped. What the hell! Something was crawling under the sheet over her. A giant cockroach? A water bug? No. It was her hand moving over her cockpit. The sheet was fluttering like fabric ripping from the wing of a Nieuport in a too-long, too-hard dive.

Grinning, he climbed over the bar at the foot of the bed and raised the sheet.

Whittaker moaned, her 185-horsepower, six-cylinder, in-line, water-cooled BMW IIIa purring. Her fingers were playing with her cockpit instrumentation. *Sacré merde!* The hoity-toity Fokker wouldn't answer his challenge, but she wasn't above a jack-off dogfight, a furtive combat with herself.

Under the sheet, in a darkness like the inside of a night cloud, The Lone Eagle glided. Her widespread legs guided him like landing-strip lights. He was ready for sudden action, an air-raid-siren

scream, her fists beating at his head like shrapnel from Archie.

He pushed her hand away, felt no start, heard no protest. He nose-dived, the wind screaming through the wing wires and struts, his motor roaring. Then he was zeroed in, firing quick short bursts, what the hell, his tongue was a Vickers machine gun, too.

Now, all caution abandoned, he poured a long, slow stream of fire into her cockpit. The Fokker shuddered and moaned under his blasting. Thank God she wasn't like so many of the Columbia Huns. They weren't too clean; they smelled like the early World War One rotary-engine planes. Castor oil was used then for lubrication, and the poor bastards that breathed it got diarrhea.

Her exhaust pipe was clean and her cockpit was sprayed with some French-smelling perfume. Tasted like bootleg alky. No time for nostalgia now, though.

Whittaker knew he was present, but she wasn't saying a word to him. Still waters run deep; aces fly high. She'd incorporated him into her fantasy; to her, he wasn't real flesh; he was part of her dreamworld. So what? His Vickers was ready. First, though, a few maneuvers. He crawled on up, grabbed her big round cowlings, chewed on the propeller hubs, then eased the gun into the cockpit. She uttered, softly, lovingly, obscenities and profanities she'd probably not heard until she came to the nursing home.

Now she was tossing him up and down as if he were flying through one air pocket after another, hitting updrafts after each one. Now his Vickers was chattering, eating up the cartridges in the belt, the phosphorus-burning bullets tracing ecstasy across the night sky.

It was too much for the D-VIIF. She gave a loud cry and her fuel tank ruptured. Shit squirted out over his Vickers and his undercarriage.

Cursing, he zoomed out of the cloud cover, sideslipped from the bed and raced toward the doorway. The Staaken was up now, yelling but not knowing what was going on. Without her glasses, she was as blind as a doughboy in a smoke screen.

The Baroness' voice rose from somewhere around the corner of the hall. Trapped! No, not The Lone Eagle! He plunged into a hangar tenanted by four pilots long past flight duty. Oh, oh! A visitor! That crazy crone Simmons, the 80-year-old with eczema, was in bed with poor old Osborn. She was on all fours between his skinny legs. She didn't mind that his feet had been cut off in an accident years ago. All she was interested in was his joy stick. She'd taken out her false teeth and put them on the bed behind her.

The other old vets were snoring away.

(continued on page 324)



"Who's that guy?"

BLACKJACK

(continued from page 143)

"Morrison is one of those mysterious creatures who have come to be known as counters."

about profit and loss and maximizing returns on investment, and is just as acute in explaining the theory and practice of winning at blackjack. He is one of the top-seeded backgammon players in the world. He is a veteran bridge champion. He has played in most of the important casinos in the U.S., the Caribbean, Mexico, Europe. He holds a high position as a financial analyst with a \$150,000,000 multidivisional corporation based in Manhattan.

I telephoned him one Sunday morning and asked whether or not he was planning to make the Las Vegas scene soon. He said he might be going out in five or six weeks and, yes, he would be agreeable to meeting me in the City of Dreadful Chance and answering a few questions.

Morrison is one of those mysterious creatures who have come to be known as counters, because they not only have mastered the strategy of blackjack but are able to keep count of the remaining high cards in the shoe (the box containing four shuffled decks of cards) and therefore vary the size of their bets according to the constantly shifting odds. He is not a professional gambler—he disdains the word gambler. He has a master's degree in business administration from the Wharton School. The subject of his thesis was "Calculating the Cost of Capital for a Multidivisional Firm." He has his present job organized so that when there is an important backgammon tournament or a seductive casino junket, he can take off.

When Victor and I met in Las Vegas several weeks later, he was ensconced in one of the best hotels on the Strip. I intended to explore his attitudes toward his corporation, toward love, toward life in general. I also wanted to find out how to win in Las Vegas. I wanted to know the secrets.

So, that first day, I went, with some anticipation (and plenty of greed), up to Victor's suite. He was sitting cross-legged on the bed. His portable backgammon set was open. And he was playing both sides.

"Isn't it true," I questioned, "that keeping a count gives the player an advantage over the house?"

"Sure," Victor said, "but the average person has as much chance of beating the house as he has of reading a book about tennis and playing like Ilie Nastase. The more books on blackjack that come out, the more the casinos love it. Look up the statistics on the revenues."

I did. In 1975, Nevada casinos plucked a billion dollars' profit from the gamblers. In 1976, as more and more persons learned counting and betting strategy, the casinos made one billion, *plus* an additional \$260,000,000. The greatest increase came from blackjack.

Victor was in this hotel on a junket. He said all he had to do was wager at least \$5000. "The idea is, they want me to win big or lose big," he explained. "They don't care if I win five or ten thousand. A big winner is a big advertisement—if he doesn't win too big. They would rather, if I lose, that I lose big. They want high rollers on these junkets. So they expect me to play in \$25 units at least three, four hours a day. They keep track in this way: I sign markers when I buy chips. Now, there are some casinos here—the Marina, for instance—that handle junkets by requiring you to buy special chips. I was on a minijunket at the Marina once. I was required to buy \$1500 worth of a large red chip that could not be cashed in at the cashier's. I had to play them at the tables and if I won, I got regular chips. Anyway, why wouldn't I play? That's what I came for. Of course, if I wanted, I could screw a casino that has special chips. I would place \$730 on the red and \$730 on the black in roulette, and then \$20 on zero and \$20 on double zero, for insurance. I could bet through all their big red chips in five minutes and have regular chips I could cash in for dollars and get my room and meals comped, or do the same thing but slower with blackjack or craps. So the hustler would be plus or minus a hundred, but he'd have the trip paid for. I don't fool around with that kind of scam. What I do is try to show at least \$7000 or \$8000 in markers, so when I check out, I write them a check for more than my credit. Sometimes I lose a few thousand—on paper. Sometimes I win a few thousand. Sometimes I make them tear up a few markers every day when I cash in. Sometimes I let the markers accumulate. I cash my profits every hour. I usually don't play more than one hour, at the most two, if I'm on a streak. Usually, I have friends cash in for me. You want to cash in small amounts—no more than \$300, \$400 at a time. More than that, they want to know your name and room number. The important thing is you want to show a big loss or a big gain. A big loss, of course, means they keep you on their junket lists.

"Of course, most people are losers. I

don't know why it is that the average hacker knows he can never play like Tony Trabert or Jimmy Connors, but he is sure he can win big at 21 if he studies a book or takes a mail-order course. Of course, sometimes a potzer wins big and he thinks it is due to his genius. It is just a coincidence."

"Do you believe in luck, Victor?"

He reflected. He set down his coffee cup. He steepled his fingers. "I believe," he replied, "that there are certain factors lumped together under the heading of luck and these include personality traits. That is, it is not so much how the cards are running as that I'm having lapses of attention. The fact that I'm running bad makes me play worse. So the unlucky run is really a bad element in my personality. The reverse is also true. In a so-called lucky streak, I'm playing well and things are working out well and I'm making the best choices."

"Is probability an important factor?"

"Probability is of little consequence in most gambling situations," he replied. "The work has already been done for you. It's just memorizing it. I could teach you the probabilities in poker or craps in an hour. The rest of it is the experience of playing thousands of hours so you do the right thing at the right time quickly. As I get older"—Victor is now 34—"I've come to believe that some men and women, a small percentage, are born with the ability to win at games, about as many as can learn to become golf pros. Let's say five percent are born good at games—and maybe of this only one percent or fewer are great."

"Do you consider yourself great?"

He smiled. "Well, I lose—often. But when I lose, I don't lose as much as I win when I win. Anybody who can learn the simple basic blackjack strategy can limit his losses. Did you study that Revere book?"

I had read *Playing Blackjack as a Business* twice. I could not grasp Lawrence Revere's counting systems. But I had tried to learn basic strategy. Morrison said that blackjack probabilities had been worked out by IBM's Julian Braun back in 1960. Braun has written a monograph: "The Development and Analysis of Winning Strategies for the Casino Game of Blackjack." The now legendary Edward O. Thorp, a math professor at MIT, had done his own computer calculations, out of which had arisen his famous *Beat the Dealer: A Winning Strategy for the Game of Twenty-One*, the first book to spread blackjack secrets to the general public. Prior to Thorp, a number of intellectual gamblers who knew computer languages had already made blackjack programs and devised various card-counting systems. They learned to keep track of the unplayed 10s and picture cards in the deck,

(continued on page 272)

A close-up photograph of a person's feet standing on a red mechanical scale. The scale's circular dial is visible, and the text is superimposed on it. The person's feet are positioned on the scale's platform, with the toes and heels visible. The scale has a red body and a silver-colored dial.

**DON'T PAY
ATTENTION
TO ANY ADVICE
ON PHYSICAL
FITNESS...**

...EXCEPT THIS

so you can't do one-armed push-ups like rocky? good news: you don't need to

article

By LEONARD GROSS

LET'S PUT IT ON the line: Exercise—as distinguished from sport or play—is a pain in the ass. It hurts. It's boring. It's an unpleasant memory (push-ups as punishment; "OK, wise guy, twice around the track"). It's that nuisance we'll get to tomorrow. It's a problem.

Part of the problem for most of us is that the objectives of exercise seem intimidating and esoteric, beyond the reach of all but the fitness fanatics. The means to those objectives are often complex, bewildering and contradictory. Every year, it seems, there's a new and better system for achieving physical fitness—completely different from last year's method. What are we supposed to do, please? Pump iron? Run to exhaustion? Practice yoga? Do calisthenics?

Much of our confusion arises from the fact that when people talk about physical fitness, they're often giving different meaning to the same term. To some, fitness means big muscles or a beautiful body. To others, it means suppleness. To still others, it means how strong you are, how far and how fast you can run or how many push-ups you can do.

In fact, fitness is none of those things—though all of them may be its by-products. Your fitness is measured by one, and only one, criterion: your ability to use your body to live life as you want to.

There are those among us who can get everything they want out of life without ever getting winded, and yet do little or nothing to stay in shape. Such persons would tend to be skinny and dynamic; they move a lot, and swiftly, throughout

the day. Unfortunately, most of us don't have that combination of body type and lifestyle. We need special training to get what we want out of life without courting danger. But because we have been conditioned to think of that training as punitive, boring and even dangerous, we wind up doing nothing.

No one can prove that you, specifically, aren't getting as much out of life by being out of shape. But the *probability* that you're not is overwhelming. You're not as alert, you tire sooner, don't perform as well in your work and sport, don't achieve as much and—sex being a fitness event, whatever else it is—you're almost surely not satisfying either your partner or yourself as much as you would be if you were fit.

It doesn't take more than an eyeball survey to confirm that Americans have gone sports and fitness crazy. Part of the interest has to be credited to television's emphasis on competitive sports, and that's where the credit generally goes. I have another theory: The sports-and-fitness explosion in this country is energized by the interest of women.

Sports once played exclusively by men are now being played by women. Women's high school and college athletics used to feature field hockey and archery. Today, it's softball, basketball and track and field. Recreationally, the increased participation of women is even more noticeable. They are on the ski slopes and tennis courts, volleyball and racquet-ball courts. Where women are, men will be. A man has to be fit today, if only to keep up with his lady.

Because that well-built woman you admire so much responds to a well-built

man, you're probably not as attractive to her as you could be. It's not just a matter of the size of your chest and shoulders and the lack of size of your waist and butt; it's also the youthfulness you project.

There's nothing we can do about chronological aging, but *physiological* aging is something else again. There are periods in our 20s when it's helpful to look older; it gives us more assurance and often earns us more confidence. But that time passes quickly. At 40, we wouldn't mind looking 30 again—and fitness can help us do it. The variable can be as much as 30 years. A man of 50 can look 65—or 35. More than likely, the condition of his internal system will match his external appearance.

Which leads us to the most costly consideration of all: All the available evidence powerfully suggests that the man who isn't exercising is courting premature death.

The hard truth, then, is that exercise, while theoretically an option, is as necessary to a well-lived life as eating, sleeping and lovemaking. That being the case, the trick is to find the least punishing and most rewarding way to get—and keep—yourself in shape.

The thesis of this article is that the best way to do that is by means of a program—unlike any you may have read about before—designed exclusively for you. You'll design it for yourself, with the aid of the instructions that follow.

You'll figure out exactly what you need to do, given your present lifestyle, to achieve both the *fitness* and the *performance* level you desire. You won't waste a minute. You won't be uncomfortable. You won't fail. What you'll wind up with,

THE ULTIMATE BODY SHOP. If you want to stay in shape, why not do it with the best equipment? Below, left to right: **Lumi-Tronic II** takes your blood pressure electronically without a stethoscope, from Lumiscope, \$69.95. In front of it, the perfect watch for the man who would be **Totally Fit: Pulsar Pulse/Time Computer** displays your pulse rate, the time and date, by Pulsar, \$395. Why jog in sloppy cut-offs, when you can whiz along in the **Bjorn Borg Warm-up Suit**, made in Italy, by White Line Fila, for \$120? Speaking of jogging, be nice to your ankles with the **Nike LD 1000 Shoe** with flared heel and waffle sole to improve foot placement, from The Athlete's Foot, \$39.95.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI





Above: **Universal 8-Station Centurion** fits into a 14' x 18' space and lets you do the leg press, chest press, shoulder press, high lat pull, arm curl, chinning, dipping and hip flexor, from Swartz Associates, \$3680. Below, left to right: **Schwinn Deluxe Exerciser** features an adjustable handle bar, padded saddle, control panel with speedometer and adjustable pedal resistance control, from Schwinn, \$148.95. Center: **Universal DVR Leg Extension** can be added to your 8-Station Centurion, by Universal Gym Equipment, for an extra \$1000. Right: **Tramm** spring-supported exercise mat is designed for trauma-free jumping, skipping, etc., from Swartz Associates, \$300.



THE GOLSON SHRUG-AND-STAY-FIT PROGRAM



Bill Franiz

playboy's immobile executive editor suggests a new form of isometrics: press the entire length of your body horizontally against a flat surface

THE GUILT WAS overwhelming.

For months I had been assailed by the sight and sound of America exercising. In parks and on streets, in magazines and on television, everyone seemed to be huffing and puffing his way to better health. My colleagues were spending their lunch hour "working out," relatives were signing up for classes and people who loathed Canada were doing R.C.A.F. calisthenics. At first, I hoped it was a passing fad, like those thinly disguised Bataan Death Marches that Jack Kennedy pressed on us in the early Sixties. But when even close friends who had always shunned physical activity suddenly began jogging, I began to feel threatened.

I went to my family doctor for an annual checkup.

After the usual tapping and probing, he pronounced me in excellent condition. As I pulled up my pants, I blurted out my problem.

"I'm worried, doc," I said. "I'm thirty-two, you tell me I'm in great shape, but I don't do a lick of exercise. What's wrong with me?"

The doctor smiled and leaned back in his chair. "I've been looking forward to saying this," he said. "Lately, I'd estimate that five out of ten patients who come in on an emergency basis are here because of injuries related to exercise. Sore backs, strained muscles, broken bones. I wouldn't recommend it to everyone, but you keep doing whatever it is you do."

What he meant, of course, was for me to keep doing what I don't do.

And I will, I assure you.

It has always been a firm principle when in doubt as to a choice between two physically taxing activities, simply to shrug and do neither. It takes strength of character, but why be torn by a commitment to wash the windows on Saturday morning or help someone move heavy boxes, when a third option exists: to oversleep?

My point is that the current frenzy for exercise shows tendencies toward physical fascism. Not everyone *must* exercise. At certain ages, and in certain situations, there may exist a class of "naturals"—people who stay reasonably fit and whose muscles remain reasonably toned merely by exerting themselves naturally: walking to the bus, stretching often and having sex with some regularity. I am one of those who, thanks to some sort of high metabolism, do not

gain or lose weight. My body's pretty trim; in whatever occasional feats of strength I am called on to perform, I acquit myself well.

To be fair to the fitness fanatics, I admit that I've noticed I function less well when endurance, rather than the short burst, is at stake. But given my urban lifestyle, when will long-distance endurance be crucial to my survival? It is always possible that at some point in my life I may have to outrun a platoon of angry Zulu warriors, but it is a risk I choose to take. My heart does, in fact, beat much faster when I have to go the distance. But to those who claim I am unfit because I happen to collapse, wheezing, after climbing a few flights of stairs, I would point out that it is rest, and not more exercise, that makes my body feel better. There is an overlooked scientific principle in this logic, I am sure.

The body of a natural always tells him what he must do. Without thinking about it, I have always craved healthy foods—I have no sweet tooth, for example, and I eat much smaller meals than most people. I don't consciously believe in moderation, but my body moderates for me. A hacking cough will signal me that it's time to cut back to one pack a day for a while; a brutal hangover will keep me on milk for a week or two. It may be that as I grow older, what is sinewy will turn soft. In that case, I shall adjust—but naturally. I may undertake brisk walks around my apartment or begin waving my arms about more often for emphasis.

I am not pressing my viewpoint on the majority. For many, exercise is clearly essential. And a tendency toward masochism, to my liberal way of thinking, is no more intolerable than any other perversion. If Americans choose to run until it hurts, to volley until they fall, to court injury and cardiac arrest, I shall relax and take frequent naps for their right to do so.

What I'm asking of my fellow citizens is to live and let live. I deserve a place in the park to sprawl and watch clouds without being run over by a pair of churning, sweating legs. I deserve to be able to exist lackadaisically without finding my favorite magazine cluttered with articles that make me feel guilty. I'm as fit as I care to be. Leave me the hell alone.

—G. BARRY GOLSON

above all, is a different way of looking at fitness—as something that doesn't hurt more than you're willing to bear, is thoroughly personal and produces immediate rewards.

No suggestion is made or implied that the program you may now be on hasn't produced its own rewards. To the contrary, anything you've done—whether it's the Canadian Air Force or West Point exercise programs, aerobics, yoga or your own variation—has been beneficial and has created a base to build on. My argument is that there is a more modern way to exercise that avoids both the psychological and the physical hazards of previous programs, is infinitely more efficient and guarantees success.

I confess to a bias in these matters. I am the co-author with Laurence E. Morehouse, a physiologist, professor of kinesiology and founding director of the Human Performance Laboratory at UCLA, of two books that deal with fitness. The first, *Total Fitness*, was published in 1975 and became an international best seller, as well as a subject of controversy because of its permissive approach to exercise. The second, *Maximum Performance*, was published last June. It argues that all of us function at a fraction of our capacity and that each can be a better performer than he is—a better producer, leader, organizer, homemaker, athlete, dancer, lover. The two books are linked by one pivotal notion: Whether it's fitness or performance we're after, each one of us takes a different route to excellence.

That each one of us is different is a notion so obvious that it would seem not to need restating. Yet time after time, we are offered fitness programs that address the subject as though what's good for one is good for all.

Not true. Your needs are determined by your age, your present physical condition, your lifestyle and your objectives.

Suppose you sit at a desk all day. Your fitness program should differ from that of a man who works on his feet. This peripatetic worker's program, in turn, should differ from that of a lumberjack. The weekend tennis player's program should differ from that of the touring pro or the amateur who's so well heeled that he can play every day. And so on.

Yet many fitness systems seem to be predicated on the notion that all of us aspire to be world-class athletes. Such standards are hopelessly unrealistic when applied to you and me, and, more importantly, we *don't need* the fitness that all that suffering produces.

You can't store fitness. It doesn't do you any good to have it if you don't intend to use it. If you're playing defensive tackle to earn your living, you need one kind of fitness. If you have an office job and play tennis (continued on page 286)

CAUTIONARY CALISTHENICS

though the obvious dangers of exercise (heavy breathing, sweating) are easily avoided, there are more subtle menaces lurking on the road to robust health; these examples should help you guard against them

By
Graham Wilson



1. Wealthy people will consider hiring others to do their exercise for them. They should not give in to this temptation, as studies have shown that this seriously slows down any truly serious body-building campaign.



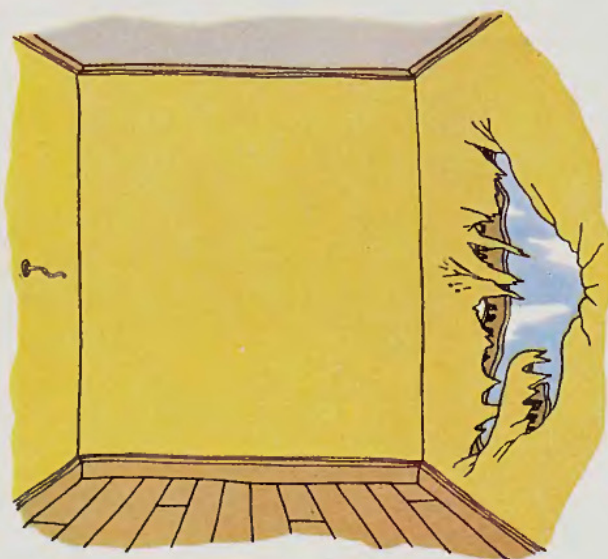
2. The key word in isometrics is balance. Be sure every part of your body shares in the fun equally and you will be able to avoid awkward developments.



3. Proceed cautiously in the practice of yoga, as mistakes are hard to undo.



4. When jogging, watch your step. Too much steady pounding can result in a loosening of your internal organs and their slippage into one of your legs.



5. Install all equipment carefully.



6. Never increase the weight load of any exercise machine when you are by yourself.

THERE WAS ONCE a widower named Tomeu, who lived in the countryside near Palma de Mallorca with his three daughters who, though partially blessed by heaven's gifts to womanhood, would have been better blessed had they not been three but one.

The eldest daughter had hips plump and wondrous in shape, but, alas, she had little more. The second daughter had breasts round and firm that moved delightfully as she walked, but, alas, she had little more. The third daughter had the face of a goddess and if she had had but a little more, every prince from the Mediterranean lands would have sought that little more.

Tomeu was greatly grieved by his daughters' unequal blessings, for no man came courting and the daughters were each day more quarrelsome and mean. They blamed their father's blood for their shortcomings and, as daughters will do, they sought excuse for the absence of suitors in the absence of money for attractive dowries. Tomeu's lot was not a happy one.

One day, the father sought out his wise and wealthy friend Luis Ripol for counsel.

"My friend," Tomeu began, "what can I do? My daughters are driving me to an early grave with their complainings. I have enough money for only one dowry, but I must divide it equally. And, along with the odd apportionment of beauty, God neglected to give the girls any brains. What can I do?"

"My dear friend," Ripol replied, "it is known among the wise and brave of heart that what a woman has is just what she has been led to believe she has. For years, you have lived in poverty, in order that someday you will have saved enough to provide them with dowries. As a result, they believe themselves poor. Surely, you have never disclosed the amount of your savings, have you?"

"Certainly not," Tomeu said proudly. "But if I should, they would surely tear me to pieces and scatter my bones to the dogs."

"Then I will lend you one thousand pieces of gold, and this is what you will do: You will make a great show of counting them in the privacy of your room, behind the locked door with its large keyhole. As you count, be sure that the coins make a noise your daughters can hear. When they look through the keyhole and see the gold, their hopes will soar, for it will appear more than enough for even all three."

"That takes care of the dowry," Tomeu frowned, "but what of their slighted beauty?"

"When each has seen the gold, she

will want to favor you, in hopes that you will give her the greatest share," Ripol said.

"But that will surely add to my troubles," Tomeu replied.

"Not at all, for it will allow you to gain their individual devotion. One cannot cure greed, but one can, with cleverness, redirect it to the advantage of all concerned. They will each come to you in the silence of night and whisper that you ask a favor. They will ask, 'What can I do for you, my dear father?' and you will say to the eldest, 'Let me rest my weary head on your beautiful hips!' And to the second you will say, 'Let me rest my weary head between your beautiful breasts!' And to the third you will say, 'Let me rest my weary head against your beautiful face!'"

"I can't do that," Tomeu said in astonishment at his friend's words. "It is not proper that a father take advantage of his daughters' favors."

"You can, my friend, because you must. Once they believe that they are wealthy, it remains only that they also believe that a man can regard their bodies as things of rare beauty. This done, they will be so loving of themselves and so grateful to you that your long nights as a lonely widower will be recompensed."

"There is wisdom in what you say," Tomeu said, "but pardon me when I say it is a strange path which you suggest."

"A path, my friend, is strange only when it is without prospects. If your daughters believe that they are both wealthy and beautiful, they will soon be courted by admiring suitors who, no doubt, will themselves be wealthy and handsome, and thus you will ensure the happiness of all."

"It is surely a noble plan," Tomeu finally agreed.

And so Tomeu undertook the plan. The daughters were, indeed, drawn to the keyhole by the clinking of counted coins and they were, indeed, delirious with thoughts of dowries. And each was, indeed, drawn to his bedside in the silence of night to whisper in his ear hopes that he would ask of her a personal favor.

When the first daughter came to Tomeu, she asked, "Dear father, what can I do to make penance for the many moments of grief I've so foolishly caused you?"

Tomeu kindly answered, "My wish is simply to rest my weary head in your beautiful lap tonight."

Now, this daughter merely shrugged at the wish and promptly presented her beautiful loins. Not long into the night, it occurred to her to wonder about the remarkable activity of what was supposed to

be a weary head. And in the darkness, she was almost startled by her own pleasure in the strange movements that seemed to be taking place between her legs. But so much had her fondness for them grown that, by the first light of dawn, she could have sworn that something had swelled and burst inside her. And as she hastened to her own room, she did not pause to wonder why Tomeu had requested her to wait two nights before coming to him again. She simply sighed at the remembrance of what she thought must certainly have been a fanciful dream.

On the second night, Tomeu smiled when the second daughter knelt by his bed, pressing her young breasts against his shoulder, to whisper in his ear. Tomeu answered, "If you would indulge an old man's whimsy, I wish only one thing, to lay my weary head between the most round and firm breasts in this entire land, and there to gather sustenance for my waning days."

His reasoning was only so much poetry to her simple mind; thus, with a shrug did she open her blouse and nestle her father's weary head between the pink-tipped mounds that heaved to and fro with her excited breathing. And soon she felt what seemed to be fevered activity and warm kisses, though she could not be sure, it was so dark in the room. By midnight, she was quite taken with the pulling and pushing that seemed to enlarge her by the minute, until she wondered if she could sustain the frenzy of it for another breath. She was further confused when, at the light of dawn, her father said that he would wait two nights before next resting his weary head. She shrugged and hastened with bare feet and bare breasts to her own room and soon fell asleep.

Well, as you can imagine, the widower Tomeu was smiling in parental bliss by the time the third daughter was laying her face next to his weary head and he was indulging a fascination for her virginal lips. Soon she was dazed with kisses and enchanted with every new exploration. And, being the most clever daughter of the three, she eventually began to suspect that the very large and wet finger, which her mouth was so cleverly attracted to, might not be a finger at all. This excited her delight to explore all the more, though she was far from identifying it, it was so dark in the room. And she was still wondering when, at the first light of dawn, Tomeu said she must delay two nights before further exploration. She hastened off to her room, where she fell asleep with the riddle unsolved.

So it was that Tomeu scheduled his nights so that they created no imbalance



in the family and no suspicion among his daughters. Perhaps more clever daughters would have put one and three together and deduced an interval of two, but, as you have seen, they were not so clever, and the bedroom was very dark.

In the days and weeks to follow, there was not a more joyful home on the entire island of Majorca. Tomeu's last days were blessed even beyond his capac-

ity, though he was strong and vigorous.

The daughters were happier than they'd ever been in their fondest fancies. They were nourished well and blossomed appealingly. Suitors came from far and near, offering riches, handsome figures and promises of eternal happiness. Each daughter made her choice after due deliberation and agreed to marry within the year. They now loved one another so

graciously that it was decided that they would marry in one ceremony.

On the day of the wedding, but not before parental farewell whispers in the silence of three nights, Tomeu died with the smile of a father content with his legacy. And, do you know, somehow, the daughters never wondered what became of the dowry!

—Translated by Richard Willis



Jōvan has created a new



Man by Jōvan

Woman by Jōvan

generation of fragrances.

So different, they don't just say who you are.
They say what you are.

One is for her.
It's a cologne concentrate called
Woman by Jōvan.
The other is for him. Man by Jōvan
aftershave/cologne.

Here, sheltered in classic glass
sculptures, is a new
generation of fragrances.
To hold in your hand.
To hold in your head.
To experience the joy of
gender. Their power is
so physical, so dynamic,
and so beckoning, they
signal everything you are.
Everything you want
to be. To one another.

Man by Jōvan.
The most masculine
aftershave/cologne
ever.

A potent blend
of leather, tabac and

peppery spices. With a surprising twist.
Its message is unmistakably
male. Its attraction for woman totally
magnetic. Because it is powerful.
Interesting. Sexy.

Man by Jōvan is what woman
wants from man.



Woman by Jōvan.
The ultimate
fragrance.

Total femininity.
A cologne concentrate
that is intensely floral.
And softly seductive.
It communi-
cates intimately. Subtly.
Beautifully. Yet with an
unmistakable power
that draws man closer.
Physically.

Woman by
Jōvan is what man
wants from woman.

**What man wants from woman and woman wants
from man, Jōvan has created.**

SWINGERS' SCRAPBOOK

(continued from page 172)

"The kinds of things you can think up for each other are endless. Clothespins. Spoons."

BARBRA: We like to do it in cars. Once, in the middle of a rainstorm on the Belt Parkway, we decided to make love. Fuck, can't drive, might as well fuck. Once I was coming out of a candy store and I said to Chuck, "I'll give you \$20 if you fuck me." He tuned right in to my fantasy, took the \$20 and stashed it in his wallet. An old lady who was walking by nearly passed out. But he drove in back of this church and we did it in the parking lot in the back of the Barracuda.

CHUCK: It was the Camaro.

BARBRA: No, it was the Barracuda. Remember, you hit your head on the dashboard? You didn't even own the Camaro then.

CHUCK: Oh, yeah, it was the Barracuda. Every time we act out a fantasy, we say, "Holy shit, if you can do that, you can do anything." Each episode is more intense. Like, one time, we were talking about tattoos. So I pulled out this pen and did this huge tattoo of a snake, with its mouth poised just above Barbra's cunt. It never got finished. She had to go to work. But the kinds of things you can think up for each other are endless. Just the things that are normally around the house. Clothespins. Spoons. You take a spoon and put it into a refrigerator. Then you breathe on the spoon and put it on her clit. *Ooooh*. Then you can hold a vibrator against the spoon. There are hollow-point dildos you can fill with ice water, called the Devil's dildo. Or even better: You do a plaster cast of your own pecker, fill it with water, freeze it and you can fuck yourself.

BARBRA: Sometimes we're gentle. We made love once in the ocean. There were dolphins in the water. Do you know how lucky it is to have dolphins?

BOB AND KATHY: TAG-TEAM ORGIES

Bob and Kathy were made for each other: He is a fugitive from a southern Mississippi Baptist upbringing. She is the daughter of a Northern California minister. She lost her virginity at 13—to her older brother. Then she moved to the big city, found true love and a life of swinging.

KATHY: It took Bob less time to get me to a swing party than it did to get me to a dance floor. The first time he brought up *Naked with Another Girl*? it was no. No. No. *Naked with Another Guy*? No. No. No. But four weeks later, I was ready for a party. You know, it's always that way. We met a cute girl a few weeks

ago who said she had never been with another woman. By the end of the evening, she was grabbing with both hands. At one point, she had a hand in each of two separate pussies and her mouth on another. That's the one thing I like about orgies. The energy level. And the girls. I love making it with women, but I must confess that it's not complete unless Bob is there, inside me.

BOB: It's amazing the changes that come over people at orgies. Like, how many people are into heavy S/M or bondage.

KATHY: We're into S/M. I flogged the hell out of him the other night, until his ears were ringing. He hated it. I loved it, but not as much as when I'm being treated rough.

BOB: She's odd. The reverse of most chicks. She does not like to be hit anywhere except the face. Not hard enough to bruise. Just hard enough to make her cry.

KATHY: He loves to see me cry.

BOB: It's very emotional. If you put your hand down to her pussy, it's dripping wet. You'd be surprised how many women like to be roughed up. I was at a swing party and this very cute, very tiny girl met me, took me to the group room. We lay down beside Kathy, I got on and asked, "Is there anything you like to do?" She said, "Yes, get on top, pin my arms down and bang the hell out of me." She was really getting off on it.

KATHY: Tell them about the first time you found out that you liked to hit women.

BOB: No. I've never told anyone that. You want me to? Oh, well. I was in a bar, playing pool. This chick came in with a supernice body. Really shaking it around. Put the make on me, so I drove out into the desert, pulled her clothes off, went off through the dunes. I was running my hands through her hair when it slipped. Underneath, her head was shaved. There was stubble. Then, kissing her, I realized that she had false teeth. I said, "My God, what the hell have I got here?" She was on the verge of passing out. I mean, she wasn't all there. So I crawled up, stuck the head of my dick into her mouth. She would only take the head. So I said, "Deeper." Still wasn't deep enough. So I told her to take her teeth out. She didn't want to, so I roughed her up a little. She took her teeth out, then took a little more of me. It still wasn't deep enough, so I slapped her, grabbed the back of her head, put it all the way in. As far as it would go. I kind

of got carried away. Decided to butt-fuck her. But sand was in every orifice. It really messed everything up. I couldn't finish. Finally, I had to jack off in her face.

KATHY: Tell him what her reaction was.

BOB: Well, she was just sitting there, her teeth in one hand, her wig in the other. Amazing. We had been all over that sand dune and she had held on to her teeth and wig the whole time. She was kind of rambling. I figured she had had it with me. We got in the car and I asked her where she wanted to go. She said, "Home with you." I let her out there.

KATHY: Now we're into this fantasy kick. Every fantasy you act out makes you a little stronger.

BOB: She wants to be a sexual slave, so we're thinking about getting a van, parking it downtown, getting a lot of men and saying, "Hey, do you want a free blow job?" And we give each other gifts. One time, I was downtown playing pool. This little black kid came up and hustled me three games in a row. Finally, I walked out into the parking lot to go home and he followed me. He introduced himself: "I'm one of the top ten female boxers in the country." I couldn't believe it. He was a girl. So I asked, "Are you bi?" and took her home to Kathy.

KATHY: Yeah, Bob came into the room, said, "Hey, I've got a gal for you." I just stared. He hadn't done that kind of thing before and I was kind of freaked. With her clothes on, this little black kid looked just like a guy. But she undressed and, sure enough, she was a girl. It was fantastic.

BOB: Yeah. The black gal went down on Kathy and Kathy went down on me. I think Kathy was too nervous then to reciprocate, to initiate anything sexual with the other girl. It was still too new to her. But she learned how soft and talented another woman can be, how expressive. Now she's a tigress when it comes to other girls. It gives her a sense of power to play another woman's body, to give another girl pleasure.

Each of the interviews averaged two or more hours. Many of the stories that Hooper and Holmes heard were being told for the first time. Our interviewers were careful not to judge but, instead, tried to match the curiosity that had driven these couples to live out their sexual fantasies with a curiosity of their own—the simple question: What's happening out there? The two still have that curiosity and, having survived this first mission, have volunteered to continue their quest for knowledge. So—who knows?—maybe they'll be paying a visit to your galaxy.



CARD TRICKS



how to win friends and influence blondes with a full deck or less—

a prestidigitatorial pictorial starring crack shot ricky jay 251



RICKY JAY, author of the top-secret treatise *Cards as Weapons*, is the court magician of the counterculture, a certified zany who has played night clubs, colleges, national television shows and cruise ships. ("I perform for people who have spent their entire lives working to earn enough money to get away from people who look like me.") A while ago, we had the opportunity to catch Jay's act: At the climax, he set up a plastic duck on one side of the stage, walked ten paces, whirled and decapitated his poor prop with a flick of his wrist. Jay's weapon? An ordinary playing card. Amazing. In *Cards as Weapons*, Jay describes the techniques that allow him to throw a card higher, faster and farther than anyone else in the world. He reveals the secret Oriental art of self-defense with cards, skills that were first developed by the dread Ninja assassins. He recounts personal anecdotes about big-game hunting with cards. Honest. He once felled a prized springbok with his trusted side-arm—a four of clubs. To catch up with this Renaissance man, we asked Jay for a demonstration. Behold.



Jay (top left) arrived at our studio fully armed, a deck of playing cards displayed conspicuously about his person to avoid arrest for carrying a concealed weapon. Assisting the master card fighter was Barbara Sawyer (top right), whose talented torso was last seen inside a Bunny costume at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club. Jay established a working rapport with Sawyer and after instructing her in the Jay Grip, the Jay Toss, the Basic Attack Stance (above left), he helped her conquer the basic self-defense throw—the Flick (above right). Says he: "This throw is used for distracting effect and is not meant to cause harm or do bodily injury. Should this card hit bare flesh, it will cause only minor annoyance but will serve as a warning and let the enemy know that you're Out There." As you can see, Sawyer is obviously Out There with the best of them. She helped Jay demonstrate his prowess. At left, he shows the full potential of playing cards as martial projectiles by embedding several in the vicinity of Sawyer. (His throw has been clocked in excess of 90 mph.) At right, the William Tell Accuracy Test.





Jay and Sawyer demonstrate (above) how an innocent wisp of a girl, unarmed and unclathed save for a single playing card, can overcome a powerful attacker, if not a magician out to practice his sleight-of-hand technique. From left to right: the Copped Feel, the Ninja Nasal Slash, the SS Card Manicure, Submission. Once recovered, Jay successfully attempts a never-before-attempted ballaon trick (below). Encare! New deall!



MY SPRING VACATION

(continued from page 232)

"What Kiss does musically is Jacksonian democracy, proof that you can still make it with energy."

of drums is Peter, an everyday good guy from an Italian section of New York, with his face painted to look like a cat's—though a friend of mine said she thought he looked like Minnie Mouse.

By the end of the tour, I'd seen eight concerts. Night after night, the show varied only in minor details, including Paul's intro raps. The crowds and their response were also nearly identical every night. Some more *up* than others, but that's all. In the midst of all this sameness, I was changing my opinions about the band more often than my underwear. Are they a threat to mankind and harbinger of apocalypse? Minstrels for the new barbarians? Carny for the Seventies? Four nice guys with a very commercial idea? Boring? Terrific? All of the above?

Some of my concert notes:

Osaka #1: Meet You in the Ladies' Room. The kids know the lyrics, singing along behind us . . . and, unlike concerts back home, the Japanese throw only long streams of crepe paper instead of firecrackers, rolls of toilet paper, cherry bombs or each other. . . .

Ace's solo is, well, underwhelming . . . but then his guitar does give off actual smoke, billowing out of some contraption wired inside. The rock-crit image brought vividly to life, sort of. At one point, he leaves the guitar alone onstage, spotlight in a rack, where it smokes and wails feedback on its own as well as it had under his direction.

The snow machine cranks up, Paul does the duty guitar smash and throws the pieces—gently—into the audience . . . the kids begin shouting in unison. "*Encom, encom, encom!*"

Osaka #2: The show's a return engagement for a number of the fans. The world's skinniest teenager is back, sans red lightning bolt, but back. Also, the girls in white coveralls. And Tough Blondie, in the front row again.

Gene doing his troglodyte blood-spitting act, with the dry-ice smoke rolling out . . . drooling and snarling under exorcist-green lights.

Kyoto #3: Saturday. HIBINO SOUND truck sitting outside the Kyoto hall, which is the nicest we've seen so far. A gaggle of KISSU kids, one with a crewcut done up as Gene . . . inside, the hall is

a modernist concrete horseshoe with what look like schools of cubist sea biscuits flying ten feet below the angled plane of the roof, acoustic tiles become art.

Standing at ringside, watching Gene's antics and playing. It's kind of comic up close—and much more overtly and deliberately sexual. Wagging the silver-scaled codpiece that shines against black tights between his legs and looks like a biker's fantasy of a chrome-studded penis . . . licking every girl in the first five rows with his fat long serpent's tongue. And it is a great costume. Thigh-length silver-scaled boots, each scale twice the size of an Eisenhower dollar, scales evolving at the ankle into a boot that becomes a sour apeline monster face with red rhinestone eyes in front and ten-inch platform heels behind. This is all just a little too much for the plump schoolgirls in the first row, who react as most Japanese girls do when tremendously embarrassed, by putting their hands to their mouths and lowering their eyes as they giggle like mad.

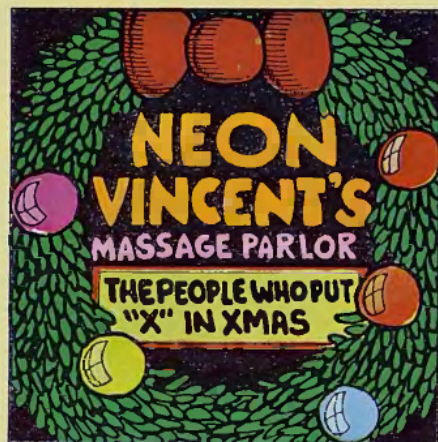
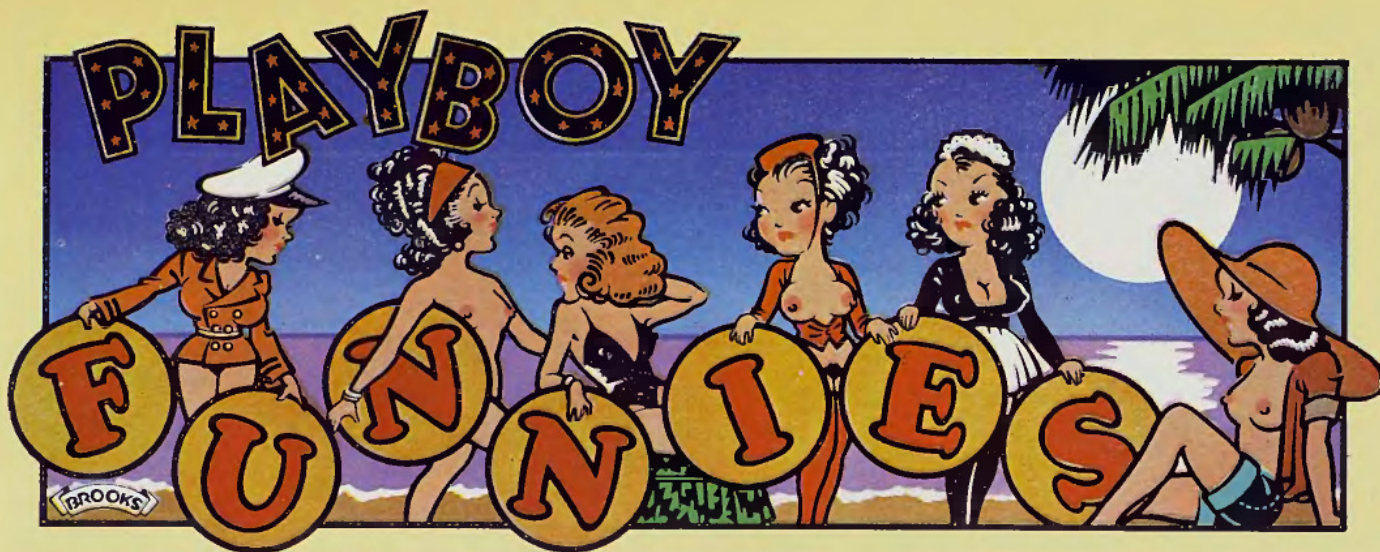
Sunday; to Nagoya by train: On the Shinkansen to Nagoya. Ridin' that train, high on Suntory. . . . And there's Honey, the sad-eyed not-yet-ripe groupie who's been following us everywhere. All day, on the photo shooting at temples around Kyoto, she and her friends followed us in cabs. And tonight, as we attacked the Shinkansen platform, there she was again, in her white-denim jacket with a cloth Kiss decal sewn on the back, pouting, on the platform with a bunch of her friends. (Later that night she will appear in that same outfit in the fancy rooftop restaurant of the Nagoya Grandé, weeping, wanting Michael Gross, who it appears she has fallen in love with, to tell him that she's out of money and would he, gulp, help? On arrival at the Kyoto Grandé two nights earlier, Michael had connected with her—they'd been eying each other since Osaka, which is where I first noticed her—and was on his way upstairs with her toward better things when he found out that she was only 15 and had never been kissed. She definitely did not yet know how to be nasty, and Michael wisely decided not to teach her. So he'd said a polite goodbye and grabbed his hat. Rejected, she was now deeply in love. And broke. And light-years from home.)

We have taken over one entire first-class Green Car on the Shinkansen, blitzed the bar car and come away with Suntory pints. Too bad for the few other folks sharing the car with us, at least if they were expecting a quiet ride to Nagoya. Three separate cassette players are cranked up and slugging it out for attention. But what's this? There, sitting a few seats away with an average-looking mom, are two little girls of eight or nine or so. Mom has dressed her daughters for the trip in high red-plastic go-go boots, silver tights, black-satin hotpants and red tops—with a decorative gold cocaine razor blade hanging from a gold chain around each neck. In-scrutable!

Nagoya #4: The biggest hall yet—a sports arena. On the way to our seats, we pass stacks of Kiss albums sitting untended on tables in an aisle. At home, they would have been ripped off and resold twice by now. . . .

And I'm actually beginning to enjoy the show—through earplugs. Kiss is all right if you think about it in the right way. Musically, I mean. It's the clockwork-orange costumes and huge halls and bombs going off and perver Walt Disney staging that fool you. If you close your eyes and get past all that, you can hear the secret of Kiss—that it's a bar band. It's a paradigm of the form. That's one reason it's so adored. Its fans sense, know, that *they* could be up there prancing around instead, that what Kiss does musically is Jacksonian democracy, proof that you can still make it in America with energy, that genius isn't required. If Kiss were in jeans and I had a flat draft beer in front of me, I'd swear I was back in college at Al & Larry's Upstairs, happily listening to Tony & the Bandits do cheery off-key versions of current Stones and Beatles hits. . . . And that is, after all, where all four members of Kiss come from—the bar-band circuit in Queens and Brooklyn and Jersey. It fits with who they are offstage, as well. All through the tour, we so-called rock press have been marveling to one another about how normal they are, human and likable, and quite unlike some of the ego monsters created by rock-'n'-roll stardom that we've all encountered. Four or five years ago, they were still buying tickets and standing in line with everyone else at the Garden to see the Stones or The Who. Now the Garden fills for them, and they have more money than they can count, but those days of scuffling around New York broke and anonymous aren't so far behind and they are remembered. And they probably understand better than any of us how thin the

(continued on page 262)



...IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN WE FIND LITTLE SURPRISES STUFFED INTO STOCKINGS...

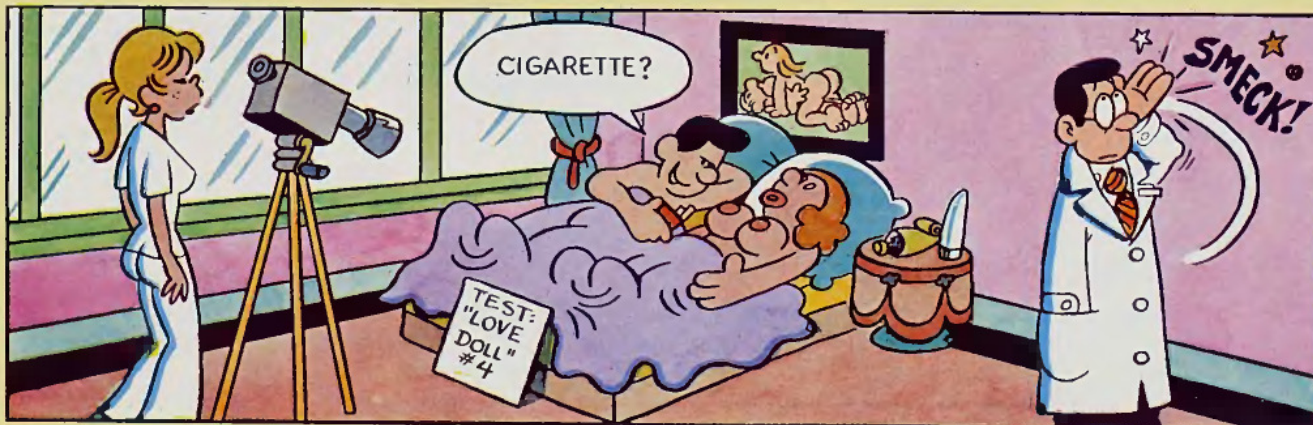
...THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CAROL OR TWO TO SPREAD CHRISTMAS CHEER...

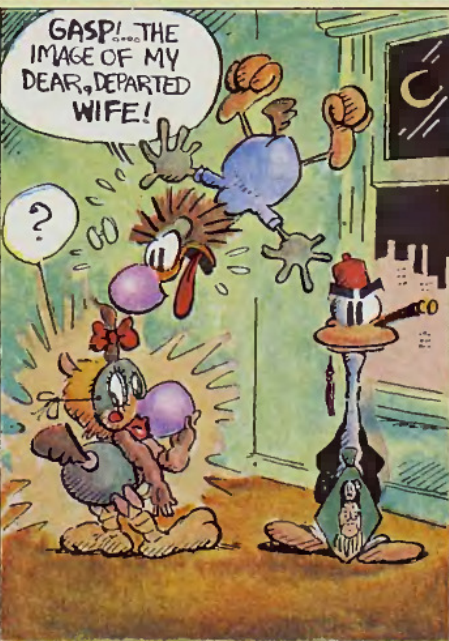
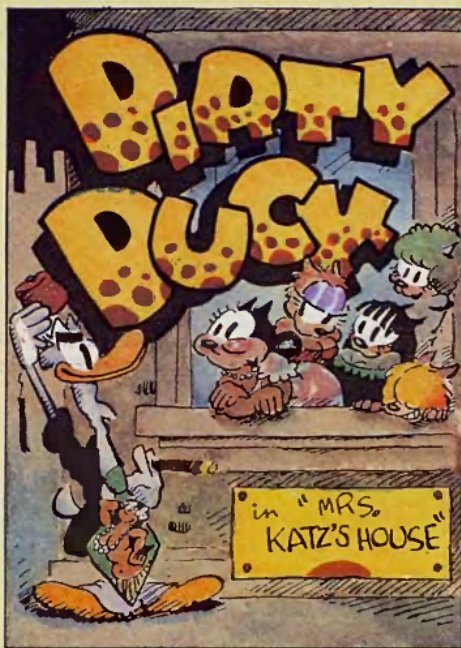
...AND, OF COURSE, THE SEASON BRINGS OUT SOME VERY SPECIAL CUSTOMERS!



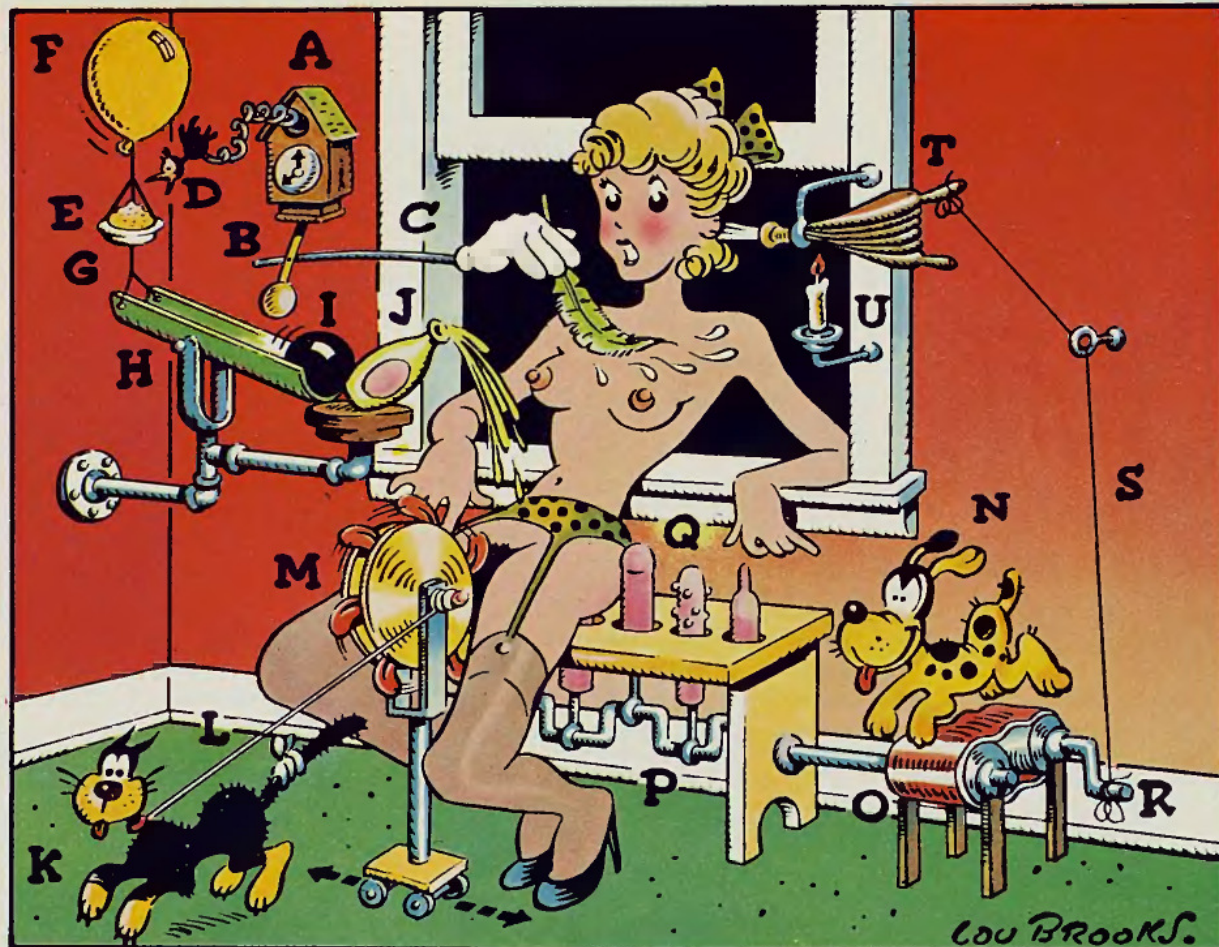
The Kinky Report

by christophr crasne





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DOWN TROUGH, UPSETTING BOTTLE OF HAND LOTION (J). STARTLED BY COMMOTION, CAT (K) TAKES OFF, PULLING ON WIRE (L), WHICH REVOLVES WHEEL OF RUBBER TONGUES (M). MUTT (N) PURSUES CAT, ROTATING CONVEYOR BELT (O), WHICH TURNS CAMSHAFT (P), CAUSING VARIETY OF DILDOS (Q) TO MOVE UP AND DOWN. MEANWHILE, CRANK (R) REVOLVES AND PULLS ON STRING (S), CAUSING BELLOWS (T) HEATED BY CANDLE (U) TO BLOW WARM AIR INTO YOUR EAR.

FOOTBALL MOVIE

(continued from page 202)

"Here I was, flying for the general, and they're pouring me into the helicopter, dyin' of a hangover."

everywhere, fabulous girls, little boys, old men, dog acts, trained seals; they follow him into airports, into restaurants, into men's rooms. . . .

Merrick is saying, "The rushes so far look good to me, but I'm told the rushes always look good, and look how many wretched pictures are made.

"This is quite a bit different from the theater," he continues, as the chow line pushes forward. "I like the theater, where I'm working with four or five plays at a time. Of course, one bad night of reviews and you're through. But you can always take a play to Boston and fix it. Many a Broadway show has been manufactured on the road, and many more vastly improved. Here we're playing for keeps. It's a roll of the dice, especially in comedy, because if they don't laugh. . . ."

After dinner, I make my way through the crowd of girls on the ramp to Kristofferson's trailer in the Orange Bowl parking lot. Security around the trailer, as Shake might put it, is by God strong. Inside, Kris pops the tab on a diet cola. Kristofferson, the new Renaissance man. By accident of conversation, the subject of the Army comes up immediately. I mention that I was stationed in Bad Kreuznach, Germany, in 1964-1965. Turns out, so was Kristofferson.

"Goddamn!" he cries. "You were in B.K., too? Yeah, I was the general's helicopter pilot. General—what was his name? General Russ, that's it. You were on the newspaper? Listen"—he turns to his press agent—"the head of his office had this great name, what the hell was it?"

"Major Booz," I remind him. "He was from Kentucky distilling people, and the term came from his family."

"That's right!" Kris yells delightedly. "Major Booz!"

"Jesus, Bad Kreuznach," he recalls. "That's where I started hittin' the sauce really hard. Here I was, flying for the general, and they're pouring me into the helicopter every morning, shades over my eyes, sackin' out, dyin' of a hangover. Fortunately, in a helicopter, all you've got to do is go up and down. I totaled two cars and four motorcycles, running around with bad guys."

By that he means bad officers and bad Germans. I was a bad enlisted man, and that's why our paths didn't cross, even in a burg like Bad Kreuznach.

Kristofferson props up in the corner and continues: "At least I started writing songs while I was there. I got myself up a group and we played the E.M. clubs in Baumholder and places like that

for fifty dollars a night. As soon as I got out, I headed for Nashville."

The rest is some kind of history, including the rasslin' with the devils that kept him besotted for years. "I haven't had a drink in six months," he says, "and I don't even want one anymore. Quitting's done great stuff for my conditioning. I had gotten to the point where my coordination and timing were way off. Now I can punch the bag with good rhythm and run three miles a day. I feel like, here I'm just forty and I've taken a great weight of years off, kickin' that booze. . . ."

He jumps up, pulls another diet soda out of his refrigerator. "I'll tell you why I did this movie," he says. "So I could replay my college days. Robert Frost once said that football was the most important part of college life. Damn sure was for me. At Pomona, I had a reputation for having hands like a pair of claws. I wasn't big, but I was slow. It was like Don Meredith said about Fred Biletnikoff during the Super Bowl, 'It takes him about a week to run a hundred yards, but he gets there.' Well, a light bulb went on in my head. I used Biletnikoff for a model and went back to look at his films. I had pulled a hamstring tryin' to keep up with those guys out there, so I just tried practicing graceful moves instead of reaching for speed and it worked. Christ, I was catching passes better than I was twenty years ago." He laughs. "If I had had Tom Fears as a coach at Pomona, maybe I could have made the pros."

He pauses, reflective now. "Tonight, though, was bad because I was pissed off. I was dropping balls because I didn't give a shit. That's how I got hurt in college, getting mad and not concentrating. I've felt that way in concerts, too, when I just look at my feet and feel that self-destruct coming on. So tonight I came back to the locker room and got over that. I just mind-over-mattered it and went back out and caught some balls!"

"And it all came back more easily than I thought it would. Listen, there's a recalled sense of that great feeling, when your equipment is just right and your ankles are taped solid and you're feeling good and tight and ready to go out there and do some damage. I felt like, man, I was a football player again."

He was also a visibly nervous football player out there. "I know," he sighs. "Man, I know. This kind of celebrity is new to me. At least at concerts, they know your music and they've come to hear it, and a few smiles and a couple

of waves will do it for them. But the thing about all that attention I get out there is, I don't know how I'm supposed to react. I don't know what to give back. Tonight I had so many cameras in my face I wanted to say, 'Fuck you,' to the whole gang. I felt like David Cassidy, for Chrissake. Other times, though, I feel like saying, 'Don't do that, I'm not any better than you.' But either way, you insult them. You hurt their feelings, and I can't stand to do that.

"That's why I'm studying Burt's moves now, to see if I can learn to handle this celebrity business the way he does. He has the knack of acknowledging them and being cordial without being an asshole who looks like he believes it.

"And you see," says Kristofferson, "that's what I like about athletes—their sense of humor. They seem to have a better perspective about how unimportant they are in the greater scheme of things. In show business, we're surrounded by people who will hype us until we begin to believe the myth. But an athlete can't harbor those illusions about himself or he'll get them kicked out of him fast."

I thought about that after I left the trailer, and I recalled that it was not too long ago that pro football was so heavily padded with pious illusions and shopworn shibboleths that, come Sunday, America could scarcely distinguish between church and stadium. We just moved dreamily from shrines at Holy Trinity and Saint Luke's to shrines at NBC and CBS. The spirit of mindless reverence was much the same in both temples; only the platitudes were changed to protect the duly invested—and not by much, at that. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death . . ." translates readily into, "Well, Lindsay, it looks like the Steelers really came to play today." Is "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" any more substantial or profound than "He'll give you 110 percent every week"? And when the deadly liturgy is done, you may substitute for "Amen": "That's right, Bud."

Sure, pro football's rounders used to get their share of ink. But the Paul Hornungs and Max McGees were forgiven and thus redeemed by their father-confessor, Vince Lombardi. Even Joe Willie wore his crucifix and loved his mother. Then, in 1972, along came Dan Jenkins with *Semi-Tough* and its cheerful rogues, two all-pro football players who drank like fish, fucked like goats, smoked an occasional "anti-God cigarette" and generally stood about as much chance of getting into the Fellowship of Christian Athletes as a pair of masturbating monkeys.

The book caused a bit of an uproar. It was branded as racist (Reynolds managed to reinstate in the script a choice Jenkins line: "If niggers are tough, how come you never see one on a motorcycle?") and sexist ("steward and light

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hooks" playing such rambunctious parlor games as Unhitch the Boxcar and Down Range Target Practice). It even dared suggest that here and there, the spirit of the Greek warriors still burned in the N.F.L. Nowadays, of course, the love that once dared not speak its name not only won't shut up, it wants to climb into the training-room Jacuzzi with you.

Understand, though, that *Semi-Tough*, funny as it is, did not change pro football by so much as half a yard. But it decidedly changed America's *ideas* about the game. Also, it at least heralded a shift in its practitioners' spiritual allegiance from the First Baptist Church on Main Street to the last dirty-leg saloon on Van Nuys Boulevard, where the Hollywood stars took their ballplayer buddies slumming. Suddenly, we realized that the quintessential pro-football fan was not Billy Graham: it was Telly Savalas.

Everyone knew, of course, that pro football had long since sold itself, mundane jockstrap and immortal soul, to television; even Lombardi scheduled his games according to the dictates of Sixth Avenue. What Jenkins perceived beyond that and limned, in his own loose, light-hearted fashion, was a return to the glittering, confluent hedonism of the Golden Twenties, when the Ruths and Dempseys and Fairbankses and Barrymores toasted one another in radiant mutual admiration far into the blinding Broadway night.

The Depression re-established rustic verities: Sport was once again brave, clean and reverent, while show business was skulking, lustful and unholy as Satan himself. Remember when it was Hollywood stars who disappointed their fans by acting like tiresome, balky children about their studio contracts, while ballplayers did as they were supposed to and went out and played some ball?

Boy, are those days behind us. Pro football, our glamor sport, has dovetailed with show business until the two are virtually indistinguishable. First the ballplayers went Hollywood. Twelve years ago, Jim Brown committed the heresy of quitting football before being hauled away on an open mule-drawn cart. He just decided that if he had to play the Magnificent Animal, it would be less perilous and more fun to take his shirt off and play it with Raquel Welch. Now, I suspect, as many people saw O. J. Simpson ramrod a fire-engine company in *The Towering Inferno* as watched him play football last year. Young Ed Marinaro of the New York Jets, a tough kid from New Jersey who worked hard to get into and graduate from Cornell, will soon appear in his first movie, *Fingers*, and is taking acting lessons in the off-season. On the other hand, more Hollywood heavies show up for L.A. Rams games than attend the Academy Awards nowadays.

It is a natural marriage, one that

reaches its dramatic consummation this half-sultry night in the Orange Bowl, with the filming of *Semi-Tough*: Reynolds and Kristofferson, trying to sweat the showbiz poison out of their star-weary systems by putting on the pads again and straining, straining for the clean redemption of youthful combat.

You don't think so? Think it's just a movie? There's more to it than that, good buddy. You heard Kristofferson; now listen to a thoughtful Reynolds as he sits in the tunnel, bone-tired in his dirty Dolphin uniform, waiting for his call for the final shot of the night.

"Let me tell you something," he says quietly. "I laugh at my *macho* image, just the way Billy Clyde does, and make fun of it, because it's the only way I can keep my sanity and my two balls intact. People are always trying to nail them to the wall or make them out to be larger than they are or simply insist that they don't exist at all. Sometimes I think that if all I had to do for the rest of my life was go on *The Tonight Show* and make Burt Reynolds jokes, I'd be happy.

"So I've always found it easy to make friends with athletes, because we both understand survival, we *know* what it's like to suffer humiliations and indignities. Terry Bradshaw and Larry Csonka are good friends of mine, and we've talked a lot about the analogies between football and show business. Take a scrimmage where a coach just needs a warm

body and yells at you, 'All right, meat, get in there.' That's not much different from standing around at casting call until some assistant director calls, 'Hey you, the one who looks like Brando, come out here.'"

He chuckles, barely. "Ballplayers are always worried about some young stud coming along and knocking the pins out from under them, right? So I look over my shoulder and there's Sylvester Stallone."

Ritchie's assistants are starting to shout directions on the field as Fears gets his jockstraps ready for one last scene.

"You see," Reynolds explains, "Don Meredith can hide in his cowboy hat, but I have to hide behind put-downs of Burt Reynolds. Still, we're both shielding ourselves from the same thing and we're both survivors who will eventually pull through. Remember Walt Garrison, that tough running back for the Cowboys? Well, they kept saying he wasn't great, but he kept coming back every year, getting his thousand yards. They keep knocking me down, too, but every year I get my thousand yards."

Reynolds sits back against the tunnel wall and scrapes his cleats across the concrete. "In the end, the secret is that Billy Clyde and I share the same pain." Then he smiles. "And the irony is that we want to change places with each other."



"So she can't type! On the other hand, this isn't the U. S. Congress."

MY SPRING VACATION (continued from page 254)

"I'm left over from a couple of hundred years ago. I'd rather be Sir Lancelot than Elvis Presley."

line separating those times from now really is—thin as a layer of make-up.

• **Osaka #5:** Back at the Osaka Grandé, after two nights in boring Nagoya. Our camp-following groupies become more and more familiar. Sad-eyed Honey is still with us, as are the two whose talents Simmons appears to have sampled during our stay in Nagoya. He's nicknamed them Nabisco and Bosco.

• On this return engagement at the Osaka Grandé, we find that we aren't the only group in the hotel. We are sharing it with another musical entourage—the Moscow Opera. There's a blackboard hanging in the lobby, a schedule and timetable scribbled in Russian characters. Dour Russians stand around the lobby smoking, while we wander through, and a scattering of teeny-bop groupies in various scandalous outfits hang out waiting to be noticed. One Moscow Opera member, especially, is doing a great imitation of Peter Bull playing the Russian ambassador in *Dr. Strangelove*. In the elevator, I find myself with several people dominated by a fellow a head taller than all, with a chest like a bull fiddle. Stan Meises of N.E.A., another of us on the Kiss ride, smiles and sings deeply, "Bass. . . ." The big Russian laughs and booms out a couple of low notes in reply.

In the lobby, as I went up to my room just before the concert, the wives and wimmenfolk of our entourage were sitting on couches facing the bank of elevators, bored, gossiping fitfully, hanging out waiting for the gig to start. Later, when I came down, the elevator doors parted at the lobby and I was facing, sitting on those same couches, the wives of the *other* group. Solid Russian women in their 50s, bored, gossiping fitfully, hanging out while their husbands in the Moscow Opera got ready for *their* gig. . . .

The next morning, both groups were leaving and mingled in the coffee shop and lobby. Like Kiss, the Moscow Opera had brought along enamel buttons to give away as presents to the gift-crazy Japanese. Through mutual broken German or French, or simply through sign language, we all traded buttons back and forth—our smackeroo red kiss lips for frowning Lenin buttons.

• **Fukuoka #7:** Wednesday, after the concert, we're all invited to a party at

the Honey Pot #2—a private club across the street from the Fukuoka Grandé. The owner is one Gan, a short, shoulder-heavy wedge of muscle who taught four of our black-belt Japanese security guards everything they know. Gan is some sort of martial-arts master and owns a few cabarets around Japan on the side. He is also something of a groupie and has invited the whole Kiss entourage to Honey Pot #2 for an after-hours party.

But Stanley is in a mood to talk; and so are Arrington, Meises, Frances Schoenberger (of the German magazine *Bravo*) and I. So we're in his hotel room, tapes rolling, while Stanley sits in a towel taking off the last of his make-up and telling us stories about his days as a New York City cabdriver. There's still an afterimage of his famous star over his right eye as he tells us these tales in New York accents. We're collectively working on a fifth of Japanese green-tea liqueur.

The talk turns eventually to sex, as it will. One of us asks Stanley about the rumor that's spreading among the Japanese groupies to the effect that he's gay—because he hasn't been sampling their riches the way the others have. He says he's just been down.

"It's funny," he told us, "I was talking to Gene before, because everybody is getting this picture of me. Gene noticed that on this tour, I'm very quiet. It's really not like me."

Why is it happening on this trip?

"Strange country, these guards around me all the time, driving me crazy—I mean, much as I may like them, I'm not into that kind of stuff. It brings me down a little having people stifle me."

"If you wanted to bring in a six-pack of groupies tonight, could you get them past the guards?" I ask, because certain of our more active press have been hassled repeatedly about bringing strange talent onto our hotel floor.

"I could get Osaka in my room if I wanted to," he responds. "It's all a matter of choice. I screw like a demon, but I screw who I want to screw. I'm not chopped liver, you know."

Did you go through a period when it was like being a kid in a candy store?

"Sure, absolutely. When you're growing up, you're always looking for girls and coming on to girls, and they're always telling you to get lost. And then, all of a sudden, you become a star, and I mean, *everybody* is coming on to you and wants to come back to your room and this and that. And, for a while,

you're like a rabbit in heat. I'm still like that to an extent. But these days, as far as pulling people into my room, they've got to be hot stuff."

What's hot stuff these days?

"A woman that's as much in touch with herself as she is with everything around her. Blondes turn me on, brunettes turn me on, dark skin turns me on, light skin turns me on, big tits, little tits, big asses, little asses, it doesn't matter. I think a lot of beauty and sexiness comes from a certain amount of knowledge, the way you carry yourself. And I think it's really sexy when you meet someone who really is in touch with herself."

That sounds suspiciously romantic.

"Oh, I'm a romantic. God, I'm left over from a couple of hundred years ago. I would rather be a Sir Lancelot than an Elvis Presley."

It's going on this way when Weiner appears, to report that the party across the street's a dud. "Gentlemen, I advise you not to go. It is an empty club filled with Michael Gross, Al Ross and Bob Gruen and that's all. And a few Japanese and a loud Fifties-style rock band and some cold chicken and, you know, no Japanese, no nobody. No nothing, no chickie-poops, nothing."

We believe Weiner's unsolicited testimonial, but after talking through another side of tape, we decide to go check it out anyway.

The black wet street shines in a cold mist of rain as we cross toward what proves to be the bolted steel security door of Honey Pot #2. Much banging and shouting. The door is mounted garage style. Unlocked, it's shoved upward but sticks halfway and looks like a cartoon guillotine poised for a man-sized mouse. One by one, we bend and scurry inside.

The club holds maybe 100, in two low tiers of tables and booths facing a stage and dance floor in one corner. The stage is full of rock-'n'-roll weaponry—drum kit, amps, mikes, a fat conga drum, etc. But nobody's using any of it. We've missed the show—an oldies band fronted by a Japanese imitator, speak of the Devil, of Elvis, authentic right down to the *sahd-berns* and hillbilly sneer.

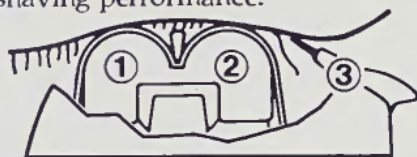
Weiner has barely understated the crowd, which is bored and going terminal when we come in. But Paul, leader of our pack, is up and energized by the gang-bang interview, and ready to rock 'n' roll all night.

Gan, accommodating, star-struck, sends someone to fetch the Fifties band. Not to play another set—to borrow their instruments. Paul is in a mood to jam—and very quickly, so is everyone else. Hope yet for something to *do* in bleak,

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rainy Fukuoka; it's hardly after midnight and everywhere else is long closed. We don't seem to be in tune with local rhythms.

Mr. Udo, impeccable in an expensive suit, stands near the back and smiles as the instruments arrive and are claimed. Since Ace and Peter aren't here, we are treated to a jump-shift in the pecking order right before our eyes. Paul straight-away claims lead-guitar slot, moving up from rhythm, and is already plugged in, playing bits of this and that, while a roadie tinkers with Gene's amp. Gene has moved up from bass to rhythm guitar. A roadie named Barry has jumped right on the bass, and another roadie who first claimed the drums is replaced amid cheers by one B. Posthlewahite, function unknown.

Mr. Udo smiles and smiles.

Paul tries to kick this jury-rigged group into *Honky Tonk Woman* and runs nicely through the lead part like a bat out of Keith Richard, not bad at all . . . but confusion reigns around him and it collapses with a thud. Back to basics. They start up again with a slow, greasy *Wild Thing*. Dual vocals are provided by Hollywood Richard, the costume caretaker, clearly a star in his own shower, and the Japanese Elvis, who's back, wearing a striped sports coat and white slacks. They try to fight it, but *Wild Thing* slides inevitably downhill, like mud, into *Louie, Louie*, anthem of every bar band that ever dodged a bottle.

On *Louie, Louie*, they begin to cook.

Mr. Udo smiles and smiles, even as an associate leans toward his ear and tells him something in urgent tones. I drift their way to find out what's up—and overhear Gan telling Mr. Udo that the

police, thoughtfully, have called to say that they will be raiding the joint shortly.

Mr. Udo smiles and smiles while thinking about this.

The jam is actually on the verge of cranking up and we crazy Americans are beginning to smell in the air a party till dawn, with the highest-paid bar band in the world supplying the music.

But Gan has a license to lose and is not so cool as Mr. Udo. After a few more loud minutes, when decency and subtle suggestion fail utterly, Gan commandeers the mike and announces a little frantically that we will all for sure spend the night in jail if the music doesn't stop immediately; but we don't have to go home, because he has a demonstration for us.

It's another of those very Japanese moves. Like the story in a newspaper a couple of days earlier. Two of the southern islands had voted, as an ecological move, to ban the use of chemical detergents. Wonderful. But how would they bring this about? "The Kamajima Fishery Association has passed a resolution to 'seize every detergent found on the island from April.' They will confiscate any chemical detergents found at homes and give out natural soap in exchange." Yes, detergent goons will burst uninvited into your home and tear things apart snooping for contraband—but if they find any, instead of fining you or carting you off to jail, they will give you the right thing and put you on the proper path.

Gan and the police tonight are seizing our loud jam and giving us, in exchange, a demonstration of classic samurai moves.

Bare to the waist, Gan kneels on the dance floor, gripping a samurai sword with both hands. Also bare to the waist, assisting him in this solemn ritual, is the

Japanese Elvis, who is, truth be told, a little too drunk to pull this off; but he will try mightily. Symmetrical roses are tattooed on his pecs. He kneels a few feet away from Gan and begins the demonstration.

It is a fierce chop-and-kick ritual, or is supposed to be, punctuated by warrior shouts of "Uuous!" that sound to my Ohio ear like what you might get by sneaking up and kicking an unsuspecting cow in the stomach. The Japanese Elvis is drunk but gaining concentration. He flashes through a series of steel-trap moves, shouting "Uuous!" with each change. It's beautiful, in its way, but it isn't *Louie*, *Louie* and is mainly hilarious to this drunk and stoned company.

Mr. Udo is not smiling until we ugly Americans manage to stop hooting and cracking up.

Then Gan goes into his ritual butcher act with the samurai sword, another brave repertoire of moves, executed above and around the head of the Japanese Elvis, who is reeling a bit by now and bellowing "Uuous!" whenever it feels right.

For several minutes, Gan carves metaphysical air with his ancestral sword, sweating, veins in his forehead ready to pop, slashing away his fizzled party and the cops and the bombed Japanese Elvis and whatever else is on his mind.

It is a brilliant sunshiny morning in Tokyo, first Saturday in April, and everywhere the cherry blossoms achieve their brief perfection. Down the hill outside the Hotel Okura, a bird-watcher division of groupies is spending this terrific day standing on a side-street corner, staring and staring up at the windows of our floor, the fourth, looking for signs, ready to wait all day.

Behind the drawn curtains at which they stare, a considerably more fortunate member of their ranks is lying naked beneath the sheets in the bedroom of Simmons' suite. As I go into the living room for a final interview with Gene, she smiles at me through the open door between rooms, tugging the covers an inch higher on her bare chest.

Gene is sitting in a bathrobe in the living room, having breakfast and talking to me about his jewelry, which ranges from strange to macabre and features human skulls and spiders as prevailing leitmotifs. I admire a sterling-silver bracelet shaped like a jungle-sized spider, with legs that curve grasping around the wrist. Gene then shows me a silver-studded belt inspired by Doberman collars, with an actual fat, hairy spider encased in plastic as the buckle. Next is a heart-shaped pendant made of valentinered acrylic with a real tarantula inside.

What's a nice kid from New York and former teacher of sixth grade doing with this stuff?



"I'm one of Santa's little helpers."

"I've never been able to figure out why this stuff appeals to me. It's something that's completely alien. Anything we don't understand we're fascinated by. The thing about spiders with me is they don't look like me at all. If there was any indication of what alien life forms were like, they'd probably be like bugs, spiders, because they're as completely different from human beings as the word different can mean. They don't have a real bone structure, from what I understand. Not inside—it's all outside."

From my days as Boy Entomologist, I respond, "Yeah, there's an exoskeleton."

"Which is an amazing concept, because if you fall, you're not as susceptible to breaking bones and becoming immobile. I mean, I remember stepping on those huge superbugs in New York when I worked at the downtown law office—"

"Giant cockroaches?"

"They don't go ouch or anything, they just crawl off. They are superbeings, if there ever..." His sentence trails off.

"I've read that the things most resistant to atomic attack are—"

He finishes for me. "Are bugs. Cockroaches. Not only that. Cockroaches are the life form that's existed longest on the face of this planet."

Our lofty scientific discussion drifts nowhere wonderful until Gene's attention

lands on his new hot-shot Canon Super-8, with everything but a Strato-Freeze air conditioner on it. He holds it up. "I got this as a present from Bill Aucoin, our manager. We're constantly giving each other presents and things. I've also got a Polaroid SX 70 in there," indicating the bedroom, where Tutu patiently waits for round 23 or so.

What are you using them for? I wonder, innocently.

Gene goes into the bedroom and comes back with a fistful of Polaroids, which he hands me. Instant replay. They are shots of the very Tutu in the next room, frolicking nude and lewd and giving every appearance of enjoying it quite a bit. My favorite features Tutu lying buck-naked on the floor, legs bowed and spread, performing mock fellatio on the Canon Super-8. It seems to contain a hidden meaning.

"When I got the camera," Gene explains, "I couldn't figure out what to do with it. I am not a great fan of buildings and cars and stuff like that. And I figure when I'm fifty or sixty years old, I'll be able to..."

Are you making a movie?

"Yes. The movie is going to be your basic kind of porno thing. Just as a kind of record of who I've been with. Not very complete. I'm going to open up with a Warner Bros. cartoon clip"—as

Bugs Bunny, he trills through the *Looney Tunes* theme—"with a very short subtitle and here's some flesh, bam, right into it. It'll have cartoon sound effects and everything. You know, the serious porno stuff just bores the shit out of me."

What are some of the better scenes so far?

"Some of the better scenes involve nose picking."

That's pornographic?

"I think it's perverse, because perversion has to do with displacement of things. Like, sitting on the pot is not in itself a perversion, but it's how you treat it as a social thing. For instance, if somebody was filming you taking a shit, it's perverted. Or if you were—and I love to do this—if a willing young thing was riding on top of you while you were sitting on the toilet, and as you're about to come, you flush... and you get this cool breeze beneath your..."

Why are you keeping the Polaroids and film, toward what end?

"I don't think I'll be putting on limited Kiss shows when I'm fifty years old—and in the insane asylum, the way everybody keeps telling me. I can just imagine myself balding, fifty-five, you know, in an insane asylum. I can still breathe fire. Watch, I used to be in Kiss."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 136)

to do it, and maybe Annie didn't, either. Then, as the pressure got worse and worse, near last Christmas, one of the things that got me through without going off the deep end was that I knew that as soon as I got through with the movie and the last TV special, I would have a long stretch of time set aside. I was really going to get that break. But here's an example of how crazy it had all gotten to be. I wanted to be home for a time before Christmas, because I felt it was Zackary's first Christmas in which he would be aware of everything. And it got to be real important to Annie. But I didn't really take care of things, so I ended up having to fly home Christmas Eve, from L.A., having Christmas Day off, and then having to fly back the next morning. It was on that trip that I thought Annie was going to kick me out. Coming back on the plane, I wrote *How Can I Leave You Again*. There's a line that goes, "So I question the course that I follow, I'm doubtful and deep in despair / My heart is filled with impossible notions. Can it be that you no longer care?" I really thought that maybe Annie didn't love me, that maybe I could not make her happy. And that I had lost this thing that's so precious to me. I couldn't blame anybody for it. I did it.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever afraid that you won't be around to see your kids grow up?

DENVER: Somehow, it seems to be a possibility in my life. I suppose it has to do with that thin edge Annie and I dance on. It takes a great deal of strength and energy and desire for the two of us to sustain our relationship in the midst of all of this and to stay together. It's a constant, everyday thing.

PLAYBOY: So did you *take* that vacation?

DENVER: The truth is that I question whether I ever really took that break and gave myself to my family and my home. So much stuff has been going on. It's been wonderful, but it got to be a lot more hectic than I would have preferred.

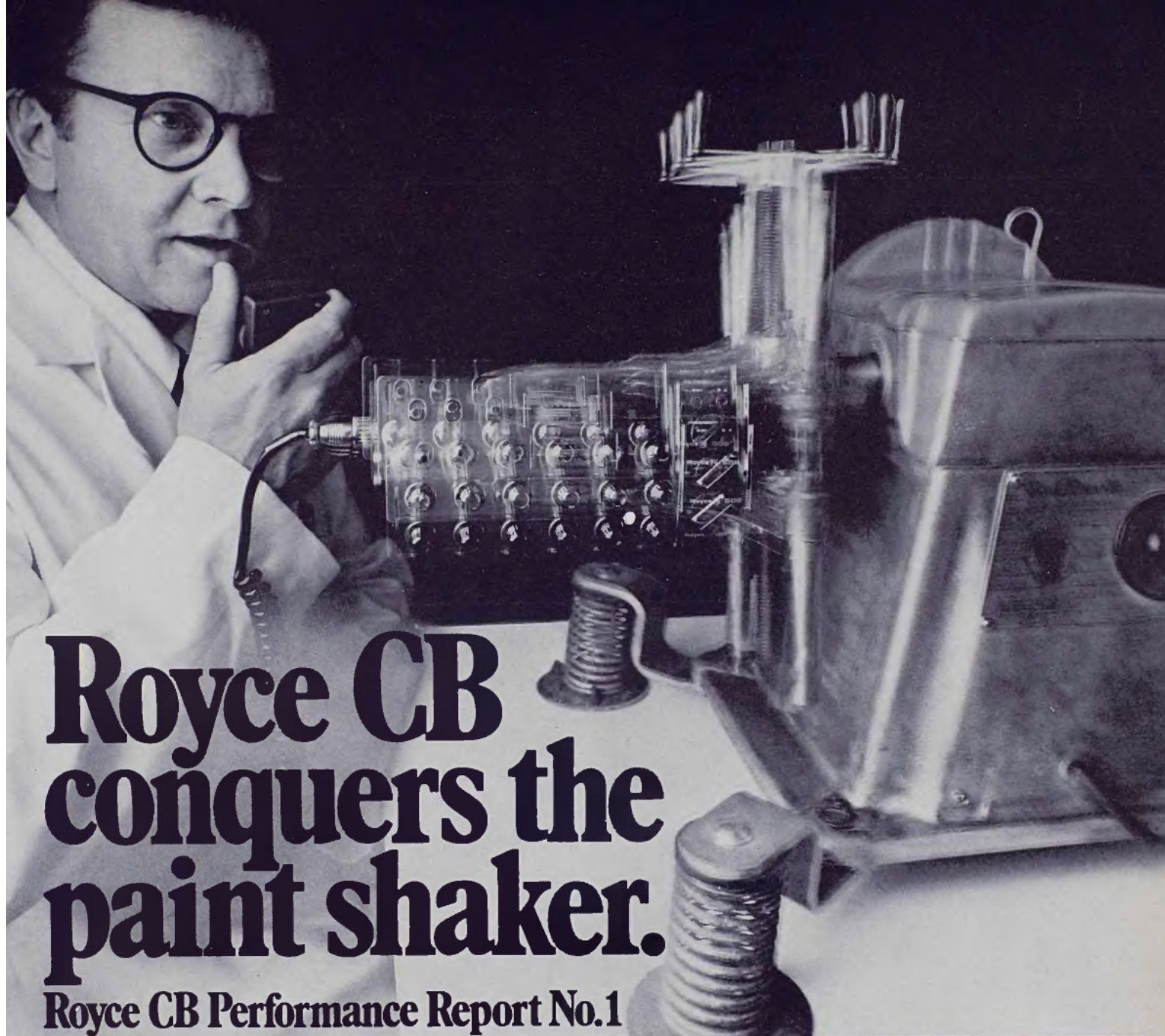
PLAYBOY: Perhaps you need to accept the fact that you're incapable of taking a vacation.

DENVER: I don't know. I do know that I'm looking forward to going back to work. I'm excited. I just feel a real celebration in how much I'm enjoying singing again—whether it's singing by myself at home when I'm working on a song or singing for my friends when we're out camping. Or like up in Alaska just recently—I sang every night up there.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it sound as if you're starting the—

DENVER: The treadmill again. Yes. Hopefully, with a more mature perspective. Knowing how it works. And with a clear intention to not let it get that way again.





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PLAYMATE PARTY

(continued from page 162)

"Kinky, the frisky kinkajou, is trying to play King Kong with one of the girls on the lawn."

stop for anyone entering the house, and that makes it prime for people watching.

By the time Laura and Susan arrive downstairs, most of the girls have already gathered at the table. Patti McGuire, PLAYBOY's newly crowned Playmate of the Year, is watching her all-important figure with a glass of orange juice. Hope Olson, PLAYBOY's October '76 country girl, throws caution to the wind with a large helping of eggs, sausages, toast, coffee—and seconds on everything. Miss April '76, Denise Michele, fresh from Hawaii, munches on a fruit salad, while

Sheila "Motor Mouth" Mullen, our 1977 Miss May, filibusters on the floor.

Although they've been together through three days of shooting, the girls really don't know one another as well as they'd like to and they take this time to exchange stories and gossip from their respective parts of the world. Soon it's like old home week and the chatter turns to the day ahead. Sondra tells the group that Hef is going to be tied up for a while with "little details like running the empire," so they all decide to slip into bathing suits and meet at the pool,

a unique body of water for unique bodies—complete with a waterfall and rock grotto.

Before long, the calm of the Mansion grounds is broken with the squeals and shouts of the girls at play. The swimsuit idea seemed a good one in the house, but when the California sun and the Edenlike surroundings begin to work their magic, such modesty seems inappropriate. Soon the girls are removing tops, then bottoms, then inhibition.

Sondra takes a dare and finds herself precariously perched on a rock at the top of the waterfall to do her famous imitation of the Acapulco cliff divers. But for Sondra, that means a nose-holding, feet-first, limbs-flying plunge that would have scored zero for style and ten for enthusiasm. (The TV script had called for Sondra's pet pooch, Alex, to conclude a segment by making that same jump from the waterfall. But Alex lacked the required spirit and a "stunt dog" had to be called in.)

The rest of the animal kingdom is well represented. Macbeth, the macaw, is accepting tidbits from Denise at poolside. Denise is a pushover for the wily bird, which has somehow gotten her to peel its grapes. Kinky, the frisky kinkajou, is trying to play King Kong with one of the girls on the lawn, while Horny, the pygmy goat, tries to butt in. Humans should have it so good.

His meeting over, Hef drops by to tell the girls that he'll join them shortly for some heavy pinball in the Game House. Pinball rivals backgammon as the most serious competitive pursuit of the Mansion crowd, and a challenge from the resident Pinball Wizard himself is not to be ignored. So the pool gang packs up and heads for the Bath House for a sauna and shower before the games begin.

The Game House is down a little footpath that winds through the trees. It is decorated in Early Rec Room. In it are a wide variety of pinball machines and electronic games, a pool table, a Foosball table and a vintage jukebox containing, naturally, vintage records—Hef's 78-rpm collection from his high school and college days in the Forties.

When Hef arrives, Laura and Hope are dancing to the strains of *Chattanooga Choo Choo*. There is a mean game of Foosball going on in the corner with Patti and Susan on one side and Denise and Sheila on the other. Lisa is at the pool table proving she's no Minnesota Fats. Hef and Sondra are soon *mano à mano* at the Captain Fantastic pinball machine. No scores are being recorded, as this is not a *really* serious game. If it were, the scores would be entered in Hef's Game House record book, which is kept as dutifully as a corporate-expense ledger.

The atmosphere in the Game House is infectious; everybody is in good spirits. A whoop from the corner indicates that



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Sheila and Denise have won the Foosball game. Sondra is pouting by the pinball machine. There's no need to ask her what the final score was.

Patti and Sheila plop down onto the long leather couch, put their feet up and begin to chat. Patti says she felt the shooting the previous day was "so disorganized, I didn't think a lot of the reshootings they did were really necessary. But what do I know? I've never been in a situation like that before."

Things haven't been very organized for Patti for a long time. She has uprooted herself from a quiet life in St. Louis and is now waiting for her apartment to be finished in L.A., where she plans to do some modeling and, she hopes, a movie or two. (She was scheduled to do a *Starsky and Hutch* show within the next few weeks.) Somewhere along the line, she wants to get married and finish college. Eventually, she'd like to teach.

Being named Playmate of the Year has forced a postponement of a lot of Patti's plans, but she's enjoying the honor. "I thought I had a pretty good chance at it. But let's face it, I was in a pretty good issue. I mean, being in the same month with Jimmy Carter, I had a little more exposure than the other girls."

Sheila jokes, "Who do you think came off better, you or Jimmy?"

Patti answers quickly, "That depends on whether you're a Democrat or a Republican."

Sheila is one of the newest Playmates and is loving every minute of it. About Hef, she says, "I had thought he'd be just the typical Don Juan, but he's not that way at all. He's fascinating, charming and intelligent. He just does his own thing. Take this house. Can you believe it's real? But everything in it reflects Hef's taste. It all works."

A session in the Game House can really get your appetite up and right now the whole crew is *starved*. But they needn't worry; Hef has arranged for a buffet to be set up in the Library.

As it was at the Chicago Mansion a decade ago, the Kitchen on the West Coast is open 24 hours a day. It is possible to order anything from a glass of orange juice to a six-course meal, prepared to order, at a few minutes' notice, any time of the day or night. For the meal in the Library, the Kitchen staff has prepared something especially sumptuous, a seafood buffet with clams, cold lobster stuffed with crab-meat mousse, corn on the cob, a kirsch-flavored fresh-fruit salad and vintage wine.

Soon the Library is filled with smiling faces as the girls drift in and recline on the multicolor pillows surrounding the buffet table. (A single Playmate is often enough to stop traffic, but eight of them together can be awe-inspiring. For Hef, however, it's just a typical evening in his personal Playboy Paradise.) Above

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them is an elegant Frank Gallo bust of Hef's former number-one lady Barbi Benton. Barbi had made a point of putting in an appearance at the Party the night before to wish Hef well. They remain close friends, despite the breakup, and now Barbi is pursuing her career as a pop/country singer, in search of an identity other than simply "Hefner's girlfriend." To that end, she is starring in an ABC-TV series titled *Sugar Time* and her latest Playboy album, recorded in London, has just been released. Surrounded by eight beautiful women in the Library, Hef says about Barbi, "We spent eight years together. She is, and always will be, very important to me." Is he likely to enter into a similar relationship in the future? Hef is cagey: "I'm really a romantic at heart, so anything is possible." Right now, however, he seems to be relishing his freedom. "I enjoy most of the advantages of a bachelor's life while managing to avoid most of the disadvantages," he says. "There aren't too many lonely nights."

After the buffet, Hef announces a surprise. He has some unedited tapes of the previous day's shooting and they're ready to roll. Excitement is tinged with apprehension, as the girls remember the madhouse scene of the day before. Could anything good have come out of such a long, hectic scramble?

Hef and the girls settle down in front of the screen. The lights are dimmed and he gives the signal to begin. All apprehension soon fades as they watch themselves and their friends projected larger than life.

When the lights go up, there is a spontaneous round of applause from the girls. The shooting is pronounced a success—and a success worthy of celebration. The suggestion is made that they celebrate in the Jacuzzi in the pool grotto and everyone seconds the motion.

The night is clear and warm as the celebrants troop toward the grotto. The cavelike enclosure is lit with several dozen candles. The water is churning softly as the girls doff their robes and slip into the pool. There are no swimsuits tonight. Hef appears at the entrance, carrying several bottles of chilled champagne, which he deposits in the standing ice buckets before he, too, enters the water. The swirling water massages their bodies. Music from concealed speakers fills the grotto. The first of the champagne bottles is uncorked and the party is under way. "The Jacuzzi cave is undoubtedly the most popular spot on the property," Hef once remarked to a TV interviewer. "I think it has something to do with the emphasis that's placed on health these days." The girls raise their glasses in a loving toast to a healthy and happy Hefner.



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BLACKJACK

(continued from page 240)

"If one is prone to bet erratically and let emotions determine one's play, he will inevitably lose."

raising their bets when a one-deck or four-deck layout got rich in 10s and lowering bets when the deck was poor. All counting systems more or less involve counting a low card (2 to 9) as a plus when exposed and a 10 (picture cards equal 10) as a minus when exposed. When the remainder becomes a high plus—that is, many small cards have already been played, leaving an unusual number of high ones—the player has an advantage over the house. This is the reason. A player has the option of standing even when his hand is as low as 12. The dealer *must* draw if he has 16 or less. Consequently, when there is a plethora of 10s in the last 50 cards of a four-deck shoe, the probabilities increase that the dealer will draw a 10 and bust. Blackjack expert Ken Uston has claimed that "his expertise gives him a two percent advantage over the house." Morrison believes that you don't even have to keep count of the deck to make out. Even the non-mnemonic player who has the discipline to play the strategy based on Braun's computerized calculations will have a slightly better than even chance against the house. And with "card sense," you should do even better. If you count,

however, your chances increase. Victor told me Uston's percentage is conservative. He thinks the counter has as much as a five percent advantage over the house in certain situations. However, if one is prone to bet erratically and let emotions determine one's play, he will inevitably lose, no matter how well he learns the theory of blackjack or keeps a plus-minus count of the cards.

Since Victor was active in both corporate life and casino life, I asked him: "Is there a difference between a gamesman and a gambler?"

He mulled over my question and replied, "In my book, there are no gamesmen and no gamblers. Those are meaningless words to me. There are winners and losers."

"Could you make me a blackjack winner?" I asked finally.

He sized me up. He grinned. "Yes and no. On the one hand, you have a winner personality. On the other hand, you get bored by games after a while. You'd rather read a book or talk or go to a movie. You have to be obsessed to be a success at blackjack."

"We have five days. Try to make me a winner."



COCHRAN!

"How many others feel that Bruce is undermining the therapy group by coming to the sessions dressed as a water buffalo?"

"OK," he said, shrugging. "Let's run down basic strategy. Ready?"

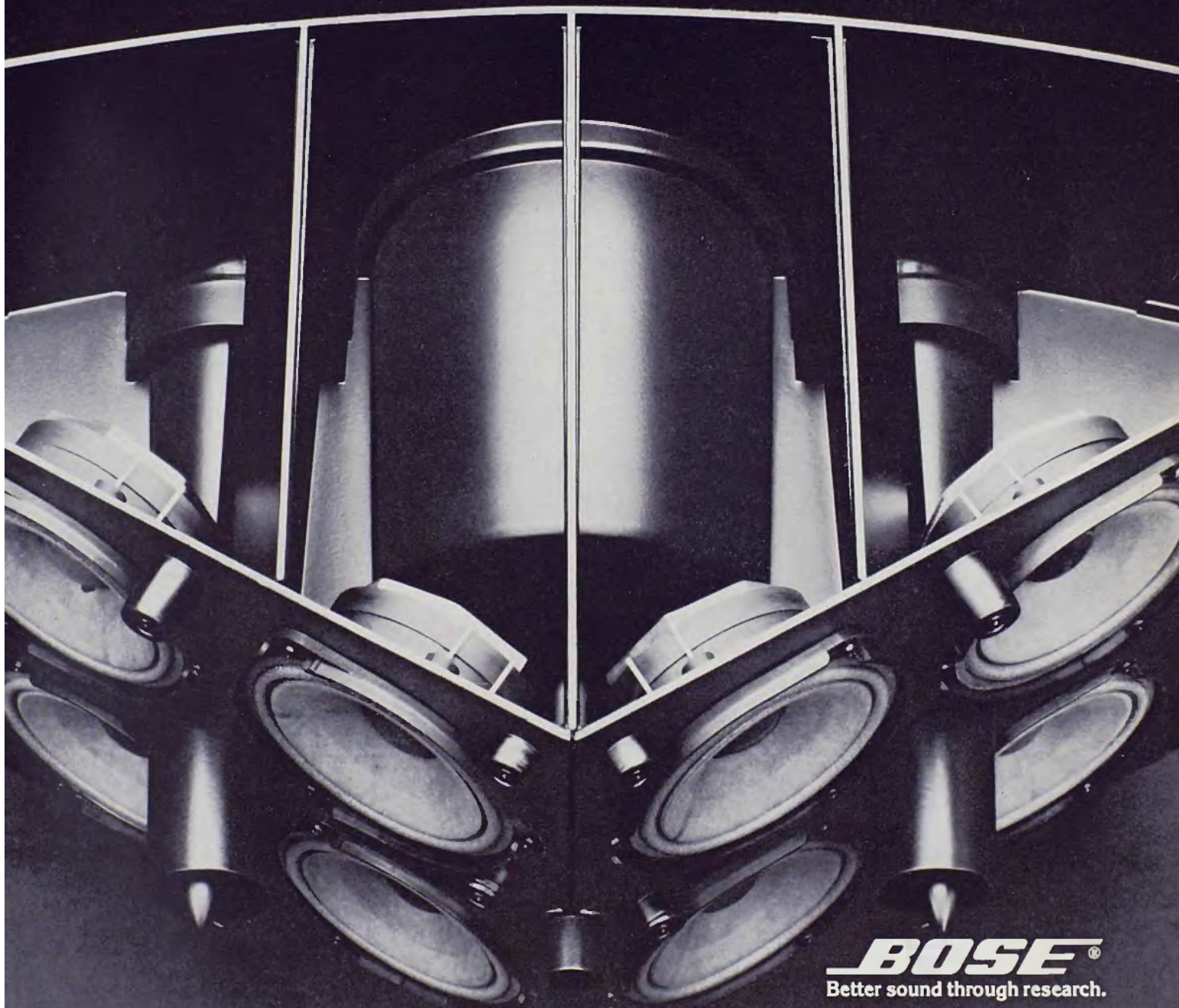
He turned to his copy of Revere and read some questions. (Among them are: When do you double down on 10? When dealer has 2 to 9 up. When do you stand on 15? When dealer has 2 to 6 up. When do you split 8-8? Always. When do you split 5-5? Never. When do you double down on 11? Always double down on 11.) He shot them to me one at a time. Some I knew right away, such as never split 5s and always split aces. Others I fumbled on or drew blanks on or gave wrong answers for. Victor said I had to know the answers pat. He advised me to review the basic blackjack strategy and memorize the data. He said I had to know the recurring blackjack situations and make my plays automatically and never change my strategy—at least not until I had become a counter and had been playing for a solid year. He said that even he, an old hand, always reviewed basic strategy for 30 minutes prior to a session. He warned me never to give in to sudden hunches or to panic. Nor was I to make my plays on whims. (I am, for instance, unable to stand on 12 or 13 with the dealer showing a low card.) Vic said my decisions had been made for me by computers that had run billions of blackjack problems. Revere tells us that Braun ran more than nine billion blackjack hands through the computer to arrive at the fact that I must *always* stand holding a 9 and a 4, if the dealer is showing a 5.

Victor tested me again. I flunked again. He shook his head. "You need a minimum of 30 hours of study and 100 hours of casino play to learn correct blackjack. Forget counting. Especially advanced systems. I don't believe one person in 10,000 has the self-discipline and brains to master a counting system. Don't clutter up your mind with advanced point count. You'll never learn it, anyway, and if you learned it, you wouldn't be able to use it. At this stage, you don't even know basic strategy. I have eidetic memory, the ability to remember images and groups of images without trying. I can make my mind register the 10s automatically, but it isn't as accurate as a point count. You might try opening yourself up and seeing if you feel the picture cards as they flash across the table. Besides counting and eidetic memory, I have card sense. It's a feel for how cards are going. You can't learn it. You have it or you don't. My suggestion is, after you learn basic strategy, just try getting a feel for the table and—say a dealer has dealt 50 percent of the shoe—see if you feel that few picture cards have been played and that the remainder may be rich in 10s. If so, you double your bets for the rest of the shoe. You might try that."

"Do I have to worry about the laws of probability?"

"That just isn't a meaningful phrase

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in this context. There is a law of large numbers that says *the more times you do something, the closer you get to what the real outcome should be*. Example: Flip a quarter enough times and you should get 50 percent heads and 50 percent tails. Yet while you may get closer and closer to the percentage, you get farther away in absolute numbers.

"If you flip the coin ten times, let's say you get six heads and four tails. You have 60 percent and 40 percent, but you are off by only one unit, since you would expect the coin to come up five times on each side. Now you flip it 100 times, you might have 55 heads and 45 tails, so now you are closer to that ideal average with 55 percent instead of 60 percent, but—and pay close attention—you are off by five units instead of one unit. And now let's say you flip it 1000 times and heads might come up 523 times, so now you are off the average by a mere 2.3 percent—and, at the same time, in absolute units, you are off by 23. As the percentage approaches closer to 50, the absolute-number variance becomes greater. So if you were betting dollars, you would theoretically lose one dollar when you had ten percent against you and \$23 at the smaller 2.3 percent against you."

Once, as we were driving from the hotel to a downtown casino, we passed a club whose billboard invited us to enter

and partake of its dollar slot machines, which paid off at the rate of 96.5 percent, compared with the casino average of 80 percent.

Victor reminded me to think in absolute numbers, rather than percentages. In absolute numbers, I'd be paying the house \$3.50 for each 100 wagers.

Finally, he said I should play blackjack. I should study for an hour and play for an hour. He also made some changes in my Revere charts with a view to simplifying them. He decided I should never double on 8; Revere says double down on 8 if dealer shows 5 or 6 up. I would not double on A-2, A-3, A-4 or A-5 (Revere suggests doubling with those in some situations). I would always stand on A-8 (Revere says double if dealer shows 6 only).

I returned to my room and pored over the charts and the lessons. Over and over. Then, my heart pumping hard, I entered the casino. Man and boy, I've fooled around with blackjack since my adolescence in Brooklyn. I played by guess and by God. Now, for the first time, I was going to *really* play blackjack. As I shuffled through the crowds, questions and answers throbbed in my head. *When do I split 5s? Never. When do I split A's and 8s? Always. Stand with 13, 14, 15, 16 when dealer shows 2 through 6 and with 12 when dealer shows 4, 5 or 6. Be cool.*

Be calm. Remember what the man who founded the company that makes Hal, the Giant Computer, used to say. THINK. The slogan of IBM. International Blackjack Machines. Concentrate.

The moment was upon me. I felt the tension rising. I was breathing hard. I finally slid onto a chair at a two-dollar table. I chose a dealer who looked humble and sad. He looked like Joel Grey in *Cabaret*. Three punters were already there. A woman, about 45, in an elegant beige pants suit, and a younger lady, about 20 or 21, in jeans and man's shirt, and then a fat man in a sport shirt who was sipping a highball and had many chips by him. I sat in what is known as third base—that is, the last of the seven places, closest to the dealer's right hand. Third base is the last one to choose. I figured while the others were making up their minds, I would have time to gather my wits and make my moves. I placed a \$20 bill on the green-felt table. I lit a cigarette. My fingers were trembling. I tried to give it my finest Jack Nicholson *sauve qui peut* nonchalance, but I knew I wasn't fooling anyone there and they all knew how embarrassed and scared I was. Joel gave me 20 silver dollars. I didn't dare look at anybody's face. We were playing with a four-deck shoe. Joel started sliding out cards around the table. I got a jack and a 9. Thank God, I wouldn't have to make a decision. The dealer was showing a 5 up. My two-dollar bet was not nicely stacked, so I reached out my left hand to straighten the coins and Joel looked at me sharply and said, "Do not touch your bet." I had read Thorp, Revere, Ian Anderson, Ed Reid/Ovid Demaris and their *Green Felt Jungle* and even Hunter Thompson and John Gregory Dunne, explorers of the madness and lonesomeness of Vegas—and not a soul, guiding me through these jungles, had informed me that if you lay a hand on a bet once it is made in blackjack, you are acting suspicious and probably cheating. (Victor subsequently explained to me that hustlers sometimes palm a \$25 chip and add it to a stack after the dealer has busted.) I never again straightened a pile of chips in the betting rectangle. But I knew Joel no longer respected me.

He had 15. Dealer must draw to 16 and stand on all 17s, it said right there on the table. He drew an . . . 8. Thank God. He busted. He paid me, squaring two silver dollars against my original bet. I drew off my profits and let the original bet stand. On the next deal, I got—blackjack—A and Q. He paid me three dollars. Then I drew an A and a 7. I panicked. I forgot everything. I knew there was a multiple choice in this situation. What was the dealer showing? He had a 9 up. (With A-7, you stand when dealer shows A, 2, 7 or 8; you double with 3, 4, 5 or 6 up; and you hit with 9 or 10 showing. But I plumb



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forgot that when I needed it.) In my anxiety, I clutched my two cards in both of my palms as if I were scrutinizing a poker hand. Do I hit, stand or double? Suddenly, Joel was whining at me again.

"Only one hand on the cards," he said severely.

"Oh, I'm sorry, excuse me, I didn't know that." I was stuttering. I was sweating. I knew overhead there were secret one-way mirrors behind which eagle-eyed killers looked down on the players. Maybe they thought I was a cheater. *That guy down there, yeah, him with the glasses, he handles chips, he holds cards in two hands, he's a scam artist, let's break his legs.* I started getting apologetic.

"I'm just a . . . a . . . b-b-beginner," I said.

"Do you want a card?"

"No, I'll stay, I mean stand, I mean. . ."

He said to slide the cards under the bet if I was standing, which I attempted, but I couldn't slip them under the silver dollars and pushed the two dollars cock-sided and I felt like a real oaf. I started to stack up the bet and remembered I mustn't touch it. I was blushing with the humiliation of it all. The dealer hit 20. He collected all the bets. The fat man ordered another drink. I ordered a club soda. More players came to the table. Soon we had a full crew—seven players. There were no bantering remarks. All of us picked up cards, bet, collected, stood or hit, in a sullen silence. I won. I lost. I forgot Victor's advice and rules. I was in the grip of a fit of great failure and alienation. My paranoia came out like hives. When I was asked to insert a card for the cut before a reshuffle, I couldn't even stick a card into the pile. What an idiot I was. Now I was really losing. If I had 18, Joel hit 20. If I hit 20, he blackjacked me. If I stood with 13, he made 17. If I drew to 13, I went bust. I was down to two dollars out of the original 20. I said to myself, if only I can get back my original stake, I'll quit and never play blackjack again. I'll just be a writer. I'll study humanity and its naked greed in the faces of the casino throngs. I'll be the detached, observing reporter. Then I won two hands and thought: Well, maybe when Victor gives me another lesson. . . . I'm not so bad, after all . . . anybody can have a hard-luck run. . . .

Actually, I already had been taught one of the most significant lessons one can learn; namely, that he has to be willing to surrender his self-absorption and play the game and not wallow in his emotions. By now, I had won back my original \$20 stake, but I didn't quit. Now I had to double my money. Then I would quit. Now I was winning. I was six dollars ahead.

Somebody or something touched my shoulder.

I leaped. Like I'd been jabbed with an electric prod. It was Victor. He asked me how I was making out and I said I was ahead. He said, "Let's go to the deli." Most of the Vegas casinos have delicatessens as well as coffee shops. Perhaps casino bosses know that the eating of hot-pastrami sandwiches induces the sort of malaise that makes one vulnerable at the gambling tables. As a matter of fact, Victor told me to eat lightly. He said I should never eat hot pastrami or corned beef or chili while playing blackjack. He also said that the food in Las Vegas is mediocre.

Victor ordered bacon and scrambled eggs, a toasted corn muffin and a glass of milk. He also ordered a keno card. There was an enormous bulletin board that flashed the winning digits in the keno game being played in the casino's keno pit. Victor could not take a respite from risk taking. I started to tell him about my emotional problems during the past hour and then I got my second lesson in gamesmanship. He said what had happened was over and done with and should be forgotten. You don't replay the past games in your memory. Don't look back.

I couldn't forbear telling him my humiliation by the dealer. He said the dealer was trying to help me. One always holds the cards in one hand in blackjack and never touches a bet once it's down. And I shouldn't say, "Hit me." If I wanted to hit, I scratched my cards toward me on the felt. I was never to say, "I stand," or "That's all." Just slipping the cards under the bet would suffice.

"A dealer can be your best friend or worst enemy," Victor said. "Win or lose, I always tip him. Dealing is hard work and he is not that highly paid. A pit boss is your friend, too. Don't believe these gangster stories. I have found that if I act like a gentleman, I am treated like a gentleman."

We lost three games of keno and then ambled into the casino. I was three dollars ahead. Victor settled into a nest of blackjack tables in a corner. He roosted on the first-base seat of a \$25-minimum table. The dealer played with one deck, holding the cards in the palm of his left hand. Victor was the only player. First base is the seat on the dealer's left. He is the first player to declare his wishes. Victor asked for \$500 in chips. A pit boss scrutinized the VIP card issued to Victor when he registered. The marker was a simple slip that he signed with a flourish. The dealer forked out 20 \$25 chips. Victor strewed them around. I watched him and saw that he did not arrange his chips in neat stacks nor ever seem to add them up. The dealer burned one card. He began. Victor started betting in units of \$50 and \$100. I tried to follow the

play, but he moved so fast I was unable to find a pattern. His pile of chips got fatter. At one point, he bet a \$25 chip for the dealer. He got a 13 (a 9 and a 4). The dealer showed a 5. The dealer had a 10 as his hole card. He drew. He went bust. He smiled and thanked Victor. Victor shrugged. A second player joined him. Then a third. Victor shrugged. He was a charming shrugger. The deck was working its way down to the end. With about 15 cards remaining, the dealer shuffled and Victor cut. A new deal started. About midway through, after a series of blackjacks and 20s, Victor abruptly swept up his chips and sauntered away. I followed him. He handed me some chips and told me to cash them. I cashed in \$410 worth and gave the four \$100s and the ten-spot to Vic. He went to a room near the cashier window where he had his safe-deposit box. He was to go there frequently. He still had plenty of chips. I guess he was ahead a few hundred dollars—not counting the \$410. He would never tell me how much he had won or lost.

He now adjourned to a poker table and sat down in a ten-dollar-limit game. The table was almost full—nine players and a dealer playing seven-card stud. Victor played for an hour. He lost a few hundred. The casual observer wouldn't have spotted his change of mood, but when you were close to him, you could always feel it when he lost. He could not stand losing. And when he did win, he seemed to bloom. You could feel his rapture.

There were four or five bars and cocktail lounges adjacent to the vast casino, one of the biggest in the gambling capital of the U.S.A., though not as impressive and huge as the MGM Grand's casino. Vic told me that was the most gigantic gambling hell in the world—making the notorious Monte Carlo palace seem inadequate. Yet some players, like Vic, feel uneasy amidst the spaciousness of the MGM Grand's casino. During our stay, he wouldn't play 21 there.

"The ceiling is too high," he said, "and you feel like you're in outer space. But they have a really good separate space for poker where the ceiling is just right. It is lower." I had never before heard a discussion of ambience, ceiling height or color scheme by persons who know gambling.

We went to a circular bar for a drink, but I could see Vic was restless. He was there to play cards and not to sit around drinking and being interviewed. As soon as we were outside again, we started trotting. At our next casino, I said I had to take it easy. We sat down and talked some more. I said I saw dealers burn many cards in a four-deck blackjack shoe,



"You're new here, aren't you, Miss—er—er . . .?"

and even with a single-deck or a two-deck game, they never dealt all the way down. I had seen Joel Grey, my first blackjack dealer, burn six cards. Later, I saw some dealers burn 10 or 12.

"Do they do that to hurt counters?" I asked.

"Yes, and it does," he said.

"Why don't the blackjack writers stress that fact?"

"Why should they? They are out to sell their courses and books and if they were to level with you and tell you how hard this is, you would not buy their books."

"Why did you leave the game in the middle of the deck before?"

"There were so many 10s and picture cards out in the first four deals that the odds were heavily against me, real bad, like ten percent. That kind of vig you don't fight."

I had noticed several times that he bought insurance, a side bet that the dealer has blackjack when he is showing an ace. I asked him, "When do you buy insurance?"

"Never buy insurance. Only a blackjack expert knows when to buy insurance. It's a very tricky play. Most of the time, it is a sucker play. I could give you my reasons, but it would only mix you up."

I brought up the question of surrenders. Several times, he had surrendered. In an Appomattox, the player gives up 50 percent of his stake after he sees his cards but before the dealer has revealed his hole card. Not all casinos will allow you to surrender. When would Victor suggest a surrender?

"That's your second never. *Never surrender*. This is also a complex play for

the advanced player. Let's see, you have quite a few nevers. Never buy insurance. Never surrender. Never split 10s. Never split 5s. Never hit 17 or more. Never is an important word for a winner. Sometimes doing nothing is the best strategy. Too many players have to keep busy every minute."

We then went out walking again and went to another hotel. He played \$25 blackjack and I played two-dollar. I was still having trouble sorting out my plays. I finally went back to playing hunches, because the strain was too much for me. Vic came over after an hour. I had lost \$22. So now I was down \$19. We went outside and walked some more. We entered a small casino, just a gaming place, not part of a hotel. There wasn't the pressure of the big casinos, at least on me. We sat down. I put down a silver dollar for my bet. Vic cashed a \$100 bill. He said he would advise me. We were playing against a two-deck dealer who held the cards in his hand. He dealt all the cards face up except for his own hole card. I asked Vic whether he was allowed to do that—deal my two cards face up—and he said absolutely, since there's no bluffing in blackjack, though most players like the excitement of having a dark card. The dealer has no choices, so it makes no difference whether he knows your cards or not. We played for two hours. I moved ahead five dollars. So now I was down \$14. Vic, as usual, had won a few hundred playing five-dollar limit. During this session, I felt very relaxed for the first time, maybe because Vic and I were the only players at the table and he was helping me out. Our dealer was a dour-looking, ashen-faced man with thin lips. He looked like

a mechanic. I did not win until there was a change of dealers. Later, at our next sojourn in a bar, I told Victor of my fears. He said it was paranoia. He said being emotional in a casino is bad and paranoia is the worst of emotions. He said I should bear in mind that dealers were not my enemies, for they would rather I won so they could get a tip. He said the dealer certainly had seemed bitter and sad but that was because he was dealing a small joint and had little chance for tips. Victor had tipped him a five-dollar chip.

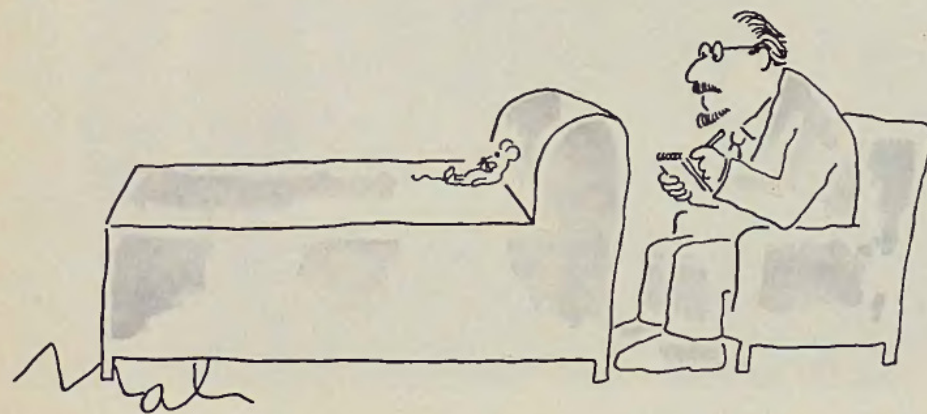
Victor played more high-level blackjack at our hotel after dinner and I put in more hours studying. A-7 was my hardest. I stand with dealer showing A, 2, 7 or 8; I hit with him showing 9 or 10; and I double down with a 3, 4, 5 or 6 up.

The next morning, I questioned Victor whether his basic thirst was for games and if the money element was secondary. I read him a quotation from Dr. Michael Maccoby's book *The Gamesman*: "For the gamesman, a high salary is important mainly because this is the way the game is scored, and he doesn't want to fall behind the others."

"Bullshit. Money may be a symbol, but it is also a medium of exchange. The more money you have, the more flexibility it gives you in what games you can play. If you have small change, you might have to play in a game where you think you have a big advantage, but it's for small stakes with bad players and it isn't much fun. When you have more money, either you can play in games where you have an advantage but not so big an advantage or you can play for higher stakes with better players and the element of chance becomes important, but the game is more interesting because you are going up against good players. Or you might, if you can afford the risks, even play against players who are a damn sight better than you are—hoping you can outsmart them."

I wasn't entirely persuaded. He was constantly trying to inveigle me into a game of pong or pook, for instance. Suppose, I asked him, he were shipwrecked on a remote island. "Would you start betting coconuts on which of two toucans would fly out of a palm tree first? You know, like which of two flies will fly away from the wall first?"

"Sure, I might get suckered into a fly-on-the-wall bet if I were bored. I'll never forget that story of Damon Runyon's. There's a character whose father says, 'Son, as you grow up and go through life, someday a stranger will make a bet with you that the jack of spades will jump out of the deck and squirt cider in your ear. Do not make that bet, son. Because, if you do, as sure



"I have this overwhelming desire to stir
on Christmas Eve!"

Oh, I always wanted one.



as you're standing here, you will get an earful of cider."

On the third day, I started winning. We had gone to the Golden Nugget and I was playing without Victor's coaching in a dollar-minimum game. I found myself relaxed. I knew what to do in every situation—when to stand, hit, double, split. I didn't pick up an A-7, but I would have known how to handle it. I could feel that sense the gambler has when he is winning, that there is a tide in his affairs which, taken at the mean high-flood level, will lead to fortune. I was ahead \$12 when Victor said it was time to go. So far, I had reduced my losses to two dollars. Victor beamed at my improvement. Back at our hotel, we basked in the sun for a while and then I went back to blackjack. I played at the two-dollar table. I won \$18 more. In the evening, I played at various places for several hours and was up to plus \$23. But the next morning, I was down to plus five. It was a seesaw affair on the fourth day, up and down and up and down. The best of all was that I was enjoying the play of the cards and I was even trying to form some sort of sense of them, to feel whether or not the remainder of the shoe was rich in 10s. However, I was afraid to double my stake. I was playing in two-dollar units. On the fourth day, Victor stood behind

me for two hours at Binion's Horseshoe Club, during which I had a splendid run of hits and blackjacks and won \$44.

Victor said that with a few hundred more hours of casino play, I should be able to start learning a counting system. He was proud of me, he said.

Saturday afternoon: Vic went to play seven-card stud. I looked for a place at a two-dollar table. The room was teeming with a talkative and emotionally high crowd. I cashed a \$20 bill and started playing. I won some. I lost some. Then I won and won and won. I began to win every time. My doubles paid off. My splits came through—each of them. I felt serene, unhurried, supremely confident in my powers and my genius. By the time Victor returned, I was up \$48, with a total winnings on the expedition of \$97!

I was flushed with triumph. I felt as if I personally had done this. Imagine, I reflected, if I'd been betting in units of ten dollars, I would have won \$970; and if I'd been betting in units of \$100, I'd have won \$9700; and if I'd had the courage to bet in units of \$1000, I'd have—

Stop, I told myself. That way madness lies.

On Sunday morning, Victor and I had the last and longest of our interviews. Being an early riser, I had already jousting with two dealers (one at Caesars Palace

and one at the Aladdin) and I was ahead another \$14. Total profits by 11 A.M.: \$111. I did not dare contemplate the mystical significance of that configuration of 11s. Now that I was more confident, I could take note of matters such as dealers who were inconsistent in their burn cards. Frequently, they burned as many as six cards on a four-deck shoe, and an Aladdin dealer, this morning, had even burned 12!

I went up to Morrison's room.

"Is it normal practice to burn that many cards in blackjack?" was my first question.

"No," he replied. He sat at a large circular table. Out the window, we could see the pool and the tennis courts below.

"Do they ever burn more than 12 cards?" I asked.

"Less, usually. For example, in St. Maarten's, they never burn more than one in a four-deck shoe. In Vegas, on one or two decks, they burn one. In some casinos, they even let you see the burn card, which is damn nice. In most places, they don't show you the burn card."

"If they're so worried about your counters, why don't they all burn six or ten cards?"

"Because players don't like that. They wouldn't play at a casino that did that all the time."

"Do you think my dealer this morning who burned 12 cards on me was suspicious that I was a counter? Because I was the only player at his table."

"There has been a change of management at the Aladdin. They have a new manager in charge there, a very tough character, and he has been tightening up all along the line since last March. The orders are, I've heard, to burn more cards, shuffle up more often, don't deal down to the end. You see, in recent years, the Aladdin has been badly hurt by the counters."

"You spoke of playing to the end—in a four-deck shoe, how far down do they usually play?"

"They leave from a half to a whole deck out of the four decks. If they suspect you're counting, they might shuffle up after 100 cards are played—so they are playing out only two of the four decks."

"So, in effect, they are ruining your end game."

He nodded grimly.

"So what do you counters do now?"

"We will improve our middle game. We will develop more precise methods of counting."

I asked him how much authority a dealer had at his table. Could he shuffle up at any point without consulting a pit boss?

"Sure. He can shuffle up on a four-deck shoe after one deck has been played or even less. In one deck, well, it depends purely on the dealer. He might deal down to the last five, six cards,



"No, she wouldn't care to join you for coffee. Now beat it before I take my dollar back."

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Smoother taste,
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which would give me an almost perfect count, or he might shuffle up with ten remaining, or, if he is out to kill me, he could shuffle up after 20 cards are played. The pit boss has authority over the dealer. The dealer might be inclined to deal all the way to the end, as they hate to shuffle up, especially with four decks, but they have to do it, if it's orders. What the pit boss says goes.

"The dealer has a divided loyalty. On the one hand, he wants to show a profit for the house during his session. So let's say a high-rolling drunk sits down at his table and is betting wild and crazy; he'll deal down to the end to get in as many hands as possible during his tour of duty, so if I'm sitting in at the same table, I'm in luck, if I'm not too greedy and don't bet too high.

"On the other hand, every dealer is hungry for tips. If you're generous with tips, and they think you're a counter, they'll help you by playing down to the last few cards; but if you're stingy and they think you're counting, they'll shuffle you to death."

Did he think casinos ever hired mechanics to beat the counters? "The big casinos in Las Vegas are honest," he said. "If there is a dealer crooking, he's not working for the casino, he's working for himself. He's dealing winning hands to a confederate. This means he has to hurt the other players more. It takes a smart mechanic to work a blackjack table so he can cheat the casino and still show his expected hourly profit. Every table has to produce so much and if a dealer's profit over a long period of time is consistently low, they figure he's a crook."

Victor and I had recently finished reading Ken Uston's new book, *The Big Player: How a Team of Blackjack Players Made a Million Dollars*. To gamblers like Vic, Uston's lawsuits against six Las Vegas casinos are landmarks. Victor is quite serious when he says he believes he has a constitutional right to count the unplayed cards in a blackjack shoe. In 1976, he had mailed me a page-one story from *The Wall Street Journal*, with the headline: "HAS SYSTEM BETTOR AN INALIENABLE RIGHT TO BEAT THE HOUSE?" Uston had filed lawsuits against the companies that operate the MGM Grand, Dunes, Flamingo, Hilton, Marina and Sands casinos, alleging he had been economically discriminated against because he had been barred from those casinos. A judge had dismissed two lawsuits. He is appealing.

However, there is another aspect to the story of Uston vs. Dunes, Sands, MGM Grand, et al. Thomas Thompson, author of *Blood and Money*, interviewed Uston in 1976 and wrote an article in *New York Times Magazine* that portrayed a brilliant tactician, a courageous lone wolf battling against the entrenched robber barons of

the casinos, an underdog fighting to survive.

Uston portrayed himself as a decent, hard-working American gamesperson trying to get along in a lonely struggle. You couldn't help liking him. Comes May 1977. Comes publication of Uston's long-awaited autobiography, *The Big Player: How a Team*, etc.

Hello? What is this? A team, did you say? *The Wall Street Journal* didn't say team. *The New York Times* didn't say counters and punters were operating as a trained group of commandos working with almost military precision.

It now turns out, there was a mastermind named Al Francesco, who in 1974 recruited Uston, who had been a sort of blackjack dilettante for a decade in the Nevada casinos, winning a mere dozen grand a year. He drilled him in Revere Advanced Point Count. Francesco ran a kind of high-class Mob, made up of counters and players. The counters counted and bet modestly to remain inconspicuous. When a deck got hot in 10s, the counter signaled with a hand on the chin and one of the "big players" sauntered over and laid down a heavy bet. At some point in 1976, Herb Nunaz, the eagle-eyed manager of the Sands, colared five counters and two big players, including Uston. I couldn't help feeling that Francesco and his Merry Men were not in quite the same category as blacks who were refused service in restaurants.

"Wouldn't you say," I asked Vic, "that Uston and his confederates were, in a sense, playing crooked blackjack?"

In a rare spurt of emotion, Victor cried, "Hell, no! Crooked? In what sense crooked? The rules of the game don't say that you're not allowed to make a big bet when the deck is hot. Just remember, there is no counter who ever knows exactly what will hit on the next card. I could get a count on a one-deck deal and still lose. The casino is saying I can play here only when the odds are in its favor—never when the odds are in my favor."

"Isn't blackjack an even game?" I asked.

"Only if you play perfect basic strategy. And if you learn even a simple count or keep a rough idea of the 10s as they fall, you can give yourself a little the better of it. I'll say this for Las Vegas, they give the blackjack player the fairest game in the world. I recently played in Puerto Rico. Playing a four-deck shoe only, their restrictions are so terrible, you wouldn't believe it. For instance, they let you double down only with 10 or 11.

"By the way, from what I have heard from my connections who work in casinos, the Nevada hotels are not going to bar counters anymore. Guess they're wary

of Uston's taking his case to the Supreme Court and beating them. They figure they might run into a losing streak of Justices who maybe lost a few big ones in Vegas when they were younger.

"My feeling is the casinos are intimidated by Uston's lawsuits. What they are doing now is shuffling up on the counters. Also, a pit boss might say to you in a friendly way, 'We know you're counting. If you play blackjack, we'll shuffle after every three hands. You're welcome to visit with us. We love you. Just go play baccarat. Baccarat is a nice game. Or roulette. You'd love our roulette action. How about *chemin de fer*?'"

"I guess the casinos have a constitutional right to reshuffle all they want."

Wouldn't that mean, realistically, that even the best counters in the world could no longer win the big money?

He nodded, looking very sad.

Were the days of players like Ian Anderson numbered? Anderson (which is a pseudonym), author of *Turning the Tables on Las Vegas*, gave an interview to Bert Prelutsky, *L.A. Times* columnist. He told him how he had taken the casinos for a fortune. In order to deceive them, he has become a master of disguises and has many sets of fake credentials. He says he studied make-up for six weeks. "I can," he boasts, "change my hair, my face shape, my sideburns, the color of my eyes and the shape of my nose. I have eight pairs of glasses, even though I don't need glasses. And I can do a number of voices." Like all the Pied Pipers of the blackjack-system profession, good old Anderson promises you a "total strategy for plundering the Las Vegas casinos."

But read Anderson critically and you find that even he, the man of a thousand faces, sets up almost impossible playing conditions. "Never play with more than one other player at the table" is one of his rules. Can you just see how long you can remain at a table with only one player? If your count is running good and a third player sits down, Anderson tells you to request the new player to wait until the deck is shuffled!

And Revere is equally severe. After all his charts and strategies, he also demands special conditions. On page 103 of his *vade mecum*, Revere insists on 21 conditions, such as:

You must never play with more than two other players.

Do not play if you do not like the dealer.

Do not play if there are bad players at the table.

Play late at night when business is slow. Aha! Now he tells us.

Can you really open a sure-fire business, as he promises, if you learn Revere point count? Can you, as Anderson promises, plunder the casinos? Can you, like Uston,

IF YOU CAN AFFORD THE BEST...



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"Senor, making good tequila is like looking for a good woman."

"It's the little things that count." Two Fingers reportedly muttered those words to an admirer in Oklahoma.

Of course, the attention to details he gave his Two Fingers Tequila paid off handsomely in the mid-30's. Everywhere he drove his truck, his tequila proved to be an instant hit.

"My boys and I squeeze this tequila out drop by drop," he was known to boast. "Then I put my special 'touch' to it."

He never told what that "touch" was. Just like he rarely talked about Honey, his companion—and the one person he seemed to give a lot of attention to.

People don't remember much about her—except her eyes. "If you're looking for a

good woman, look at her eyes," Two Fingers once commented.

Later he winked and supposedly said: "I watch those eyes like I watch the tequila in my distillery. A little sparkle means everything's just right."

Honey appears to have stayed with Two Fingers through thick and thin—almost up to the very end.

Our sources say Two Fingers made his last trip north of the border near the end of the 30's.

When he turned his truck south again, people along the route reported the rider's seat was empty.

Rumor has it Honey remained behind to visit relatives. That doesn't seem too likely, however.

Maybe that's why Two Fingers never came north again.

Whatever the case, they don't make them like Two Fingers and Honey anymore.

But luckily Two Fingers Tequila lives on.



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Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.



win \$1,000,000 (with a little help from your friends)?

I put it to Victor.

He looked unhappy. He looked bleak. I have seen that expression on persons who remember they could have bought Picassos for \$1500 a canvas during the Depression or IBM at 28 or Xerox at ten.

"Even before Thorp came out, several casino players, who were into computer science, realized blackjack could be beaten by computer simulations. I'm talking of the years between 1950 and 1962. That was a beautiful time for the counter. Some of those early counters won phenomenal sums of money—hundreds of thousands and more. At that time, I was playing bridge and poker while finishing my undergraduate work in Chicago. Now we have to get better as the casinos get tougher. We have to become less obvious in placing bets. Change our rhythm of betting. We have to use more sophisticated counting systems. In the good old days, before casinos were smart, the way they used to operate, a player at my level could have won millions—given enough time to play."

"And now?"

"Now? Someone playing at my level might scrape out \$50,000 or even \$100,000 over a three-year period."

"That's nothing to sneeze at."

"Who's sneezing?" Victor cried. "What I am saying is that the bonanza days are finished. In fact, I'd say the gold rush was over by 1972. And if conditions keep getting tougher, it'll be even harder to make a killing in Las Vegas. Bear in mind, there are better players than me. Uston, Flannery, Trosper, Anderson, Revere. The counting system I'm using is one of the simplest—Revere Plus-Minus. There are more advanced counting systems—some of which aren't on the market—that take into account different values for each individual card."

"Is it hard to learn these advanced systems?"

"It sure is. I know some already middle-level blackjack winners who have been studying over a year to learn one of the new systems and they still haven't got it. The average blackjack player is out of luck."

I shifted my questioning and finally Victor got around to the pathological aspects of compulsive gamblers. "I recently heard a good story about a psychoanalyst. A true story. A friend of mine is a plunger, a real compulsive gambler, a loser. Well, he blew all his bank roll on a Las Vegas junket and he wrote markers for \$50,000, until they cut off his credit. The casino was pressuring him for the money. He was afraid if he didn't pay, they'd cut off his credit in every casino in the world. They didn't have to threaten to break his legs. The biggest threat to a gambler is to bad-mouth him with the big bookmakers and the casinos. That's like death to a compulsive gambler. So

this loser happened to be from a very rich family. He had an uncle who had some connections, through his banking and mining interests, with Nevada big shots. Through them, he arranged to settle the debt for \$25,000, which the casino accepted. As part of the deal, the family made my friend agree to go to a shrink and get cured of his gambling psychosis.

"He had to do it, as he had no alternative. In the course of getting his gambling mania cured, he started explaining poker to the shrink. Then he started playing head-to-head poker with the doctor. The analyst got hooked. They started playing for money. To make a long story short, my friend won \$30,000 from the shrink who was supposed to cure him of gambling."

"First he sent a check for \$25,000 to that Vegas casino, which cleared up the unpaid balance on the old debt and which they had never expected to collect. Then he asked me to give him some advice on blackjack and I taught him the Plus-Minus count and we practiced basic strategy. He told me he was determined

to be a winner. He studied basic strategy for six weeks. He learned Plus-Minus in eight weeks. Then he took the \$5000 stake left from his winnings from the shrink. He went to Paradise Island in the Bahamas. Now, you have to realize that my old buddy is known all over as one of the great all-time suckers. So now here he is, a smart player, but nobody expects old him to be a counter, right? He's playing at the \$500-limit blackjack table and they play the decks out to the end. And he is counting. And winning. And winning. The pit bosses know it is just crazy luck, as even a perennial loser like him has to win once in a while. He walked out with \$150,000 profit his first time out. He has been to Las Vegas once and it's the same story, as the pit bosses know him as a sucker, so nobody takes countermeasures on him, and for him it's like it was for everybody in the Fifties. I know sooner or later they'll realize he has had a personality change, but until they do, it wouldn't surprise me if he took the casinos for \$1,000,000."



"What is your bidding, O Master? I am the genie of the left tit."

PHYSICAL FITNESS

(continued from page 211)

"You'd be far better off sharpening other skills in the time it took you to develop unneeded fitness."

on weekends, you're not really helping yourself by developing to the football player's fitness level, because you have no use for that much strength and endurance. You'd be far better off sharpening other skills in the time it took you to develop this unneeded fitness.

That means that while you may be among the more than 80,000,000 Americans who play sports and exercise, it doesn't necessarily follow that you're doing yourself all that much good. More than likely, you're wasting time and courting injury. My own inefficiency in these matters is what got me into this field in the first place.

My normal field is man's social, not his physical condition. But I have always had a thing about keeping fit. It was not until I met Dr. Morehouse, however, that I found out how much time and energy I had wasted. I learned not only that just about everything I had been doing was wrong but that I was doing far more than I needed to. My workouts were so arduous that I approached them with dread. I often took short cuts. Sometimes I failed to work out, because I lacked either the time or the inclination. Often the lack of

inclination made it seem that I didn't have the time. My guilt was sizable, the results were spotty and my lower back was killing me. When I asked Morehouse to review my program and recommend changes, he replied, "What's your objective?"

"To be fit," I said.

"For what? I can't give you a program unless I know what you want to be fit for."

Today, every exercise I do contributes directly to my performance as a skier and a tennis player. I do half as many exercises as I used to and my workouts take half as long. The backaches are gone and the praise of my friends persuades me that I've improved. I'm able to get to balls that used to go for winners. I'm still moving well in the third set or late in the afternoon on the slopes.

What Morehouse did for me was to change completely the *manner* in which I exercised.

In the past, I had always measured fitness by what I could do—how strong I was or how far or fast I could run. Morehouse persuaded me that those external measures don't tell me much, if anything,

about how fit I am inside my body. All they tell me is how well I can perform.

Years ago, Morehouse was challenged to a swimming race at a faculty picnic by a colleague who had recently had one lung removed and had spots on the other. Both men had been collegiate swimmers. Off they raced, to the cheers of the spectators. Morehouse's colleague won. The next day, he re-entered the hospital; a month later, he was dead.

It's not what you do that counts; it's *what the exercise does to you*.

As Morehouse puts it in *Total Fitness*:

All previous programs measure the work you produce—the distance you run or the speed at which you run it or the number of times you can accomplish a specific task. This program ignores exterior accomplishments in favor of interior results. This system is interested in only one thing—the effect you produce on your body. You regulate the effect entirely. You produce exactly the response to effort that you wish and require.

The problem with previous exercise systems is that they assign tasks that are either too difficult at the outset or become easier and easier to perform. It's all very well to run or swim faster or farther, but if your internal system is not responding to the right degree, you're not achieving fitness.

Previous systems program you into specific tasks. This system offers you your choice of any activity you find enjoyable. All that matters is that the activity churn your system to a level appropriate for your particular circumstance. You monitor that activity. You set the pace in terms of what the activity is doing to your circulo-respiratory system—your heart and vessels and lungs. You do this by taking your pulse.

Lifting a weight so many times tells you nothing about what's happening to your body. You may be working too hard or not hard enough. But if you measure what effect that work has produced on your heart rate, you know exactly where you are. Moreover, your body automatically adjusts to your condition at the moment you're working out. If you're tired or not feeling well, your heart rate will rise to the level you want more rapidly than if you are normal.

Your heart is your computer. The read-out of your computer is your pulse, which is a wave sent out from the heart. Your pulse tells you how many times your heart is beating—and in heart-rated exercise, that's the name of the game.

You're in good shape when you can hurry up a couple of flights of stairs with



"I had just about decided that photography and I weren't meant for each other. My pictures were dull and amateurish, but I figured that a really good 35mm camera would be both too complicated and expensive for me.

"Boy, was I wrong! Luckily, before I gave up, I talked to a friend who knows about cameras. He put his Nikkormat FT3 into my hands. Told me how it was made by the Nikon people, who make the sophisticated cameras most professional photographers use. He showed me how easy it was to use... took me just minutes to get the hang of it. When he mentioned how little it cost, my mind was made up. The next day, I went out and bought my own Nikkormat FT3.

"Things haven't been the same since. My very first roll of film had the sharp, clear photos I'd always hoped for—just about every shot was perfect. And, once I started using the camera more often, I found out what that Nikon quality and reliability did for me.

"Who would have thought I could take pictures like these?"

"Now I'm taking sports and wildlife shots with my new Nikkor telephoto lens, fabulous closeups with my Nikon extension tubes, and indoor party photos with my Nikon automatic electronic flash. Next, I've got my eye on a Nikkor wide angle lens!

"One of the nicest things about this camera is that it grows with you. There are more than 55 Nikkor lenses and dozens of accessories you can buy to help you get the pictures you want".

For details on the Nikkormat FT3 as well as a schedule for the traveling Nikon School of Photography, check your local Yellow Pages for the Nikon dealer nearest you. Or, write for Lit/Pak N-40 to Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Indust. Inc. (EPI) (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

NIKKORMAT FT3

only a moderate increase in your pulse rate. You're in bad shape if the same effort sharply increases your pulse rate. This moderate exertion should produce a pulse rate in a reasonably well-conditioned young man of approximately 120 beats a minute. And taking your pulse is easily learned (see the box on page 299).

Now we come to the reason your fitness program could not possibly be like anyone else's—regardless of your objectives. It's because each person's pulse response to the same amount of effort will be different, depending upon his age and his physical condition.

Let's say that you and two friends go jogging together. Your friend Joe is 20 years old and in fabulous shape. You're 30 and in fairly good shape. Friend Sam is 40 and hasn't run, except to catch an airplane, in ten years. Let's say, further, that you set the pace. You'll get a good workout. Joe might as well have done something more enjoyable, for all the good the jog will do him. And Sam will all but expire.

There's a formula to calculate the exact pulse rate at which you should exercise. Multiply the difference between 220 and your age by 60 percent if you're just starting an exercise program, by 70 percent if you're in moderately good condition and by 80 percent if you're in excellent condition.

During that three-man bout of jogging, Joe should have worked out at a pulse rate of 160 ($220 - 20 = 200 \times .80$), you should have worked out at a pulse rate of 133 ($220 - 30 = 190 \times .70$) and Sam should have jogged at a pulse rate of 108

($220 - 40 = 180 \times .60$). The miracle of exercise is that all three of you would have received the same amount of benefit. If anything, Sam, whose heart rate rose the least, would have benefited the most, because fitness gains are greatest, relative to your condition, at the beginning of a training program.

What we've been talking about is the fundamental principle of exercise—*overload*. Using that principle, you can't help but succeed in putting yourself in shape. Without it, you'll help yourself by exercising, but not nearly so much.

Suppose you jog a mile in nine minutes every day. At the outset, you'd be improving your condition. But gradually, jogging that mile would become easier and easier for you, until you'd reach a point where you'd finish without even puffing. You'd think, Boy, am I in good shape. Well, yes and no. You'd almost certainly be in better shape than you were when you started to exercise. But as the exercise became easier and easier, your body would be working less and less. At the outset, your heart rate might have increased to 130 beats a minute. After two or three months, the same amount of jogging in the same time would raise your heart rate only to 110. So your cardiovascular system wouldn't be getting as good a workout two or three months later as it had been at the outset. If it's not, it's losing condition.

Each time you jog that mile, you want to do something to maintain your pulse rate at 130—or whatever rate is right for you. In order to do that, as your condition improves, you will either have to run

a little faster or, if you wanted to maintain the nine-minute mile, you could increase the overload by carrying some small weights in your hands or attached to your waist or ankles.

Regardless of what exercise you do, you must overload as your condition improves in order to make certain that the benefit of training is continuous. Progressive overloading can be accomplished not only by increasing the intensity, as we've just seen, but also by increasing the duration or the frequency of the exercise. Make training gradual and give it spice by using one variable at a time and alternating the variables.

The marvelous part of overloading, using your heart rate as a guide, is that it never requires more exertion. Using the same effort, you're soon doing much more than you could just months before. Because your physical condition is so much better, you're not really expending more effort to jog faster or work more productively.

Because your body's response to exercise will be different from anyone else's, your program has to be designed and performed with that in mind. It can't be like anyone else's.

Now let's design your program in the same way Morehouse designed mine.

There are three basic levels of fitness. Your first task is to decide at which level you want to live.

MINIMUM MAINTENANCE—The irreducible minimum you need to get through your day and still be in one piece.

TOTAL FITNESS—This is the level of fitness that keeps you peppy throughout the day, with enough capacity to enjoy your recreational pursuits after work and to maintain a reserve for emergencies.

SUPERFITNESS—This is the level of fitness you will approach as you train for maximum performance.

Even if you don't care about fitness at any level, you must incorporate a few simple habits into your everyday life just to prevent deterioration and maintain normal body structure and function.

MINIMUM MAINTENANCE

1. Stretch and turn as often as you can, turning all your body joints to their full range of motion.
2. Stand for at least two hours a day.
3. Lift something that's heavy for you at least once a day. Just that much will maintain your strength.
4. Walk briskly for at least three minutes, so that you can feel your heart beating. If your head begins to throb, slow down.
5. Burn at least 300 "activity calories" a day, in addition to those you've been burning.

The body takes in calories when you eat. It burns those calories to live. If you did nothing but exist, your body would



"Hey, wait a minute. Do I know you?"

burn 1500 calories a day. It burns another 800, on the average, as you go through a normal day's routine. What we're talking about are 300 calories in addition to those, calories you burn by being unusually active—walking vigorously, climbing stairs, standing frequently and exercising.

If you have a weight problem, the key to fat reduction is right here. By adding 300 activity calories to your daily effort and diminishing your intake by just 200 calories a day—that's doing without one slice of buttered toast in the morning and one ounce of spirits in the evening—that's 500 calories a day, 3500 a week, or one pound of fat permanently lost. A pound a week is 52 pounds a year, surely enough fat loss for anyone.

TOTAL FITNESS

Most people don't exercise, and the reason they don't is that the standards and rigors historically associated with fitness have been beyond their realm. But fitness is no big deal, as Morehouse is fond of saying, if your objectives are simply to work with vitality throughout the day, to enjoy your recreational life and to be effective in case of emergencies. If you trained to that level and wanted nothing more out of life, you'd be totally fit.

Obviously, the man trained to a higher level of fitness could not remain totally fit if he reduced his exercise program but did not correspondingly reduce his objectives.

Muscle tissue has three qualities—*bulk*, *strength* and *endurance*. All three are developed in different ways.

Bulk is achieved by using loads that enable you to do 15 to 20 repetitions of each exercise.

Endurance is achieved by using lighter loads so that you can do 40 to 50 repetitions of each exercise.

Strength is achieved by using the heaviest loads you can manage while doing one to five repetitions of each exercise.

The Total Fitness Program combines all three, in successive eight-week sessions. The first eight weeks, you work for bulk, building the tissue you'll later refine; the next eight weeks, you work for endurance; and the final eight weeks, you concentrate on building strength.

Each week, you'll exercise three times for ten minutes, or a total of 30 minutes. You can do more, but for this level of fitness, you don't really need to.

Precede each bout of exercise with a one-minute warm-up.

Stretch: Extend an arm over your head. Reach as high as you can for seven seconds. Repeat with the other arm.

Twist: With your arms to the side and parallel to the ground, twist your trunk as far as you can to one side, then to the other.

Bend: Grasp the backs of your knees



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and pull your chest gently toward your thighs. Feel the stretch in your lower back.

Turn: Look to the left, as far as you can. Then put your left hand on your chin and your right hand behind your head. Now gently turn your head still farther. Next, look to the right, reverse your hands and repeat the process.

After this one-minute warm-up, you'll do two sets of two muscle-conditioning exercises.

Push-aways: If you haven't worked out in a long time, start this exercise in an upright position. Stand just beyond arm's reach from a wall. Put your hands against the wall at shoulder height. Lean forward, then push away from the wall. Repeat 15 to 20 times. That will probably be much too easy for most of you. If so, put your hands on a dresser or counter-top the next time. Then a chair, then the floor, with your knees touching, then without knees touching (the conventional push-up position). When that becomes too easy, begin to elevate your feet—to the chair, the table, the dresser and, finally, to the handstand push-up position if necessary. Remember, if it feels neither too hard nor too easy for you, you're getting the right benefit for yourself, regardless of what anyone else is doing.

Sit-backs: Terrific exercise, much more beneficial than sit-ups and easier on your lower back.

Sit on the floor. Bend your knees fully. Move your chest as close to your knees as you can. Now raise your chest slightly, tuck your chin in toward your chest and lean back until you can feel the tension in your abdominal muscles. Put your hands on your abdomen to help you feel the muscles working; a little pressure on the muscles will "remind" them to tighten up. *Hold* that position for 15 to 20 seconds. The right position is neither too hard nor too easy; you'll know it's right if you're just about to quiver as the exercise ends.

After the sit-back, do another set of push-aways. Then do one more sit-back. Remember, you don't move up and down as in the sit-up; you simply hold the position.

Cardiovascular conditioning: The heart of the program. The objective is to exercise your cardiovascular system—heart, vessels, lungs—for at least five minutes at your "target pulse rate," or TPR. The formula, once again, is:

220 — your age × 60 percent (beginners)

220 — your age × 70 percent (intermediates)

220 — your age × 80 percent (advanced)

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will do the job. But you might enjoy yourself a lot more if you put on some rock and let go. Any continuous, rhythmic activity that gets you on target is fine.

As your condition improves, you'll be doing more work to reach your target than you did at the outset. But the work won't require any more exertion.

After eight weeks, you'll have enough muscle bulk. For the next eight weeks, you'll work for endurance in the following manner:

Push-aways: Move back to an easy position and do 40 to 50 push-aways. Don't let false pride keep you from starting against the wall. You might be surprised. As soon as that becomes too easy, move to the dresser, table, etc.

Sit-backs: Move back into a position that you can hold for 40 to 50 seconds. Put your hands on your abdomen and push to remind your muscles to work. Keep them tight.

Repeat a set of push-aways. Then do another sit-back.

Cardiovascular conditioning: The objective is the same, to raise your heart rate. This time, however, we'll employ interval training—30 seconds of slow movement alternated with 30 seconds of the most vigorous movement you can manage. Keep that up for six minutes, being careful not to exceed your TPR.

Note well: The man who started at 60 percent of 220 minus his age in the first eight weeks and exercised faithfully three times a week is now in good enough shape to exercise at 70 percent of 220 minus his age. The man who started at 70 percent can now move up to 80. In the Total Fitness Program, Morehouse says, 80 percent is all you really need.

The third eight weeks are devoted to building strength.

Push-aways: Assume a position that's really a challenge—so much so that you can manage only a single push-away. In this position, your feet will undoubtedly be higher than your head. If that doesn't produce enough resistance, ask your mate to press down on your back. Work up to five push-aways, then increase resistance.

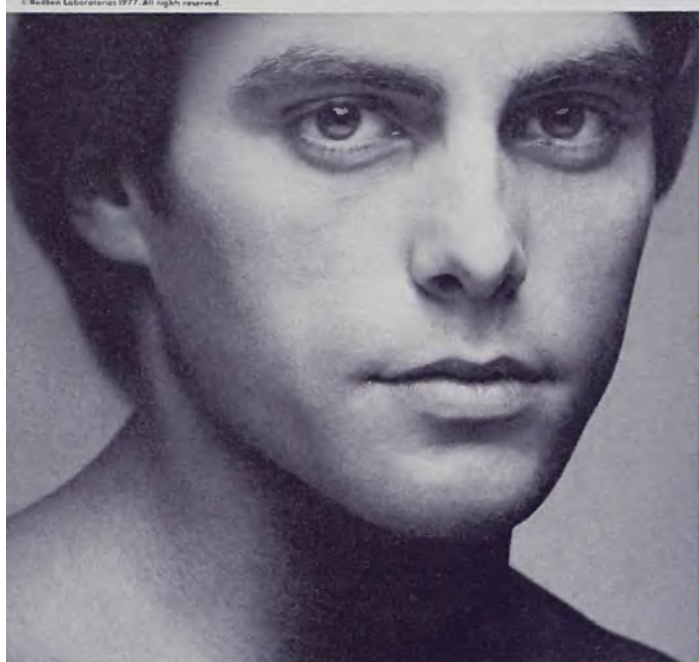
Sit-backs: The objective is to assume a position that you can hold for only six to ten seconds without quivering. There are two ways to create that much difficulty. First, pit your hands and the muscles of your abdomen against each other, pressing hands against abdomen, pushing abdomen against hands. Second, make your sit-back as deep as possible without touching the floor; move your arms to your chest, then behind your head, then over your head; or, finally, put a weight—a heavy pot or an oversized dictionary—on your chest.

After you've done a sit-back, repeat the push-away. Then do another sit-back.

Cardiovascular conditioning: Because the strength exercises take so little time,

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RK Skin Treatments aren't like other skin treatments. You won't see them in department stores. Or drugstores. You'll only find RK in the hands of professionals. Like your barber. That's because when you've got products this good, you want to make sure people use them right. So look for RK at knowledgeable barber styling salons. If you don't already know one, check your Yellow Pages Telephone Directory.

This is the season to look your best. What better time than Christmas to put your best face forward. So discover RK Skin Treatments. They're the best presents you can give your face. Trust your barber.



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you can now move up to eight minutes in this department.

By this point, you should be comfortably exercising at 80 percent of maximum. To get your heart going that fast, you simply shorten your intervals. Lope along for 15 seconds, then sprint for 15 seconds. Lope again. Sprint again, etc. You should reach your TPR within two to three minutes.

After you've completed the third eight-week period, if that's all the fitness you're after, put yourself on a Total Fitness Maintenance Program by working out for bulk, strength and endurance once each week, on alternate days. On Monday, work for bulk; Wednesday, for endurance; Friday, for strength.

We all have periods of commitment when we're simply too busy to play or engage in extensive conditioning programs. Or else we're traveling and have no access to facilities. In periods like those, ten minutes a day, three days a week, of Total Fitness training will prevent you from losing the fitness you've attained.

SUPERFITNESS FOR MAXIMUM PERFORMANCE

Now that you're fit, you've got the base to move into areas of performance

that are simply inaccessible to you when you're out of shape.

Which brings us to a new, much more specialized kind of fitness training.

Everything you've done to this point has been to develop your foundation. Now you're going to get specific. The technical word is *specificity* and its translation is "the special adaptation to imposed demands." The body responds to the demands placed upon it. So your objective is to place the very demands on your body in training for your event that will be placed on it in the event itself.

This may shock the skiers and tennis players who are jogging to keep in shape for their events, but they're mostly spinning their wheels. Jogging is a terrific way to *begin* a conditioning program, but after several weeks, it's time to get specific. The only jogging you do on a tennis court is when you're retrieving balls during warm-ups. If you want to be able to volley all out in a long match, you should take your tennis racket in hand and play a phantom game. Stroke the ball, move up, move back, bend, stretch. Now you're telling your muscles exactly what's expected of them—at the same time, you're giving your cardiovascular system the workout it needs to

carry you through your match.

By increasing your objective—to be a better performer in the sport of your choice—you've increased your need for fitness. The best way to get into condition for that sport is to play the sport itself. But that route can take you only so far. You don't build up the reserves or the tolerance to stress you'll need to perform at higher levels. That dormant performer in you needs special conditioning before he can come alive.

Maximum performance requires work on skills as well as fitness. But it's imperative that you develop the fitness capacity first, before you work on skills. If you're trying to improve with muscles that aren't sufficiently trained, you'll tend to improvise as the muscles tire. This leads to inefficient habits that will eventually have to be unlearned before you can move to higher levels.

Here's the general rule, as we express it in *Maximum Performance*:

Whatever the sport, conditioning for maximum performance is performed in the same posture, with the same intensity and rhythm inherent in the event. But it's not *just* the event; it's the manner in which you perform that event—or wish to. If tennis is your game, do you play singles or doubles? Your conditioning program will vary, depending on your answer. Do you play, or wish to play, an hour every day? Two hours twice a week? Do you play in tournaments? Are the tournaments decided in three- or five-set matches? Every response changes your program.

You don't need a degree in physiology to apply some common-sense analysis to your needs. All you have to do is think about how you play—or would like to play—your game, and then assign low, moderate or high priorities to its elements.

Morehouse identifies eight such elements:

Muscle mass: The size of fibers in your tissues. You need mass before you can develop endurance and strength.

Muscle endurance: The ability to contract muscles repeatedly without developing undue fatigue.

Muscle strength: Brute force.

Circulo-respiratory endurance: The ability to keep moving for prolonged periods.

Mobility: Reaching, turning, bending.

Durability of joints or ligaments: The ability to withstand jolts and shocks.

Toughness of skin: The ability to withstand friction or tearing.

Ability to relax: Releasing excess tension.

If you don't need strength in your sport, why waste time developing it? Don't devote hours to what isn't useful. Training should always correspond to *your* needs, not to someone else's need



"There's really nothing I can do about your foot fetish, Mr. Johnson. However, I think I can cure the athlete's tongue."

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No more 'S' tone arms for me. From now on I'm going straight."

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or notion of what you should be doing.

The illustrated exercises that accompany this article should be performed once you have completed the 24-week Total Fitness Program, described on the preceding pages. After becoming totally fit, you will probably want to begin training for your favorite sport or sports, and the Early Conditioning for Maximum Performance exercises will prepare you to do that. They should be done for at least eight weeks before going on to more specific conditioning. Of course, if you're already in good shape, you can start right away on the Early Conditioning exercises.

While the Total Fitness Program is performed within one self-contained "circuit," Early Conditioning for Maximum Performance comprises a warm-up circuit with four exercises, or *stations*, a conditioning circuit with six stations and a flexibility circuit with eight stations (see pages 298 and 299).

Once you've completed the early conditioning, you can then go on to design your own specific conditioning program, using your own methods or those designed for specific conditioning in *Maximum Performance*.

Remember that training for endurance involves light resistance and many repetitions; training for strength involves heavy resistance and few repetitions.

Once you're under way, you're in for a pleasant reward—an almost immediate improvement in your capacity to perform. Morehouse calls this phenomenon "the effect of first exposure." It's the first exposure that counts most when you're adapting to new demands. In fact, almost 50 percent of your improvement will occur in the first 25 percent of your program.

Whether you are training for total fitness or maximum performance, your improvement will be guaranteed if you keep these thoughts in mind:

Set a definite goal for each training session. Champions never fail in their training, because they set their sights on tiny increments of improvement with each workout.

There's no need to kill yourself to stay in shape or improve your performance. There's no need to exercise to the point of exhaustion. There's no need to feel guilty if you miss a day. If you try and haven't got it, skip it and try again tomorrow.

Above all, measure your progress not by comparison with others so much as by the conquest of your own limitations. As we say in *Maximum Performance*, "The only valid comparisons are between your present, past and future performance."

It's your maximum you're pursuing—a reflection of your condition, capacity and objectives.

(Turn to pages 298 and 299 for the exercises included in Early Conditioning for Maximum Performance.)



Vitamin loss. Classic in flu.

When your body reacts to the stress of flu, it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet, your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in. Here's why.

Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of infection, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins, B complex and C may be indicated.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins. When the diet is inadequate, STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid a vitamin deficiency by replacing the

B and C vitamins lost during stress conditions such as flu. STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy above-normal needs for these vitamins by providing above-normal amounts: 600 mg. of vitamin C plus a high potency formula of the B complex vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains vitamin E. Also available: New STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

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EARLY CONDITIONING FOR MAXIMUM PERFORMANCE

If you're going to be able to perform like a champion, you have to train like one. Champions work out in circuits—series of exercises that improve performance much better than repeating one exercise until exhaustion. Each circuit is made up of several exercises.

The exercises below are to be performed in five circuits: 1. Limbering; 2. Warm-up; 3. Training; 4. Calm-down; 5. Flexibility.

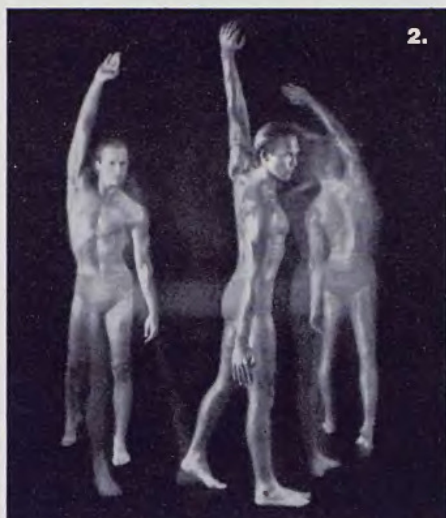
The warm-up and calm-down circuits contain the same six exercises as the training circuit. All three circuits should be done nonstop, but the intensity and speed of your performance will vary. The warm-up circuit is done at moderate speed but without strain. The training circuit is done quickly, vigorously, at 80 percent of your maximum capacity. For the calm-down circuit, you take it easy, just going through the motions. Always complete your exercises with the flexibility circuit to prevent stiffness and bring your heart rate back to near normal.

LIMBERING CIRCUIT

The four limbering exercises should be done for two minutes while walking. Each exercise should be performed for about 30 seconds and should flow into the next without stopping, while you increase the tempo of your walking.



1. Rotating stretch: Walking slowly, extend your arms from your sides and rotate them horizontally, twisting to the left and right alternately and stretching your shoulders and back. This is the same basic arm-swinging motion as the Twist in the Total Fitness warm-up, but here locomotion is added.



2. Overhead stretch: This resembles the Stretch in the Total Fitness warm-up, plus footwork. Increase your walking speed and reach over your head with one arm at a time and lean to the opposite side, stretching your waist.



3. Propeller stretch: Increase your walking speed to a fairly snappy rate. Move your extended arms in large circles like two propellers. After 15 seconds, move the arms in the opposite direction.



4. Swing stretch: Exaggerate the usual swing of your arms when you walk and increase the length of your stride to stretch the torso. By now, you should be walking very briskly. This motion, by the way, resembles a cross-country skier's movements.

WARM-UP, TRAINING AND CALM-DOWN CIRCUITS



1. Rope skipping: Great for strengthening the leg muscles and developing agility. On each circuit, skip rope for a whole minute. On the training circuit, skip fast enough to get your pulse rate up to 80 percent of your maximum. After you master alternate foot skipping, try skipping on one foot ten times, then on the other ten times. A particularly useful variation for skiers is to jump back and forth across a line.

2. Sit-backs (not shown): This is a variation of the Total Fitness Sit-back. It's done on a chair instead of the floor. Sit at the edge of a chair so that your back doesn't touch the back rest. Lean back until you feel a slight strain on the abdominal muscles. Now put your two hands on the upper abdomen, one hand beneath the other. Push out your stomach while you press in with your hands. Breathe normally and hold this position for 15 to 20 seconds. Keep your chest elevated and move your hands down to the lower abdomen and push and press in again for 15 to 20 seconds. Finally, put your hands at the sides of your abdomen and push your stomach out against your hands for the same length of time. During the training circuit, lean back farther and push harder with your hands.



3. Reverse push-away: With your back to the wall and your feet about a foot from it, lean back, pressing your hands and forearms against the wall for balance. Adjust your feet for comfort, if necessary. Slide your hands down to the level of your hips, fingers down. Push away from the wall slowly and hold 15 to 20 seconds. Use near-maximum tension in the training circuit.

4. Prone lift (not shown): Lie on your stomach with a small pillow or a folded blanket beneath your midsection. Stretch out your arms. Lift your arms and legs at the same time about four inches off the floor and hold this position for 15 to 20 seconds. Rest a few seconds, then repeat. During the training circuit, tighten your back muscles as much as possible without pain, holding the lift position.



5. Bench stepping: For this, a bench or a box at least a foot high is needed. Step onto it with the left foot, bring up the right foot, then return to the floor with the left foot, the right foot following. Repeat this ten times, then reverse the lead foot. Alternate this way for at least a minute. During the training circuit, increase your speed until your pulse rate is 80 percent of maximum.



6. Push-aways: This is basically the Total Fitness Push-away that was described earlier, but here it's done 15 to 20 times during each of the warm-up, training and calm-down circuits. For the training circuit, change to a more difficult position. If you cannot yet do 15 to 20 push-aways on the floor (standard push-ups) and have been pushing off a wall or a table, push away from a lower surface on the training circuit. If you can easily do floor push-aways during the warm-up and calm-down circuits, raise your feet higher than your body for the training circuit.

TIME YOUR TICKER



Put on your wrist watch, so that you can see its face with the palm of that hand turned toward you. Place this wrist in the palm of your other hand so that it falls into the crotch between your thumb and forefinger. The tips of your third and fourth fingers will now fall naturally over your pulse. Press lightly. If you don't feel your pulse at first, move your fingers slightly.

Once you can feel your pulse, begin to count from zero as the sweep hand of your watch crosses a five-second mark.

Take your pulse for six seconds and then add a zero. Example: Your pulse beats 12 times in six seconds. That gives you a rate of 120 beats a minute.

FLEXIBILITY CIRCUIT

1. Inverted pedaling (not shown): Lie on your back with your hips elevated by your hands and pedal in the air slowly for a minute.



2. Hamstring stretch: Stay on your back with your legs up and draw one knee toward your chest, holding the thigh with your hands. Straighten the other leg upward as much as possible for ten seconds. Repeat three times with each leg.

3. Knee hug (not shown): Still on your back, grasp both thighs and pull them toward your chest to slowly stretch the lower back. Hold for ten seconds, rest five seconds, then repeat.



4. Hip raise: Remain on your back, flatten both feet on the floor just in front of your buttocks; slowly raise your hips and slowly lower the vertebrae from the neck downward to the floor for ten seconds. This stretches the lower back. Rest five seconds and repeat.



5. Inner-thigh stretch: (A) Still lying, flex your knees and put your soles together, so that your knees fan outward. Press your hands on the outside of each knee for ten seconds while pressing the knees against the hands (not shown). (B) Relax the legs a moment, then, keeping the legs relaxed, put your hands inside your knees and gently press the knees outward. Hold for ten seconds, relax for five and repeat the sequence.

6. Hip flexor stretch (not shown): Squat, put your hands on the floor, arms outside your knees. Extend your left leg backward. Keeping your back and left leg straight, press your right knee toward the floor until you feel a slight stretch in the left groin. Hold ten seconds and do the exercise with the right leg extended. Repeat the series.



7. Heel-cord stretch: Stand at arm's length from a wall with your heels on the floor and the balls of your feet on a book or a small board an inch thick. Lock your knees and lean forward without lifting your heels, to support yourself with your hands on the wall. Hold for ten seconds, relax five seconds and repeat. As flexibility increases, move the book farther from the wall.

8. All-body stretch (not shown): Mark an X on the floor two feet from the wall and another X on the wall at shoulder level, on line with the X on the floor.

A. Stand facing away from the wall X, feet astride the floor X.

B. Touch the floor X with both hands, keeping your heels flat and your knees slightly bent.

C. Return to standing position.

D. Twist left and try to touch the wall X with your right hand. Don't move your feet.

E. Twist right and reach toward the wall X with your left hand.

Repeat series four times.



NOT ANOTHER GREAT WHITE HOPE

(continued from page 166)

"He passes more accurately and intelligently, regardless of the distance, than anyone has a right to."

who called the FBI "the enemy" while his friends, the Scotts, were under investigation for allegedly hiding Patty Hearst in a Pennsylvania farmhouse Jack Scott had rented. He was master of ceremonies last February at a Jackson Browne rock benefit for groups working to warn about the nuclear-power industry. He sat in the front row at the Portland trial of two American Indians. "I'm sure the judge who acquitted them was a man of integrity," Scott says, "but it didn't hurt that he was a Blazer season-ticket holder." Walton also supported Cesar Chavez. College's teachers and students then trying to keep the Federal Government from closing their college at Mt. Angel. Walton remains, then, the most politicized basketball player this side of Bill Bradley, the Rhodes-scholar forward who retired from the New York Knicks after last season to eventually run for public office in New Jersey.

On the other hand, there was a dramatic change in Walton that began to take shape in the fall of 1976, when he reported to training camp for what turned out to be his first healthy, happy season in three years in the Northwest.

Slowly but surely, as the young team built specifically to complement his skills won and won some more, Walton apparently realized that giving N.B.A. centers some fuckin' shit, establishing himself as a bona fide franchise maker and maybe fulfilling his fondest dream by winning a championship—not to mention playing with Adam and biking across the Broadway Bridge on a beautiful day—were greater highs than working for the cause. Especially when that work left him with an image as a cokehead Commie sympathizer with cooties in his hair, incense in the air and Symbionese Liberation Army troops in his garage.

Besides, he is so much more adept at choreographing basketball games than he is at making sociopolitical statements. In an age of specialists, no one is quite like him. Walton, you see, scores when the feeling moves him (i.e., when the team needs it most). He rebounds as if each one may be his last. He passes more accurately and intelligently, regardless of the distance, than anyone has a right to. And he defends not only his man but the basket, as well, as if each shot attempted from close range is a personal affront.

Centers, even great centers, usually excel in one or two of these skills. Abdul-Jabbar is an offensive genius who'd score all day if he and Walton went one on

one on a playground. But he isn't as physical around the basket, a must in rebounding and defense; he gets rebounds and blocks shots largely because he's 7'2". Walton gets them even though he is only 6'11"—he bumps people (one of the N.B.A.'s legal illegalities), moves them out of the middle, establishes position, spreads and stretches out and jumps straight up. Dave Cowens of the Boston Celtics is a hell-bent-for-action rebounder and defender who, like Walton, is a winner. But at 6'8½", he's two and a half inches shorter, a critical difference. Nor can he shoot with Walton's touch. Boston's previous star center, Bill Russell, was regarded as a defender and rebounder nonpareil. The Celtics won 12 titles with him. But his shooting was suspect, his passing only average. Even Wilt Chamberlain was a specialist. Early in his career, he'd score 50 points routinely while mostly ignoring the rest of the game; later, he emphasized the other phases, but his scoring suffered. Chamberlain and Russell were special. Many men their size have come and gone without doing much more than pick up a pay check every couple of weeks. That is not to say that Walton is best of all. The point is that he seems the most complete of all. And he can do two things the others could not and can not do, at least not as well. He is a sensational outlet passer, probably the best. While in mid-air with a rebound, he can turn and snap a two-hand pass 45 feet to a guard, initiating the fastest kind of fast break. That knack is the reason Portland is now the best team around. And Walton can also pick out teammates who've gained the slightest step on their man and pass the ball to them through the maze of tangled arms and legs. Abdul-Jabbar may wear goggles, but Walton seems to have eyes in the back of his head.

Because Portland won with him as a nonscoring kind of scorer—one who'd get his 20 but seem more influential in his teammates' getting the other 100—Walton's offensive gifts are often overlooked. Facing the basket, he can bank the ball in, from five to 17 feet, like an automaton. He has developed a hook shot with both hands. He's quick and agile enough to make power spins on his way to driving lay-ups. And he has one move in which he dribbles left or right, then stops on a dime and wheels the other way for a jumper. That one lost Abdul-Jabbar completely a couple of times last spring.

Then there are the intangibles and the immeasurables: heart and pride. Walton

seems to have at least his share. He doesn't toe-dance before games because he idolizes Ali or Astaire.

"The games are like an addiction to Bill," Scott says. "The more intense they get, the more he comes alive. You could fly to Peru and get the best cocaine and not get as high as he does on basketball."

For two years in Portland, Walton couldn't have gotten much lower. He had left UCLA and Southern California's beaches and backpack trails as a shy, sheltered, enigmatic, private, misunderstood but not unrepresentative Seventies radical to sign a \$2,000,000, five-year contract with a Portland team that saw him as more than a multitalented center chosen first in the 1974 college draft. He was a Great White Hope. Walton, of course, resented that, even though it was the least of his problems.

He felt out of place on a losing club wracked by conflicting personalities and ruined by a selfish, playground style that was a basketball bummer to a player who sees the sport as a four-letter word: T-E-A-M. "Bill was blown out by the atmosphere here," says Blazer Larry Steele. Then the injuries came, first sporadically, then in waves. By the end of his second season, Walton had sustained some 20 major injuries. That led to charges of malingering. Some reporters, as well as the man who had negotiated his contract, UCLA alumnus and construction magnate Sam Gilbert, speculated that Walton was so fed up with the losing and lack of camaraderie, he faked some of the injuries. Walton and Gilbert parted the best of enemies and Walton's relations with the media, never much to begin with, worsened. Walton also fueled the fire himself when he took up with Scott, controversially denounced the FBI and showed up everywhere in such woeful wood-chopper getups that an elderly neighborhood woman left a bag of clothes on his doorstep. He also wore his scraggly red hair down to his shoulders and a beard as long as Father Time's. He turned vegetarian and lost 25 pounds (to 205, to the consternation of coaches and club officials alike). And he put his foot in his mouth with outrageous remarks, such as the one in *Crawdaddy* about the elite pushing meat eating to perpetuate disease and thus the medical industry. What did he think the elite was eating at Le Bistro, Granola? As the aches piled up and the criticism came down along with Portland's constant rains, this sun-and-basketball freak was in a funk.

So Walton was not only ready for a change, he craved it. The Blazers brought in a new coach (Ramsay), who immediately declared himself "a Walton man." They also signed a new power forward (Lucas) to play alongside Walton and he, too, was a veggie. In no time at all, Walton knew



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his third season could be charmed. He stayed healthy and found he was no longer odd man out but the Man himself. And his teammates made things even nicer by resembling the old Boston Celtics on young legs and by sticking to a selfless, cooperative, all-for-one style that Scott claimed "represented Bill's values because he showed on the court what can be done if people are willing to work together."

From his childhood days in the schoolyards of La Mesa, the San Diego suburb where he grew up, Walton always let his game do the talking. He preferred to chalk up his new happiness (and, perish the thought, his individual accomplishments) to health. While leading the league in rebounding and blocking shots and averaging 20 points a game, he missed only 17 games, compared with 78 the first two years.

"I'm just healthy," he said, when *Sports Illustrated* asked him to explain the difference. "For two years, I wasn't able to run up and down the court freely without making a conscious effort out of it. Without thinking about it. That's no way to play basketball. I love this game. I always have. And I always knew how good I was. It's just that when you're going up against guys you know you can take any time, but you can't because of a bad ankle or too much weight or a broken hand or something else, it's too discouraging. And not any fun."

All through the season that marked his arrival as a force in a class with the 30-year-old Abdul-Jabbar and with Chamberlain and Russell of yesteryear, Walton continually downplayed the personality changes others couldn't help but notice. Maybe winning does cure everything. But for those who thought nothing could cure Walton, there were all kinds of mind

blowers. He cut his hair short, trimmed his beard, dressed more presentably around his place of business. He opened lines of communication with reporters he trusted. He signed autographs and posed for pictures. He decided to eat in non-vegetarian restaurants, so he could socialize with other Blazers. Once a loner, he led cheers and dispensed free advice. He also dispensed his favorite multicomposition fruit juices from a Styrofoam container marked, BILL WALTON . . . [THIS WILL] MAKE YOU JUMP INCHES HIGHER. Whereas he grumpily made it known at the start of camp that he thought David Twardzik, a small, white guard from the defunct American Basketball Association, was a garbage player and Kiwanis Club type, to boot, he quickly became the feisty, belly-flopping Twardzik's biggest booster; the two even went on four-wheel-drive jeep trips in the woods.

Having worked to overcome a stutter in his speech, Walton also liked to talk, at least on a pregame radio show he named *As I See It*. During one segment, he said, "As I see it, Kareem is playing the best of his life, which is understandable. As you get older, you get smarter. And physically he's in the prime of his life. I realize I have to play well for us to do well against them. . . . I'm looking forward to it. There ought to be a lot of great basketball out there." If those were the same great banalities for which he once (and sometimes still) chided writers, no matter. That was how he saw it.

As long as he and his offbeat lifestyle were in the limelight, things were never completely serene for Walton. He said he'd prefer that I mention Susan and Adam as little as possible in this article. When I told him they'd have to be

mentioned some, inasmuch as they're an important part of him, he frowned, then grinned, then asked if I'd walk him to the team bus. In a tunnel in the bowels of the arena, he turned to make sure no one was eavesdropping. I expected something earth-shattering. Instead, he said, "We're making a conscious effort to ensure that our son has a normal, happy childhood. We want him out of newspapers and magazines. We realize and accept that I have a certain position and that responsibilities go along with it. But they don't have to involve Adam and Susan."

Then there were the games Walton played with the press, especially in group interviews. Though bright, perceptive and a student of the game, he'd respond to reasonable questions with answers such as "I enjoy playing basketball" or, "Each game is a new experience" or, "I don't think about anything; I just play." Then he'd smile and reporters, their notebooks and expressions blank, would wander elsewhere for wisdom. Walton wasn't smiling the night he told Kirkpatrick he'd "kick his ass" for naming him Mountain Man. Then, just like that, he grinned from ear to ear. Just Walton's idea of a little joke.

"If Walton were black, he couldn't get away with that stuff with the press," Lucas says. "They'd run him out of the league. He'd be a malcontent, a bad guy. When you're black, you have to talk to the Man. Bill doesn't have to."

More than a few times, Walton came under fire for his relationship with Scott, the former University of California educator and Oberlin College athletic director who previously had befriended a couple of wayward, way-out souls from pro football, Chip Oliver and Dave Megessey. The 35-year-old Scott not only counseled his famous housemate, he did much of his talking. There was speculation that Walton dodged most interviews because Scott was working on a book about Walton and the 1976-1977 championship season. Scott denied that the book had anything to do with Walton's silence. Walton said he was a private person and, besides, he didn't think there was anything left to say. "What can you possibly write about me that hasn't been written a hundred times before?" he asked Tony Kornheiser of *The New York Times*. Kornheiser then spent five hours interviewing Scott, talked to other Walton associates and wrote the story.

But compared with Walton's past, these were mere annoyances. Probably all he and anyone else will remember is the afternoon he stood at center court, swarmed by those loving legions, and threw away that sopping jersey in a final, symbolic goodbye to two years of frustration. Then, in the dressing room, they



"Heavens, no, I'm not Tarzan. I'm his answering service."



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were all around him: Susan; Jack; Andy, whose blond hair reached halfway to the floor; older brother Bruce, who used to play football for the Dallas Cowboys; Ramsay, the coach who cared about his performance, not his idiosyncrasies and lifestyle; and the rest of the Blazers, who had run like hell with his bullet outlet passes and worked so well with his precision interior passes and reaped the benefits of his savage defense, quick shots and skillful command of all phases of the game.

Bill Walton had it all: a gorgeous lady, a handsome son, his circle of revolutionary friends, good health, the cocoon of superficial closeness of a ball team, a bulging bankbook, a new Mercedes, a supply of Sunburst and an unlimited future in the game he loves so well. Bill Walton in Wonderland, king of the mountain at last.

This man who would be king of basketball was on the phone (collect) from the Warm Springs Indian Reservation, where he was spending a week working with reservation youth during one of Oregon's warmest summers. Recently, he, Susan and Adam had moved out of the rambling (and somewhat wrecked) old home on N.W. 24th Avenue near the city center into one big room in a farmhouse about an hour's drive from Portland. Walton wouldn't say where the farm was; that secret was for close friends. But I'd soon be there, because, after several phone calls, he had agreed to let me tag along for a different, hang-loose look at his life—away from antiseptic arenas,

overcrowded locker rooms and TV lights, in the clean air and cold creeks of a state he was now calling his kind of laid-back place.

"We'll trip around and do whatever feels good," Walton said. "I'll pick you up at the airport."

There was something else. "Now I want to ask you a favor," he said. "Can you get \$1000 from PLAYBOY? Not for me, though I could easily ask for it. For the reservation. I could give them the money out of my pocket, but I want to show that a mainstream American magazine cares."

Having gotten word that the donation probably would be no problem at all, I flew from L.A. to Portland early in August for a first in sports journalism: Bill Walton going out of his way to pick up a reporter.

Well, it will still be a first, because Scott, not Walton, was at the airport. He was wearing cutoffs, heavy boots and a very sheepish look. "Bill probably would want me to cover for him by saying his grandmother died or something," Scott said. "But the truth is, he got a call last night from a friend who asked him to go hiking in central Oregon, and he went. You know, it's nothing against you or the magazine. He's had well over 100 interview requests this summer and yours is the only one he even reacted to."

What was it, then, plain old American lack of concern for fellow man? Or don't mediamen fall into that category?

"Bill has changed some lately," Scott said. "You know, hanging out with a

different kind of people. I'll give you an example: He used to know this couple named Abraham and Rachel; they even looked Biblical. One night we were all lounging around and Bill, as he's prone to do, shouted to Susan, 'Make me a sandwich.' And Rachel looked him in the eye and said, 'Fuck you, Bill. Are you helpless? Make it yourself.' He got that silly, little-boy look, shrugged his shoulders, grinned and made the sandwich. Now, well, he's with more 'Yes, Bill' friends, some straighter types who are willing to put up with his whims and excuse him if he's five hours late."

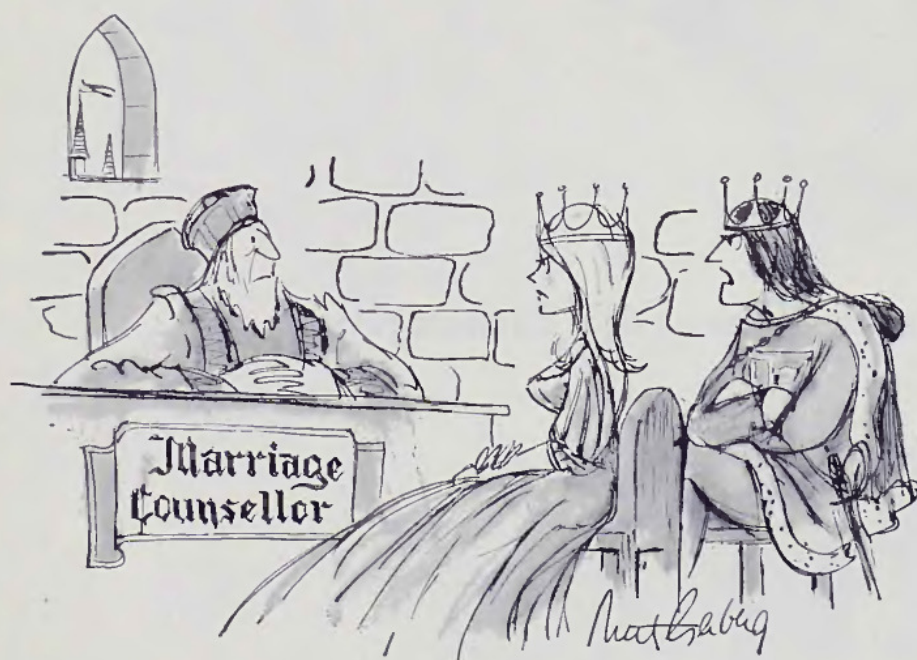
Like many well-known jocks, Walton has been coddled and catered to for a long time. His deafening one-sentence postgame responses—and now, this game of hide-and-seek—perhaps stem not only from his need for privacy but also from his view that his position is privileged.

Bill Walton, then, is also a paradox. Caring enough to swim and play ball with young Indians, yet selfish enough to go hiking rather than collect \$1000 for those same kids. Unpretentious enough to live in a farmhouse, yet materialistic enough to drive a Mercedes and invest his \$400,000 per. It gets back to the question asked for years by those who've followed his career: Is he a refreshing symbol of a concerned counterculture or merely a self-indulgent ballplayer who haphazardly helped carve an image that doesn't fit? Is he intelligent and enigmatic or just a jock in search of Woodstock? In the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, writer Mark Heisler wanted to know "how a man who carried a B average in history at UCLA could come off as such a Dumbo?"

"I don't readily answer questions from strangers," Walton says. Asked to explain why he now keeps a low profile and keeps quiet on the issues, he says, "I've learned that there's a time when it's in the team's best interest not to say anything. And, in some instances, not saying anything is really saying a lot. A lot of people understand what not saying anything means, so, in effect, not saying anything is really saying a lot."

Having made that perfectly clear, Walton was free to trip around and feel good. To skinny-dip in those creeks. To lift weights and run and shoot baskets and count the days until the beginning of the next far-out, first-place season. To fantasize about racing his ten-speed, professionally, a clause in his contract to which the Blazers reluctantly agreed. Free to show up at Lucas' wedding, as he did in July, in Bermudas, T-shirt and sandals, and to party with his Blazer buddies who were clotheshorsing it to the hilt.

"It was an awfully hot day," Scott says. "For sure Bill didn't look like much, but he was very sensibly dressed."



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DIRTIEST OLD SANTA

(continued from page 151)

and a pointed cap that gave me the self-confidence of one who throws up in church.

I rented all of that from a man who gave me a weekly rate, it being Christmas and all.

"I bet you get a fortune for renting all this crap in May," I said, practicing my wink.

My decision to be Santa Claus was not irresponsibly conceived over a vat of spiked eggnog.

Although I did not play him specifically to redeem myself for sins of Christmas past—when I was 15 or 16, I stole a football from a charity box—there is nothing wrong with erasing demerits while serving society; this principle is like doing hard time.

The divorce rate was also secondary in my desire to serve. Of course, if some divorcee or even widow wanted to thank Santa for his devotion to America's youth, well, he certainly would have appreciated it. Once when I was hitchhiking to college, a divorcee stopped and gave me an all-time lift. Unfortunately, while I was playing Santa, the only woman who crawled into my lap did so to remove her daughter's braces from my beard. But when you interpret Santa Claus as a witty 31-year-old in the middle of a national divorce epidemic, hope springs eternal in the human breast and a couple of other places.

One of the reasons I played Santa was that when I was a child, I was deprived of his sobering influence. Back then, Santas were available for consultation only in department stores, and the lines were so long you had to tip the old fellow a dollar to be heard or write your requests for Christmas presents on a piece of paper and give it to an elf who lacked credibility because he was 6'4" tall. The only Santa's lap I ever sat on was at a tire store, and that Santa echoed of wine and asked if my mother was married.

Another reason I played Santa was that a man who had a sporting-goods store paid me \$40 to sit in front of his place and recommend pool and snooker tables for Christmas gifts.

The person who rented me the Santa suit showed me where the extra buttons for the coat were and asked me about my affiliation.

There are several varieties of Santa, in addition to the department-store version, who is usually a company employee on overtime. Stores generally have more than one Santa. The shift of a department-store Santa Claus oftentimes coincides with his dose of Valium. The parade Santa generally gets paid and has it made. All he does is ride around in a convertible, waving and grinning like a bathing beauty. I met one parade

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3. Winner will be selected in a random drawing. Result of the drawing will be final. Winner will be notified by mail. Odds of winning will be determined by number of entries received. Only one prize sound system will be awarded. State, federal, and other taxes imposed on the prize-winner will be the sole responsibility of the prize-winner.

4. Employees of TEAC Corporation of America (distributor of Accuphase), affiliated companies, and sales agents, and the families of any such employees are not eligible. Void where prohibited or restricted by law.

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Santa who had not touched an actual kid in three years. Your bicycle Santa works the residential areas at twilight and is probably a cat burglar.

When I told the man with the suit for hire that I was a free-lancer who was going to hit a shopping center, he said that it was a noble thing I was doing and demanded a \$20 deposit on the coat, in case it rained or I was stabbed and the coat puckered up.

I went home and got dressed and looked at myself in the mirror and practiced a few belly laughs. It was my intention to donate the revenue derived from these memoirs to an orphanage. This plan, and \$1.50 worth of sideburn, went up in smoke.

I have since decided to rat-hole every cent.

The little tykes would have wanted it that way.

I opened for business in the middle of the shopping center, using an aluminum folding chair for a throne, and nothing happened for a while, probably because I was smoking a Lucky. The man who hired me told me to be sure and remember to drop in a couple of hints about the joys of jumping on a \$1500 trampoline. Another shop owner stopped by and gave me an apple, probably thinking that I was vice squad on maneuvers. I put my cigarette out and got busy.

My first customer was an adorable little boy who will live forever in my dreams. Santa never forgets a face, especially one that is just this side of purple. The lad had obviously never been on Santa's lap before and he was shy and, consequently, the color of a beet. His mother gave him to me and I held him like a cocker spaniel. I asked what he wanted for Christmas.

The boy was grim in his concentration. "What is your name?" I tried.

"Tinkle," he said.

That is a funny name for a husky little boy, I thought. I bet he caught hell at school from people named Rocky and Duke and Butch and Sluggo.

"No, it is not," his mother said. "His name is Ronnie."

The more experienced Santa would have seen the danger in that exchange. I saw nothing and asked the boy again, "What do you want for Christmas?"

He bit his bottom lip and tried to retract his head into his shoulders.

I bounced him like a cowboy to break the ice.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," his mother said.

"He probably thinks that I am going to give him a haircut or fill a tooth," I said foolishly. Then I gave the boy a great big squeeze. He returned to a normal color for good reason. The ice and the dam had broken. The child regained control of his bladder and his

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voice and said that he wanted a basketball, a live snake and a machine gun for Christmas.

"You get indoor plumbing," I said.
"Next."

A girl got into my lap, because she had been talking to her mother and had not seen the whole thing.

"What is that smell?" she asked, once aboard.

"Desire," I said.

"It smells to me like Santa went to the bathroom in his pants."

"Santa does not do vulgar things like that."

"You're not Santa," she said. "You're a faking crook."

I discovered that it was best to say that there most certainly *was* a Santa Claus; then, if the kid went wild and started kicking and screaming, I would say, "He is living in your mind." Then, if the kid asked what that meant, I would say, "Next."

"A boy at school says there is no Santa and that he is make-believe like the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny," the girl said.

"The boy who told you that is lying through his teeth."

"He only has four teeth."

He had obviously seen Santa already this year.

As I sat there, trying to think of something intelligent to say, the girl also turned a deep shade of red, which caused me to stand up, but I was very relieved when she used her head instead of the other end and sneezed. Her mother was standing to the side.

"This child should be home in bed or in a hospital," I said. "She is ill."

The mother notified me that "She is getting better. Her temperature is all the way down to a hundred and two. It is a good thing that the one and only Santa Claus is bigger than life and immune from illness."

"Sure is," I said. "I'll tell Him when I check in tonight."

Concerned about my health, I explained that there was only one Real Thing and that the people you see in stores and parades, people like me, were merely vice-presidents in charge of marketing.

"I knew you were a two-bit phony," the girl said between coughs.

"I am His helper; watch."

I then tried to pull my beard off, and nothing happened, because the man who had rented me the suit and the whiskers had thrown in at no extra charge his own mixture of glue, one half drop of which I saved and later used to keep a strip of chrome on my car door.

"Goddamn it," I said, yanking at my whiskers with both hands.

"Mommy, Mommy, Santa Claus said some dirty, filthy words," the girl shouted. "That means I can say them, too."

The mother said that I had ruined Christmas.

"My dear," I finally said, "the beard won't come off. I guess I really am Santa Claus, after all."

Overcome by the joy of it all, the young lady brushed my hands from in front of my face and gave me a kiss on the lips and her tonsillitis. I told those people to go away. The mother snatched her daughter from my lap, turned on her heel and said that she was going to turn me in to the proper authorities.

"While you're at it, send a Saint Bernard," I said.

She was going to report me to the Better Business Bureau because I didn't have a permit.

"Tough luck," I said smugly. "I am an independent and work out of my garage."

"Bum."

"Up yours," I said, "and I don't mean your chimney."

Just before brunch, a 14-year-old tried to set my beard on fire. Because I had interviewed a department-store Santa, I had rented the kind of whiskers that wouldn't go up like straw and the thug couldn't believe his eyes when my sideburn only smoldered. He had bet a friend five dollars that he could prove that I was a fraud, and if there is anything a rhinestone Santa hates, it is to be exposed. I let the punk make his play before confiscating his lighter.

I drank brunch from a Thermos in the men's room of a gas station. I smelled right at home.

Santa's pledge of allegiance used to be, "Ho, ho, ho." The modern corruption concludes, "And a bottle of rum."

Of the Santas I spoke with before venturing out on my own, several gave me similar tips about how to keep a good thing going. One used to keep a child-proof flask taped to his calf, but the third kid he juggled one morning removed the flask and had the top off in 15 seconds flat, so he says the best way is to put the eye opener in something obvious like a Thermos and put the Thermos in some place obvious like a front pocket, because children frequently overlook the obvious, such as going to the bathroom *before* they visit Santa.

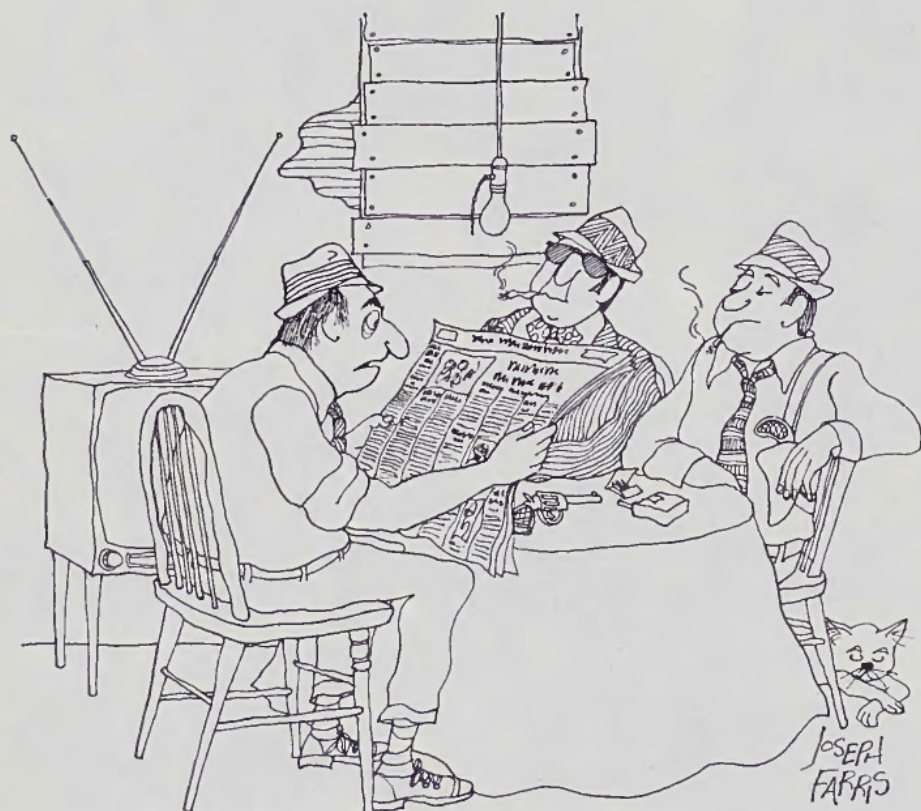
A businessman came into the toilet to wash his hands and he saw me in my suit, sitting on the sink.

"Merry Christmas," he said.

"April fool," I said.

He asked if I were having a little chicken noodle.

"No, it is rotgut, heavy proof, guaranteed to curl your hair," not that mine



"The cost of living is up again!"

"Do you realize how much more we're going to have to steal just to match what we stole last year?"

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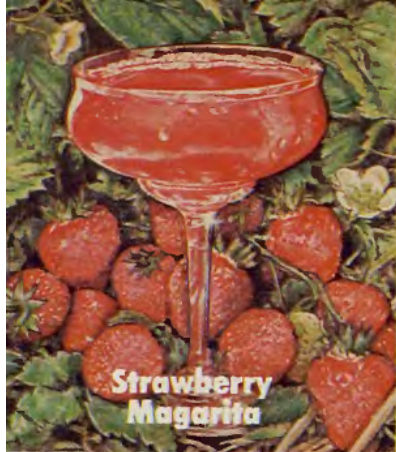
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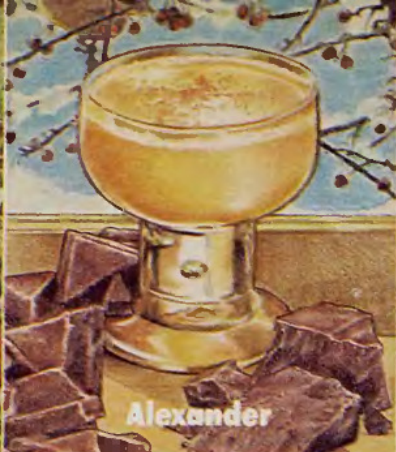
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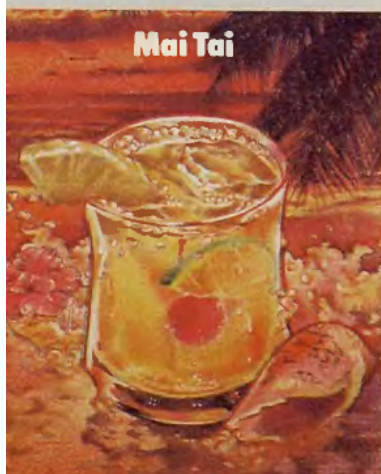
So be a really good host. Make a pitcher full of one of our deliciously different drinks for a change.

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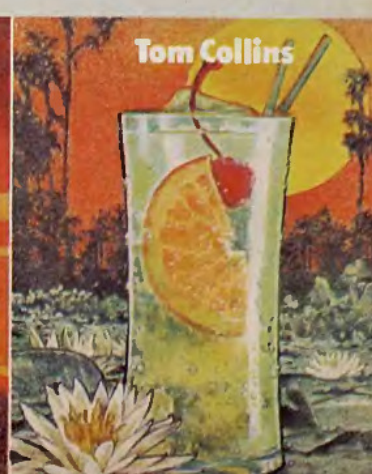
Mai Tai



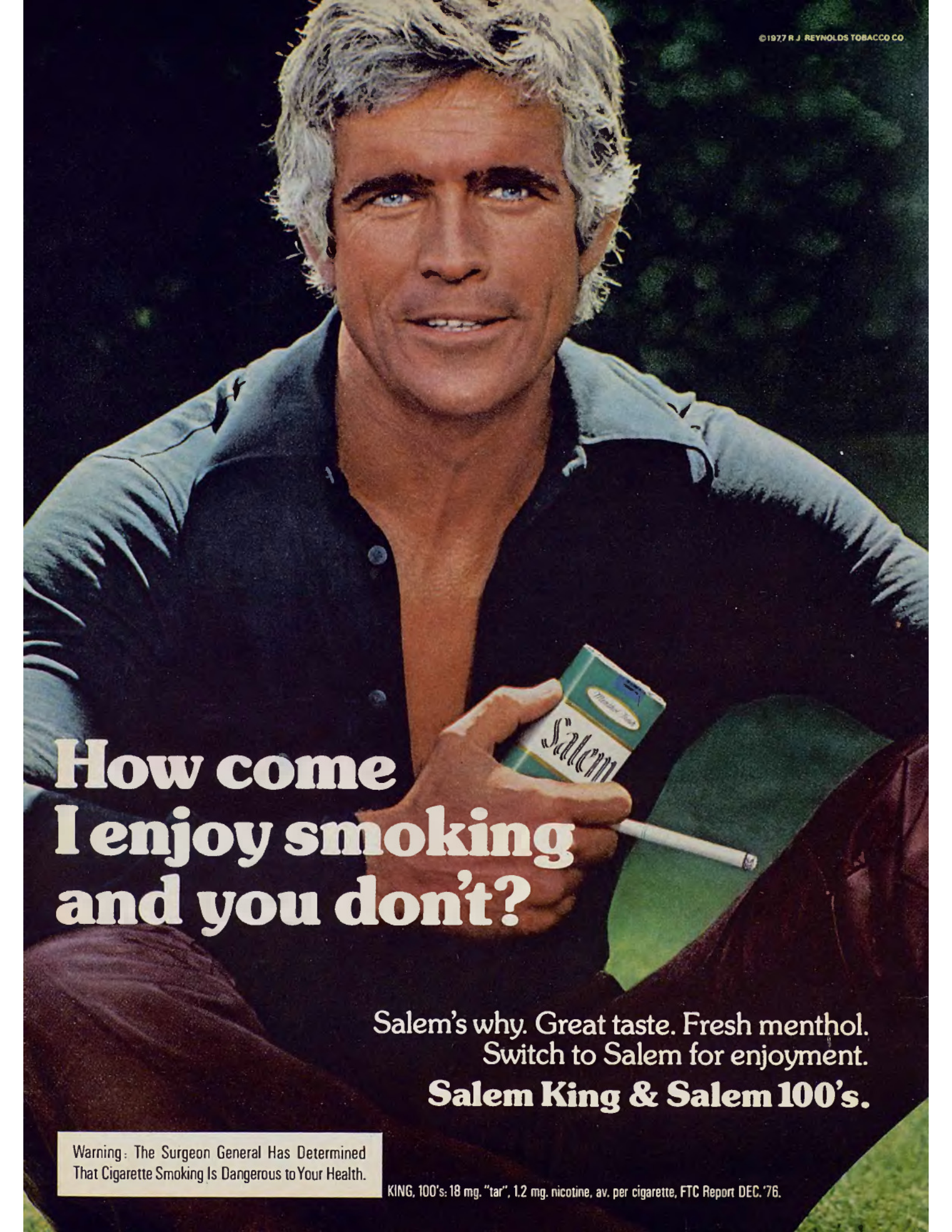
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KING, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

needed any help, and I told him about the small fire.

"That stuff is disgraceful," the businessman said, straightening his tie.

"I know and I would rather be drinking milk, but this horse manure works faster and leaves no witnesses."

"You shouldn't be allowed in public."

Hell, Mickey Mantle sells beer on television.

There was an old woman waiting at my folding chair and when I got into it, she went into her purse and flashed a picture of her grandson in front of me, like a carrot in front of a donkey.

"He couldn't be here," she said. "He is being punished for playing with knives."

I looked at the picture, thanked my lucky stars and shrugged.

"Edward wants a football helmet for Christmas."

I said that it would improve his profile, violating one of the rules of playing Santa. Whenever possible, nod, don't talk, especially after brunch.

The grandmother wrote Edward's name and address on a piece of paper, requesting that I send the child a handwritten reply, on authentic stationery, confirming that Santa Claus is Godlike in his ability to see into dark places: closets, even minds. The grandmother

wanted me to frighten the boy by saying that I had seen him every time he was naughty, from my helicopter or something.

Just between us, Santas can't see in everybody's room. About all we can see through are ulterior motives, so I ran this grandmother off. The next one had brought her grandson with her and he was an infant. Talking to a six-week-old boy made as much sense as anything I had done recently, so I asked, "Have you been good this year?" catching colic.

"Oh, my, yes."

The grandmother was also good. You couldn't even see her lips move. The infant was asleep in broad daylight, wise beyond his years.

"I want a rattle for Christmas," the grandmother said, out of the corner of her mouth. "Now, write that down, Santa, so you won't forget."

In addition to a stomach, Santa has a mind like a sponge, but to pacify everybody, I wrote, "One rattle," on the back of an envelope.

The kid never moved an inch. Besides communicating with the hopelessly unconscious, it is rumored that Santa can also marry people at sea.

Lunch was lovely. Anybody singing *White Christmas* got a beer on the house and anybody wearing a Santa suit got

two. A mother was waiting impatiently for me. She had her son by his left ear. When he tried to pull away, she would cuff him.

I was slightly disoriented, because I was having an identity crisis. On the way back from lunch, a woman made Santa tell her boy that wearing corrective arch supports didn't make him a sissy.

"I am not Buster Brown," I had said. "I am Santa Claus."

The boy whose ear was being mashed had a guilty look, but I decided to hear all the evidence before proclaiming him guilty.

"Confess," the mother said to her son.

"Wait a minute," I said to her. "I am no priest. I am Santa Claus."

"He doesn't clean up his room," she said to me. "Tell him."

"You don't clean up your room," I told him.

"Tell him what will happen to him if he doesn't start cleaning up his room."

"What?"

"Lightning will strike him."

"I am not Mother Nature," I said. "I forget who I am." The best I could do was, "Santa Claus loves and cherishes boys and girls who are neat and things."

After she said, "The police get people who don't clean their rooms," I said,

"I've tasted a variety of experiences in my career.

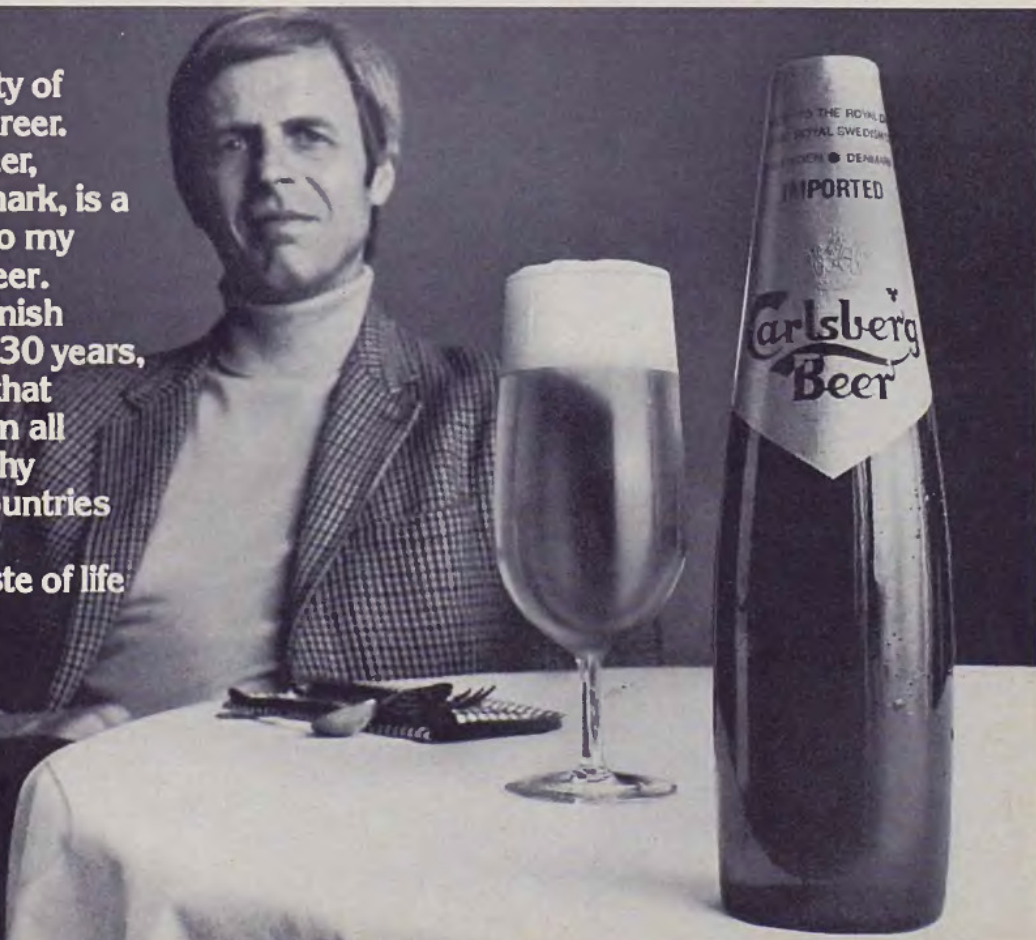
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“Lady, that does it; you're under arrest.”
“You can't do that,” she argued.
“You're Santa Claus.”

It was true. Santa is a free spirit, a vagabond, a tourist everywhere he goes, and he can't instigate a citizen's arrest.

The afternoon was exhausting, highlighted by a boy who stuck a pin in my neck to see if I had regular blood. Then Cashmere drove me into a heavily wooded park near the shopping center.

They are not using names like Mary and Joseph and Virginia, or even Troy or Tab or Tuesday. People are naming their children after the cocktails that probably made them possible. I met a Dew and a Twilight and a Marguerita and a Salty. Cashmere probably had a brother at home named Nylon.

Cashmere sat smartly on my lap and purred, which was only natural, because Cashmere was a big yellow cat. A fat woman made me talk to it and promise it a flea collar.

It is the hope of Santas everywhere that a peachy-skinned and potty-trained and healthy young girl, wearing frills and bows, will climb onto their laps. For Christmas, she will want nothing more than a thimble for her mother and a bottle of cough syrup for her baby brother.

The closest I came was a boy who wanted a ten-speed for his brother, which he would hold in good faith until his mother got pregnant and gave birth to that brother.

A girl found me in the park, on a bench, staring at ants, wondering if I should stomp them. She tapped me on the shoulder. She was maybe eight. Her mother stood behind her like a stockholder. The girl wanted a bevy of beautiful rubies for Christmas. Santa was all out of rubies, but he had one pearl left in his bag of tricks.

“It better be big,” the girl said.

It was.

“It is better to give than it is to receive,” I said.

She kicked me where it could have hurt but didn't because of Santa's little helper, the athletic supporter.

I took the suit back, humbly, after one day.

The man behind the counter took one look and volunteered to call me a cab.

“My sleigh is parked outside,” I said.

It was his opinion that people like me made the city streets unsafe. I told him that I was not loaded, only dog-tired.

He said, “You should never operate a motor vehicle when you are less than a hundred percent.”

People like me do our part to keep the kids off the streets. I have not met a single person who, after playing Santa Claus, has ever purposely fathered a child.



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IT ENDS THE HIT AND MISS METHOD OF FINDING SONGS ON TAPE.

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IS QUICKER THAN THE HAND.**

SHARP

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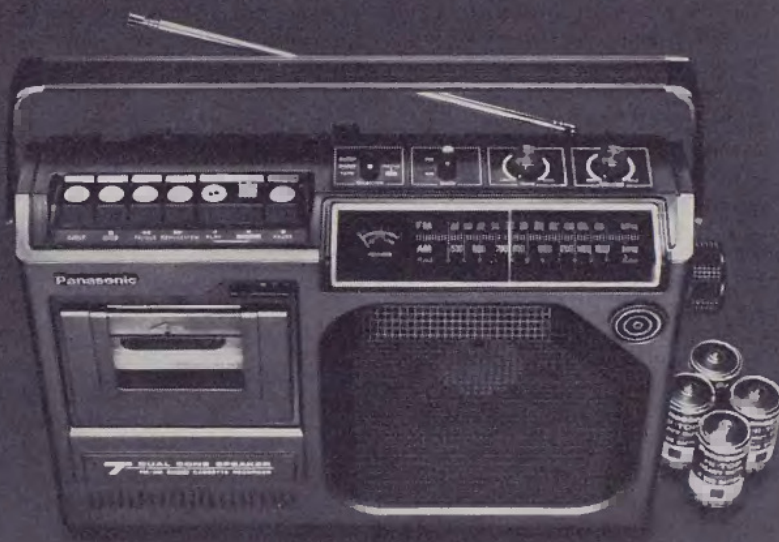
The 4" yardstick

The Panasonic RQ-542S is not only jam-packed with easy-to-enjoy sound from its 4" speaker, it's also jam-packed with easy-to-use controls. Like one-touch recording. A sensitive built-in condenser mike that picks up sound without dangling, tangling mike cords. Easy-Matic circuitry to adjust the recording level, automatically. Digital tape counter. Cue and review. Auto-Stop. Even an Auto-Sleep switch. And a price tag that sounds good, too.



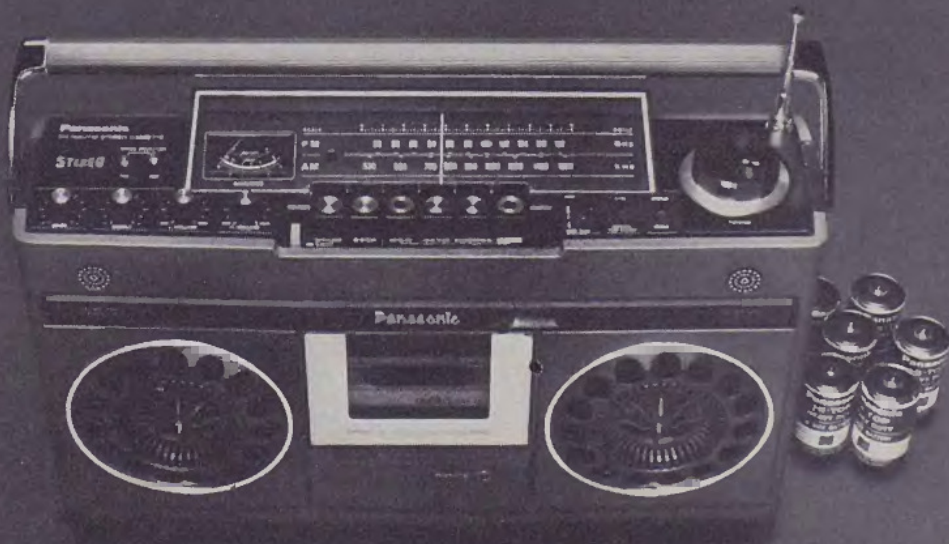
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just slightly ahead of our time.

STAR SPATS

(continued from page 150)

the payments. But can it get me six points on a Vikings game? Not a prayer. Oy! Leave it to the Force!"

Nodding without really understanding, Luke asked, "Do you really think we can find a pilot?"

"Only nice Jewish boys hang around this place. You'll see. Doctors, lawyers, intergalactic pilots. But watch out. It can be rough."

Meanwhile, back at the Imperial battle station, Princess Orgasma writhed and squirmed as Mr. Darth tried to get out of her the location of the secret rebel messages that had been carried off by her 'droids. After several attempts, he finally ushered in a small black 'droid who, in its extended claw, held a humming, twitching black vibrator, poised and ready.

"Well," Mr. Darth hissed menacingly, "if you won't talk, perhaps this little injection will help. I'm afraid it's intramuscular. Bend over!"

"Double Shirley Temple," Luke said across the bar.

They had entered the underground cantina and while Kenobish was scouting around for a pilot, Luke busied himself surveying the clientele. It was a sight like none he had ever seen. Lined against the bar three deep were men in hideous Palm Beach and Brooks Brothers suits, some of them with lethal-looking Bell System beepers attached to their alligator belts, in case the hospital called for an emergency Caesarean section. Others carried American Tourister attaché cases. And all of them were knocking back deadly martinis without blinking an eye.

The bartender looked at him strangely when he placed his order but served it up anyway. Suddenly, Luke noticed that he was the subject of some unwanted attention. *It must be these beige robes*, he thought, and tried to ignore the stares. Something shoved him roughly, nearly knocking him over. He turned angrily and then stopped in astonishment. It was a little, stooped-over Polish janitor, myopically pushing a broom, trying to clean up some of the cigarette butts and peanut shells left behind by the rowdy business-lunch crowd. Luke motioned to Kenobish and the wily old Jewish Knight deftly whipped out his sacred shotgun and blew the pushy little fucker into a thousand pieces, splattering brain and bone across the cantina floor.

Acting as if nothing had happened, Kenobish ushered Luke over to a table where an enormous monkey was sitting with a young man who was somewhat older than Luke.

"Who's the *shvartzer*?" Kenobish asked
(concluded on page 321)



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the man, indicating the monkey, as they approached the table.

"That's my monkey," the man said. "Leave him alone or I'll have him pull your head off. I'm Solo."

"And I'm Hetero," Luke snapped.

"Listen, you little starfucker," Solo said, reaching across the table, "if you want to get to diddle the princess, you'd better watch your star mouth or you're going to be in for some star difficulties."

However, in spite of that thorny first encounter, the entire entourage—Kenobish, Luke, Bo Peepio, Panchoo, Solo and one big fullback type badly in need of a haircut—took off for a rendezvous with the Death Disco, a planet-size night spot that even now housed the Imperial cruiser commanded by Mr. Darth and a large number of rotating punk-rock groups.

Once cruising in Solo's speedy starship, the Millennium Chicken, in the calm of hyperspace and free of pursuing Imperial cruisers, Kenobish had a chance to give Luke some lessons with his newly found sacred weapon. "Pull!" Luke called and a clay bird flew out of the trap and smashed against the interior walls of the intergalactic cruiser before he could shoulder the shotgun.

"No, no, no," Kenobish was saying in disgust. "Here, put this on," he said, taking a large trash can from nearby and placing it over Luke's head.

"Mrg! Gnft bzsths hbtbhlwsh!" Luke's screams were unintelligible from inside the container.

"Sec," Kenobish said, "you're already learning a new language. Ah, the Force."

Luke called for another bird and began firing wildly, scattering hot leaden revolutionary death all over the interior of the ship and sending everyone diving under tables and chairs.

Having counted on the eternally inferior intelligence of people who wear Tiffany breathing devices and their armies and strategists in much the same way Pentagon generals counted on what they referred to in private as "gook stupidity," the star entourage entered the Death Disco and rescued Princess Orgasma by tantalizing her with her favorite sexual foreplay: a group grope in a warm garbage bath. Then, having hidden the architectural plans for the Death Disco—*somewhere* on her person—they headed back to the Millennium Chicken, using the "ancient Eskimo" plan of escape. This calls for taking an elderly member of the tribe and setting him on an ice floe until the polar bears are distracted and eat him, thus saving everyone else. In this case, alas, it was the noble Jewish Knight, Bennie Wadd Kenobish, who was attacked by Mr. Darth and chafed to death by Spanish handcuffs.

From the plans of the Death Disco that Princess Orgasma pulled out of, um,

somewhere, it was clear that a small group of tactical starfighters piloted by dedicated *Beverly Hillbillies* rejects could—with luck and a little Methedrine—get themselves shot to shit by Imperial gunners, perhaps distracting the enemy long enough to allow Luke one clear chance at the Death Disco's Achilles' heel.

While preparations were being made for this historic assault on the Death Disco, Solo and the boffo baboon were loading booty into a land-speeder in preparation for the standard Millennium Chicken defense, which Solo referred to as "Jets, do yo' stuff!"

"You got your reward," Luke said as he approached Solo and the antic anthropoid.

"That's right, kid, I've got some old American Express bills to pay off and even if I didn't, well, let's just say that everybody's got something to hide, including me and my monkey. In this case, it's my Millennium ass."

Luke stomped off in a piss-poor mood. It was really too bad, he thought. Such a good pilot. And so good-looking, too. However, sorrowful thoughts of Solo vanished when he saw Princess Orgasma standing by his new combat fighter.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Orgasma asked.

"That and a couple of lines of Bolivian Brain Trust and I'll make those lackeys of the Imperial running-dog command eat laser death, honey buns."

Orgasma raised her eyebrows a little. "I guess this is a revolution, isn't it?"

Indeed, it was. Luke hung back at a safe distance while fighter after fighter

was chewed into molecular bits by Imperial energy weapons. As a matter of honor, he let his best friends go first. And even though they were getting dusted by the score, they were doing serious damage to the Death Disco, and finally Mr. Darth, seeing that Luke was coming in for the kill, boarded his own combat fighter to chase him down and, as he put it, "slap that bitch's wrists but good!"

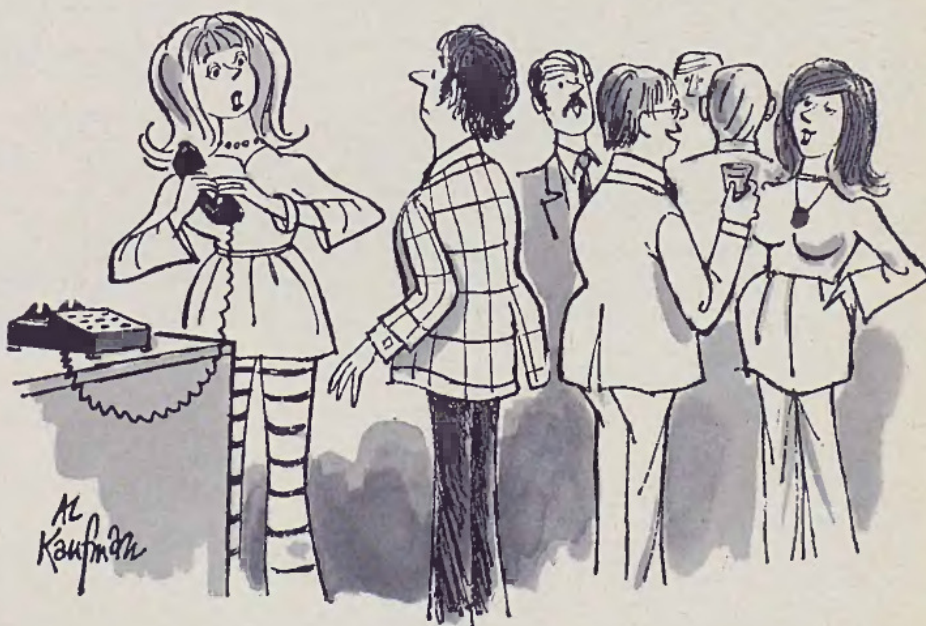
But once Luke's friends were all dead, he knew one thing for sure and no limp-wristed hairdresser was going to stop him. Visions of that first pornographic hologram of Princess Orgasma swam in his head as he homed in on the planetoid. Back at command center, Orgasma was hunched over the radar screen, watching Luke's progress. He was so confident of the Force that he wasn't even using his computer aiming device. He just placed a trash can over his head, as Kenobish had taught him.

"Don't worry," Orgasma's voice came over the radio. "Solo has returned and he's, um, right behind me," she panted, hunching more eagerly over the radar console.

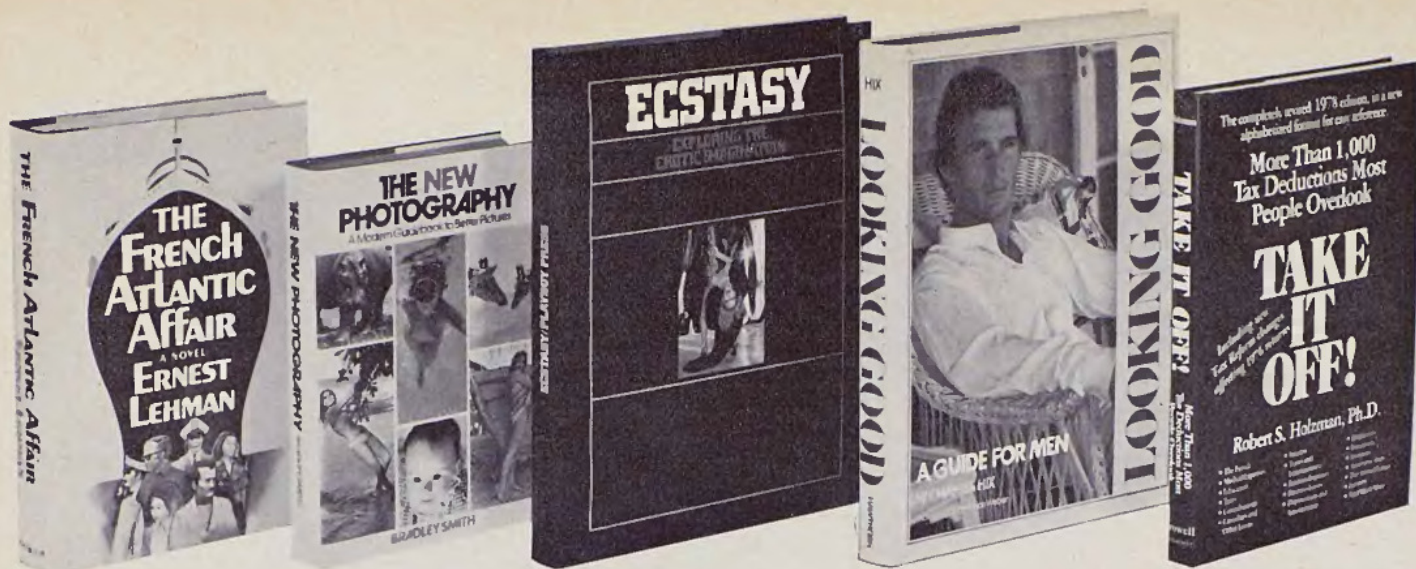
"That's right, kid," Luke heard Solo say, "I had a change of heart. And I'll keep things warm back here while you shoot your load."

And then, in unison, Luke could hear their voices cheering, "Go, go, go, deeper, deeper, put it in, yes," until—trash can totally obscuring his vision—Luke made a slight miscalculation in his steering and rammed a gun tower, disintegrating into microscopic silvery fragments.

"Tough shit, kid," Solo said.



"It's the sitter. She wants to know where we keep the condoms!"



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G12

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DAWN PATROL

(continued from page 238)

"His leg was jammed up her cockpit. She was bouncing up and down on it like a toy monkey on a stick."

Simmons raised her face, which looked like a dried-up used rubber, and she snarled gunmily at him. Osborn was on his back, desperately trying to gain altitude, but he couldn't get off the runway. A real kiwi. Henry slid under the bed. If The Baroness came in here, she might be so mad at the two above him she'd forget to check his hangar. If Simmons kept her trap shut. . . .

Simmons yelled, "You footless old bastard! My Gawd, I'm sick and tired of sucking limp dicks!"

Henry was so startled he raised his head and banged it against the springs. "Oh, shit!"

A long silent minute passed. Then the springs began going up and down. Artillery barrage. So Simmons had managed somehow to unjam the old fart's gun. He should make a run for it. The Baroness would be in Whittaker's hangar. He crawled out and stood up. The three oldsters were still sleeping, toothless jaws gaping like baby birds begging for worms. Worms were all they'd get.

Osborn was still on his back. Simmons was standing up, clutching his left thigh with both hands. *Sacrebleu!* His leg was jammed up to the calf up her cockpit. She was bouncing up and down on it like a toy monkey on a stick, a Sopwith Camel caught in an Archie trap. Osborn was being dragged toward the foot of the bed as each bound carried her backward. Simmons was yelping like a hung-up bitch as each downward movement plunged the stump into her.

He started to take off for Allied territory, then stopped as Simmons screamed. One of her plunges had brought her toes between the false teeth, and they'd closed like a wolf trap. As she fell over the end of the bed, he zoomed out laughing. What next?

The only one in the hall was The White Ghost. Here she came, full throttle, grinning like the skull insignia on the great Nungesser's Nieuport. She'd wait until he began to pass her, then . . . wham!

She tried to turn as he circled her widely, but her machine didn't have the terrific right torque of a Camel. He got behind her, pushed as fast as his damaged undercarriage allowed and then let loose. Around the corner, Stoss bellowed like the motors of a Gotha bomber.

Just as he reached the other corner, he heard a scream followed by a crash. He couldn't resist peeking around the corner. The Baroness was on her back. The machine was lying on its side, its pilot sprawled by it. The Black Eagle was

laughing too hard to help either of them.

Henry took off for home base, put his flying gear into the dresser drawer and crawled into bed. The Fokker's shit was all over his fuselage, but he'd just have to endure it until things settled down. Anyway, the shit didn't smell as bad as Stoss's breath.

The old Hispano was thumping as if it had sand in its bearings. He couldn't take too many sorties like this one much longer. One of these days, the motor'd give out and he'd go into the final dive. So what? Was there a better way to die? He wasn't like the other old pilots, too tired, sick or senile to care about anything. He was going to stay in the combat zone until The Biggest Ace downed him.

Not, however, before he knocked The Bloody Baroness flaming out of the skies. He hated her as much as she loathed him . . . to hell with her. He slid back to September 1918, The Big Push. That month, he'd shot down four planes and had busted two Drache observation balloons.

But October first, as he was firing at a Pfalz D-12, that Kraut fighter had come from nowhere behind him. The Bitter Pill was in rags, its fabric was burning, his knee was shattered and boiling radiator water was scalding his legs. He couldn't take to the silk, because that asshole, A.E.F. Commander "Black Jack" Pershing, had forbidden American fliers to carry parachutes.

He'd had to ride the out-of-control ship to the ground while he hoped the fuel tank wouldn't explode. Somehow, he'd managed to sidestep it, putting the fire out, and then he'd leveled out just before he crashed into a small river. The Kraut soldiers who dragged him out thought he was dead. No wonder. His left eye and most of his teeth had been knocked out and he was covered with blood.

It was all downslide from then on. The rest of his life—a crippled carpenter with an ailing wife and four kids. Still, the old joy stick, the trusty Vickers, had functioned splendidly. Though he didn't have as many cartridges in his belts as when he'd flown in the Big One, he had more than some young punks he knew.

His daughter said, "But, Dad! You're getting worse! The day nurse told me you're losing control of your bowels!"

"Horsepoppy! One of my roommates crapped on the floor—must have thought he was home—and I slipped on it. I didn't take a shower right away, because

the night nurse gets uptight if she finds me out of bed after taps."

She bit her lip, then said, "Mrs. Stoss says you sneak around at night and . . . uh . . . bother the old ladies."

"Any of them complaining?"

"No. But she says most of them are too senile to resist. They don't know what's going on and those who do are just as bad. . . ."

He chuckled. "Say it. Just as bad as me."

The other patients being visited—patients, hell, geriatric prisoners of war—sat on sofas or wheelchairs in the big lounge. They were chattering away like a bunch of French whores or sitting dull-eyed, slack-jawed, drooling, while their relatives tried to get a rise out of them.

By God, a rise could be gotten out of him. Wouldn't they be surprised if they knew just what kind and how many?

"I wish I *had* let you go to the vets' hospital. There aren't any old women there you could take advantage of."

"You're the one wanted me to come here to Buisiris so I wouldn't be so far away from you. So I see you once a month—if I'm lucky."

"And don't give me that crap about sixty miles is a long way to drive. No, I made the right decision, after all, even if it was mainly for your convenience. The vets' hospital is out. If I have to choose between elephants' graveyards. . . ."

"Nurse Stoss says she may have to put you in a room by yourself. Or . . . uh . . . restrain you."

"You mean, strap me down in bed? Or stick me in a strait jacket? Bullshit! You forget I broke out of the toughest prison camp the fucking Krauts had, and I was almost a basket case."

"Please, Dad, not so loud! And don't use those filthy words! Listen. It won't be easy, but we can work it out if you'll be nice. You could come home. . . ."

"Are you nuts? Your husband hates me! I'd have to sleep on the living-room sofa! That yapping dog drives me crazy!"

"Shh! You're embarrassing me. Mrs. Stoss says you're out of control. She thinks—"

"She *thinks*. But she's never *seen* me doing anything. She's crazier than you think I am."

He waved at The Black Eagle, who was wheeling Mr. Zhinsky out of the lounge. The Black Eagle grinned. He knew who'd caused the uproar that morning.

"Who's that colored man?"

"The spade of the Spads. He flew a double patrol last night because one of those drunken Zeps they call attendants couldn't make it. He often works double shifts to support his family and put two kids through college. He's one of those lazy niggers your redneck husband's always talking about. He's my buddy, flies wing for me."

"What're you talking about?"

"Just my senile ramblings."

She stood up, sniffing, and dabbed at

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her eyes with a handkerchief. "If only you could be like the others."

"You mean, sit around with my mouth open catching flies and let someone wipe my ass for me? Or sing nonsense songs all day and all night until I've driven those who weren't crazy when they came in out of their minds?"

"Not me! I'm not giving up! The fucking Kaiser is going to rue the day Wild Hank enlisted. I'm going to keep on racking up my kills."

"Kills?"

"Just a manner of speaking."

"Listen, Dad. That nurse says she's treated you with all the compassion and care in the world, and—"

"Compassion? Care? That steely-eyed Hun? The scourge of the skies?"

"Don't talk so crazy! I can't stand it!"

"Maybe we just ought to write to each other. That way, you won't have to listen to your husband bitching about the cost of the gas you use getting here."

He rose and limped away, not looking at her but saying loudly, "Next time you come, bring some whiskey. And leave the bullshit at home."

He passed Mrs. Whittaker, who was talking to a visitor. He winked. She turned as red as Von Richthofen's triplane.

Blushing!

They didn't make them like that anymore.

So he hadn't been completely a figure in her dreamworld. She had known that he was real flesh. Also, she hadn't told Stoss the truth about the commotion that

morning. The code of the skies was unbroken. Chivalry wasn't dead.

Maybe she was too embarrassed to admit to anyone, even herself, what had happened. Or maybe she thought every woman crapped when she had an orgasm. Maybe her husband had been a kinky shit-eater and she'd believed him when he told her that's how everybody did it. But could anyone be that rotten?

What evil lurked in the hearts of men? Only God and The Shadow knew.

All quiet on the Western Front. No impending Armistice, though. The Baroness had changed her schedule and now went up on patrol every half hour. The Black Eagle warned that she had the red ass for him, was loaded for bear and was as mad as a wildcat with a tied-off dong in mating season.

"The next time she hears a ruckus, she's heading right for your room. If you're not in it, she's got you. That means a lot of extra legwork for her, and that fatass don't like that noway. She hates your guts 'cause you won't lie down and die while you're still living. She isn't getting any ass, but she don't want you to, either. A real bitch in the manger."

Henry stayed in bed, except for piss call, for five nights. The sixth, Stoss went back to her regular schedule. Henry grinned. The Lone Eagle had outwaited The Bloody Baroness.

The seventh day, he had to get into action. He'd been on furlough too long. His control stick was out of control. His Vickers was throbbing with the pressure

of the ammo belts. At 0510, sure that The Baroness was at her H.Q., he put on his helmet and goggles.

"Contact!"

"Contact!"

Out of the hangar, down the runway, then soaring into the wild blue yonder, heavy with the fumes of senior-citizen shit.

Target: Mrs. Hannover. With that name, she had to be a CL IIIa, the beautiful escort fighter that looked like a one-seater from a distance. But when an Allied pilot got on its tail, he found himself staring into the red eye of the observer's Parabellum.

He'd talked to the kid—she was only 65—and he'd found her charming. She did have one functional defect, though. She'd sometimes get a faraway look, as if she were listening to a radio receiver in her head. She quit talking; she didn't even notice when you left.

That was why her children had put her in the nursing home. She was an embarrassment, not to mention that she was rich and they were trying to get her declared incompetent.

At 0513, he came in on a glide path, surveyed the area, found her partner sleeping and landed in her bed. He was ready to take off, full throttle, if she screamed. Instead, she sighed as if she'd known he was coming, and the dogfight was on.

Not much of a combat, though. CL IIIa's did fool you.

The only thing that bothered him for a while, aside from the lack of aggressiveness, was that she kept crying out, though softly, "Jim! Oh, Jim! My God, Jim!" But if she thought he was some other ace, what the hell? You didn't have to be properly identified by the enemy before you downed her.

His long leave had fired him up so that he decided to stay for another tangle. It took only 15 minutes to reload his Vickers with the Hannover's help, though she still thought he was that jerk, Jim. But just as he was about to shoot again, he felt a stabbing pain in his exhaust pipe. His scream of anguish mingled with her climactic cry, and he barrel-rolled away and out of the bed. It was a crash landing, but he wasn't structurally damaged. The only repairs he needed were to the fabric on his tail and the mid-parts of his wings. They were scraped raw, but he was flight-ready.

The White Ghost was in her machine at the foot of the bed and cackling like The Shadow (a famous World War One ace before he took up crime fighting). The cane she carried concealed under the blanket over her legs, a Hotchkiss cannon if ever he saw one, was thrusting at the Hannover. She was trying to goose her, too.

He swore. He'd forgotten the first rule



"Are you guys nuts? The gods would never be this angry!"



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of aerial combat. Always make sure the Boche isn't sneaking up on your tail.

As he rose, he groaned. He was damaged worse than he'd thought. He felt as if a Le Prieur rocket had been shoved up him. Damn The White Ghost!

"Schweinehund! I'll rendezvous with you some other time!"

He sped from the hangar as fast as a 79-year-old Spad could go. Though he needed a breather, he had no time for it. Get back to base before The Baroness intercepted him. The worst of it was that his Vickers hadn't used the second load. It was sticking out from his pajamas like a 7.7mm Lewis in the nose of a Handley Page O/400 bomber. He was proud that it had an independent life. But he wished at that moment that he could control it.

Puffing, he banked left and shot down the runway and into his hangar. He just had time to take the scene in before his wheels slid out from under him and he ground-looped. A roommate, Tyson, was standing there, his stick hanging out, a puddle of piss on the floor before him. And there was The Bloody Baroness, cursing and on her hands and knees. She must have run in to check on him and slipped on the mess.

Collision course. He slammed onto her back and her nose went down. Thump! She didn't get up or even move. She stayed in the same position, her nose on the ground, her wings and undercarriage

under her fuselage, her tail up.

"Aha! Gotcha!"

Why not? He was done for. There was going to be one hell of a court-martial. He'd be grounded, strapped, jailed, confined, incarcerated. No more dawn patrols. Ever.

It was the first time he'd used such an unorthodox tactic. But ramming your Vickers up the enemy's exhaust pipe was a sure way to make a kill, even if the authorities frowned on it. Though it meant he would go down, too, make the final fall from the big blue, he would add the ace of aces to his list.

He reached under and seized her huge cowlings—they must weigh half a ton apiece—and began the series of maneuvers, Immelmans, chandelles, virages, you name it, that would end in his victory. The only distraction was from Tyson. His usually leaden eyes brightened for a moment, then his sagging face tightened up into a sneer.

"You filthy buggerer!"

But he walked to his bed and lay down and soon was snoring.

Just before he emptied all of his 7.65mms, she groaned and showed signs of coming to. Then she began panting and moaning. Maybe she was half-unconscious, in a fantasy. Like the Fokker and the Hannover, she was only partly in this, to them, disappointing world. Maybe she really didn't know what was

going on. Whatever the case, the Vickers was in her exhaust pipe, and that's where she wanted it. She'd wanted it all her life but had been too inhibited to bring it up from the unconscious and tell her husbands that's what she wanted.

It was this that The Black Eagle, whose daughter was a psychology major, had been hinting at.

He didn't care. Psychology-shmychology. Though his Hispano was straining so hard it was about to tear itself loose, he was shooting her down. Let the aftermath be an afterbirth for all he cared, let. . .

The Black Eagle came in as Henry Miller, the crazy old ace, the last of the fighter pilots of the Big One to engage the Hun, fell off The Baroness. Henry was dead, no mistaking those glazed eyes and that blue-gray color.

Mrs. Stoss was on all fours, her big bare ass sticking up, her anus pulsing and dripping. She was muttering something.

Was it "More! More! Please! Please!"?

Then she was fully awake, and she was screaming as she heaved herself up, and The Black Eagle was laughing hysterically.

The Lone Eagle's smile was broader than his.



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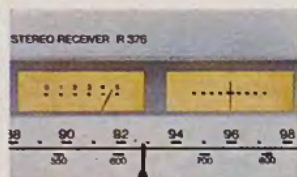
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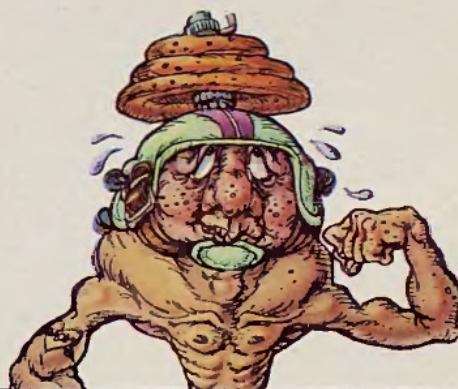


POOLING YOUR INTERESTS

As Zero Mostel once said, "When you've got it, flaunt it." And if you've got it and dig the game of pool, too, we can't think of a finer way to display your gains than over a game of pocket billiards played around a Royal Georgian, the nine-foot hand-carved mahogany model that Renaissance Distributing Company, 8523 Glencrest, Houston, Texas 77061, will deliver and install anywhere in the United States for \$13,600, including a hand-carved wall cue rack. If you don't have quite that much scratch, however, \$12,500 will pocket you the same table F.O.B. Houston, minus the wall rack. Or you can opt for any number of other styles from Mediterranean to chrome modern. Your shot, Willy.

LET'S NECK

"It is my personal experience that the neck muscles are more responsive to heavy training than the biceps," says J. Delahousse, who sells a Weighted Helmet for \$44.95 (minus weights) sent to him at 84 Tulloch Drive, Ajax, Ontario, Canada L1S2S6. Wear it three times a week for three weeks and you'll look like Arnie Schwarzenegger from the shoulders up. Just don't bend over to tie your shoes.



LOOK! UP ON THE POOP DECK! IT'S ENSIGN PULVER!

April may be the cruelest month, but January can be the dreariest. So if you're looking for a way to chase the post-Christmas blues, hurry and sign aboard the American Film Institute's charter liner Pacific Princess, which weighs anchor for the Mexican Riviera January sixth out of L.A. and returns January 13. While aboard, you'll be treated to a week of both old and new flicks—plus, there'll be plenty of time to rub elbows at the rail with such cinematic luminaries as Jack Lemmon, Ruth Gordon and Frank Capra. The price: \$737 to \$1542. Contact Leo Steinhauer and Son, 11671 S.E. First Street, Bellevue, Washington 98009. Welcome aboard!

PIPE LINE

For all you tobaccophiles, a museum devoted to the evil weed has recently opened in Greenwich, Connecticut, just a puff away from the U.S. Tobacco Company's headquarters at 100 W. Putnam Avenue. It's called the U. S. Tobacco Museum and its contents are definitely up to snuff; housed there is everything from a 1000-plus pipe collection to such rare items as a smoker's chair, cigar-store figures and paintings extolling smoking.





DANNY'S BOY

Danny Deangelis is a nice Italian fellow who not only talks with his hands, he creates with them, too. His latest inspiration is this 4'7" articulated puppet made of varnished sugar pine that easily adapts to whatever you'd like it to be. One way it's an end table, another it's a plant stand—or it holds canes and umbrellas. Order Danny's boy for \$149.95, postpaid, sent to him at his woodworking shop, Carpentaria, 111 Bowery, New York, New York 10002. Oh, yes, the price includes two removable penises—one flaccid, the other erect.

BIG DEAL

It's not such a much to riffle a deck of regular playing cards, but pick up a pack of elegant Paris/Berlin 1860 Antique Reproduction Gaming Cards manufactured by a company called Pastperfect and you're instantly transported back to an era when cards weren't created by mere pip-squeaks. A pair of antiqued, plastic-coated decks, packed in a velour-covered box, is available from Kroch's & Brentano's, 29 S. Wabash, Chicago 60603, for \$11, postpaid. One shuffle and you'll feel like the king of Prussia.

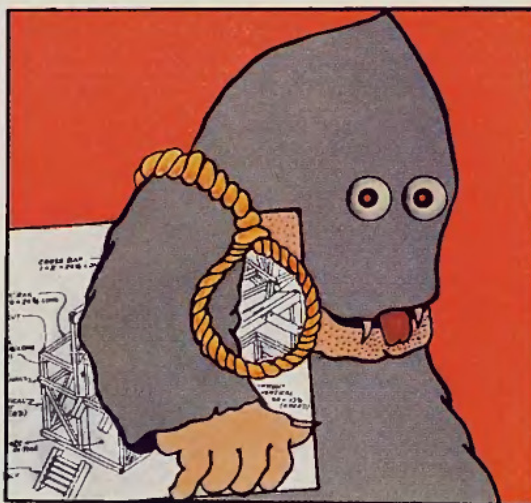


ROBB-ING THE RICH

Old Rolls-Royces and Bentleys never die, they just end up in a subscription-only list called "The Robb Report" that's mailed out monthly from P. O. Box 16046-P, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27105. For \$25, you get 12 mailings (over 200 cars), plus a binder to hold them all. Each page of a mailing is devoted to one Rolls-Royce or Bentley: Detailed information is supplied as to its cost, condition and mileage along with where to contact the owner. Prices range from about \$5000 to outasight.

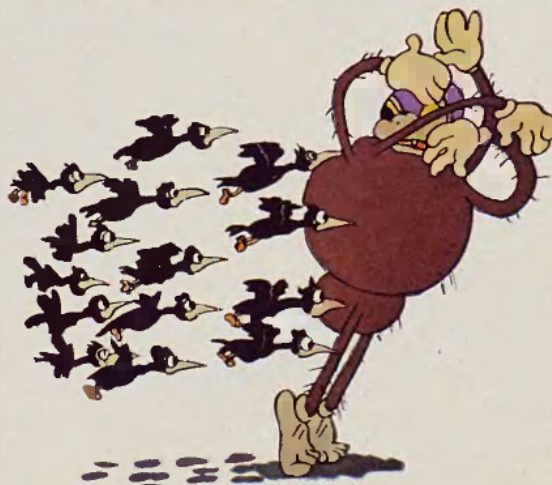
A SWINGING AFFAIR

If you're tired of whiling away the long winter nights making toothpick models of the Eiffel Tower or constructing a ship in a bottle, you might apply your skills to something more curious, such as the Hang-em High Gallows Kit that Desert Publications, P.O. Box 22005, Phoenix, Arizona 85028, is selling for \$49.95, postpaid. It comes with precut lumber, hardware and complete instructions; when finished, you'll have a working one-sixth-scale gallows that measures 40" wide, 34" high and 18½" deep. No, we're not stringing you along.



CEL BLOCK

In the animation biz, cels are sheets of clear plastic onto which an original drawing has been hand inked. After being photographed, the cels invariably become dust collectors on some studio's shelf. Until now, that is, as an enterprising couple in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Burt and Edie Rudman, have opened Gallery Lainzberg at 429 Guaranty Building, which specializes in selling custom-matted one-of-a-kind cartoon cels. Fifty cents sent to them will get you their Christmas catalog. It's sure to be a cel out.



SPIRITED FINALE

(continued from page 192)

"Bourbon, for example, is an excellent flavoring agent, not sufficiently appreciated in its homeland."

complicated than a dollop of whiskey in chocolate mousse, a splash of amaretto in the pumpkin-pie filling, a whisper of crème de menthe over pineapple sherbet or lashing almost any fruit mélange with kirsch. Nevertheless, your horizons will be broader and results more exhilarating when you know the rules of the game.

Newcomers to the art tend to make two basic mistakes. They overpour, on the theory, perhaps, that if a little is good, more will be better. There's also an unfortunate tendency to use inferior brands. . . . "After all, it's only for cooking." The fact is that spirits in these recipes are used as *seasonings*, essentially for their alluring, concentrated flavors and scents, so you want quality. But don't go the snob route and equate quality with imported. Bourbon, for example, is an excellent flavoring agent, not sufficiently appreciated in its homeland.

The compleat host should also learn to handle the range of spirits discriminately, matching tastes and aromas for

the most ingratiating effect. This is by no means a cut-and-dried procedure when you consider that chocolate mates amiably with bourbon, brandy, crème de cacao, triple sec, coffee, banana, mandarin and almond liqueurs, crème de menthe, kirsch and all rums and is often enhanced by the piquance of gin, the snap of lemon or the bite of ginger. Other flavors are similarly versatile. Which you elect to pair in any given situation will depend on personal preference, the sensitivity of your perceptions and an awareness of the possibilities—a matter of experience.

We invite you to widen your experience, and your repertoire of rousing desserts, with the recipes given below.

EUGENIE

(Eugenie is a specialty of Manhattan's new Délices Côte Basque bakery. An instant success, the bakery supplies several distinguished French restaurants, and there's a waiting list.)



*"I got tired of men trying to look up,
down and through my dress."*

1 pint strawberries
3 cups heavy cream, well chilled
1 cup confectioner's sugar
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
3 ozs. kirsch

Lightly butter 2-quart soufflé dish or round aluminum baking pan. Line bottom of pan with round of waxed paper. Rinse berries quickly, pat dry. Reserve several perfect berries for garnish. Hull remainder, chop coarsely and set aside. Whip cream in chilled bowl, adding sugar gradually. Sprinkle gelatin over water in small saucepan. Place on low heat, stirring, until gelatin is completely dissolved—2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in kirsch. With rubber spatula, scrape mixture into bowl. Quickly add chopped berries and about 1/4 of the whipped cream and mix thoroughly. Gently fold in remaining cream. Spoon into prepared dish. Place in freezer 3 hours, or refrigerate overnight to set. To unmold, run knife around edge. Dip dish quickly in hot-water bath, 2 or 3 times. Cover with flat plate, invert. Lift off wax paper. At this point, Délices blankets the Eugenie in an outer coat of whipped cream, but this is primarily for appearance and can be bypassed. Hull reserved berries; split part way. Spread them and place on top attractively.

LINZER TORTE

(One of the great pastry classics, deservedly. A raspberry topping is traditional, but we prefer apricot. Linzer Torte is not particularly difficult. Just remember that chilling makes the dough more manageable and flouring your hands makes it less sticky. The lattice top isn't absolutely necessary, but it looks so sporty.)

Crust

1/2 lb. butter
3/4 cup confectioner's sugar
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons cognac
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon mace
1 cup ground almonds

Filling

1 1/2 cups apricot preserves
3 tablespoons Rathaus Apricot Brandy
Sliced almonds

Have ready 9-in. tart pan or spring-form pan with removable bottom. Preheat oven to 375°. Cream butter with confectioner's sugar. Beat in egg yolk and cognac to make mixture light and fluffy. Combine flour with mace. Add alternately with almonds to butter-sugar mixture. Blend well, but don't overwork pastry; form into ball and chill several hours. Using about 2/3 of pastry, form 1/4 in. crust to cover bottom of pan—and extending extra half inch up sides, making 3/4 in. side wall. Work with floured hands to keep pastry from sticking. Roll remaining pastry 1/4 in. thick between

(concluded on page 336)

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*Not a Scotch in the world can run with the White Horse.
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"Stick around, kid, this is only the first day of Christmas."

2 pieces wax paper. Put in freezer. Combine preserves with apricot brandy. Spread evenly over crust. Sprinkle top with sliced almonds. Cut reserved pastry into 1/2 in. strips and make lattice crust across top. Bake 40 minutes. When torte is cool, remove side rim of pan.

Note: Unlike liqueurs or "flavored brandies," Rathaus Apricot Brandy is a true *eau de vie*—totally dry and fragrant. Substitute a good brandy or cognac if you can't find the Rathaus.

BRANDIED FRUIT FANTASY

- 1 pint fresh strawberries
- 1/2 ripe fresh pineapple
- 2 tangelos or large Murcott tangerines
- 2 ripe kiwi fruit
- 2 ripe bananas
- 1 Golden Delicious apple
- 1 can (1 lb.) guava shells

- 3 tablespoons lime juice
- 1/4 cup honey, or to taste
- 1/4 cup kirsch
- Mint sprigs or pomegranate

Rinse, hull and halve berries. Peel pineapple, removing eyes and woody core; cut into oblong chunks. Peel tangelos, stripping all white pith. Section and remove pits. Peel kiwi and bananas and slice horizontally. Rinse and core apple, leaving peel on; dice. Drain guava shells and cut up. Combine fruit in large bowl and mix gently. Stir together lime juice, honey and kirsch; stir into fruit. Taste and correct seasoning, if necessary. Cover with plastic wrap and chill about 2 hours. Serve in dessert saucers or coupes, garnishing each portion with sprig mint or spoonful glistening ruby pomegranate seeds, if you can track down a pomegranate.

RAISIN RICOTTA AL LIQUORE

- 2 ozs. gold label rum
- 1 oz. amaretto
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1 lb. whole-milk ricotta cheese
- 1/4 cup confectioner's sugar
- 1 teaspoon finely grated orange rind
- 1/2 teaspoon finely grated lemon rind
- Chopped pecans

Pour rum and amaretto over raisins and let steep for several hours at room temperature, turning occasionally. Rub ricotta through coarse sieve and beat with sugar until smooth and light; fold in raisin mixture and fruit rinds, mixing thoroughly. Spoon into wineglasses and chill. Sprinkle with nuts before serving.

CHOCOLATE LUXURO

- 4 squares (4 ozs.) semisweet chocolate
- 1 oz. brandy
- 1 oz. orange liqueur
- 1/2 pint heavy cream, well chilled
- 4 or 5 macaroons, crumbled
- Orange liqueur
- 1 box (6) chocolate dessert shells
- Pistachio nuts, chopped

Melt semisweet chocolate with 1 oz. each brandy and orange liqueur in double boiler over hot—not boiling—water. Remove from heat and cool slightly. If chocolate starts to harden, reheat as above. In chilled bowl, beat cream until stiff—but don't overbeat. Fold in melted chocolate, using whisk, if available. Chill 10 minutes. Meanwhile, toss macaroon crumbs with enough orange liqueur to moisten. Place layer of crumbs in each dessert shell. Spoon chocolate mixture over, mounding slightly. Chill until firm. Before serving, garnish each portion generously with nuts.

Note: Chocolate dessert shells are available in specialty food shops and gourmet sections of department stores. You can also use prepared meringue shells in place of chocolate shells.

BOURBON TRUFFLES

(A luscious confection that can be served as an extra dessert or for random nibbling.)

- 3 cups semisweet-chocolate bits
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 3 tablespoons bourbon
- Walnuts, finely chopped

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler over hot—not boiling—water; add condensed milk and stir until smooth. Remove from heat and stir in bourbon; chill 2 hours. Shape into 3/4 in. balls and roll in nuts. Chill until firm. The truffles keep well in tightly covered container at room temperature. In fact, the flavor improves after 24 hours.

Spiked desserts are a lift for the psyche as well as the taste buds. They're appropriate any time, of course, but especially welcome during the holidays . . . a time for all good spirits.



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SEX STARS OF 1977

(continued from page 222)

"With very few exceptions, most of the more firmly established stars would do well to be choosier."

but it's a bit like asking Heifetz to play *Three Blind Mice*. After all, an actor is merely the sum of his parts. It may be that the time has come for Reynolds to choose less warily but well. Perhaps he has done so in his next star-director vehicle, *The End*; we'll know next year.

With very few exceptions, most of the older and better-established stars would do well to be choosier. Richard Harris certainly has freedom of choice but chooses to go with masochistic enterprises like *Orca*, in which he is ultimately flattened against the side of an iceberg by the tail of a whale. George C. Scott's estimable Hemingway portrait in *Islands in the Stream* was marred by a distinctly un-Hemingwayesque finale that had him melodramatically felled by a stray Nazi bullet. In *Cross of Iron*, both James Coburn and Maximilian Schell lurch toward certain death to prove their

machismo, while Bruce Dern does much the same, with psychotic overtones, in *Black Sunday*. Not even in their palmiest days, however, could Marlon Brando and Kirk Douglas—two experts in what we might call *masochismo*—absorb the kind of punishment that Clint Eastwood metes out to himself in his own productions. Whether assaying the Western loner or San Francisco's *Dirty Harry* Callahan, he contrives to get himself beat up, shot up and mortally wounded just about every 15 minutes. It happened this time last year with *The Enforcer*, in which Harry hunted down a group of black Vietnam vets who had kidnaped San Francisco's mayor; and there is no reason to believe that in *Gauntlet*, which is Eastwood's upcoming contribution to our Christmas festivities, he will be the least bit easier on himself.

That's not the style of witty, urbane

Roger Moore, playing his third James Bond in *The Spy Who Loved Me*. It's part of the Bond tradition that though he may be pursued, captured and placed in the vilest duress, none of his captors ever draws more than a spot of blood. The way Moore plays Bond, they scarcely wrinkle his jacket. He brings to the role the ultimate cool, a cool that somehow softens the hard edge that Sean Connery brought to the character yet doesn't weaken it. Moore can still operate all those deadly gadgets with an insouciant smile and quip and make you think that he's only kidding—even as the pursuing car goes over the cliff or that persistent helicopter goes up in flames. It's all in a day's work. And all in a night's work is sultry Barbara Bach, the spy who loved him whenever the film's sophisticated script managed to bring them together. (As an extra added attraction in this day of the almighty PG, the film vouchsafes a brief glimpse of Barbara showering from head to toe; it's a very clean movie.) In Los Angeles for the film's premiere, Moore reminisced a bit. "I went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts," he said, "with 16 girls and five fellows, four of whom weren't interested in the girls, so I learned a lot about sex and nil about acting." Which sounds like the perfect formula for anyone playing James Bond.

For most male stars, however, 1977 was a pretty dead-ass year. In *Cross of Iron*, wounded Nazi noncom James Coburn had the obligatory interlude with army nurse Senta Berger, but if anything happened, the cameras weren't there to record it. George Segal's biggest thrill had to be talking things over with wife Jane Fonda while she was making pee-pee on the potty in *Fun with Dick and Jane*, which was about as sexy as things got in that movie. There was even less for Segal in *Rollercoaster*, even though he was dating petite Susan Strasberg, who, now in her late 30s, still looks delicious. Michael York, in *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, saw considerably less of top fashion model Barbara Carrera than did the readers of PLAYBOY's July issue. And if York fared any better with the curvaceous Ann-Margret, who pursued him relentlessly throughout Marty Feldman's hilarious *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*, there was little evidence of it onscreen. The French Foreign Legion (again) offered scant opportunity to handsome Terence Hill to pursue war-weary Catherine Deneuve—though he came off a lot better than when playing an Italian garage mechanic in love with Valerie Perrine in *Mr. Billion*. An enormously popular star in Europe, where he specializes in spaghetti Westerns, Hill is still in need of an American movie to showcase his romantic potential. World War Two opened up even fewer amorous possibilities to Robert Redford or to Ryan



"And you call yourself a Lesbian!"



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running water, pink... and
the tea speed bike.
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you for being you.
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Sally

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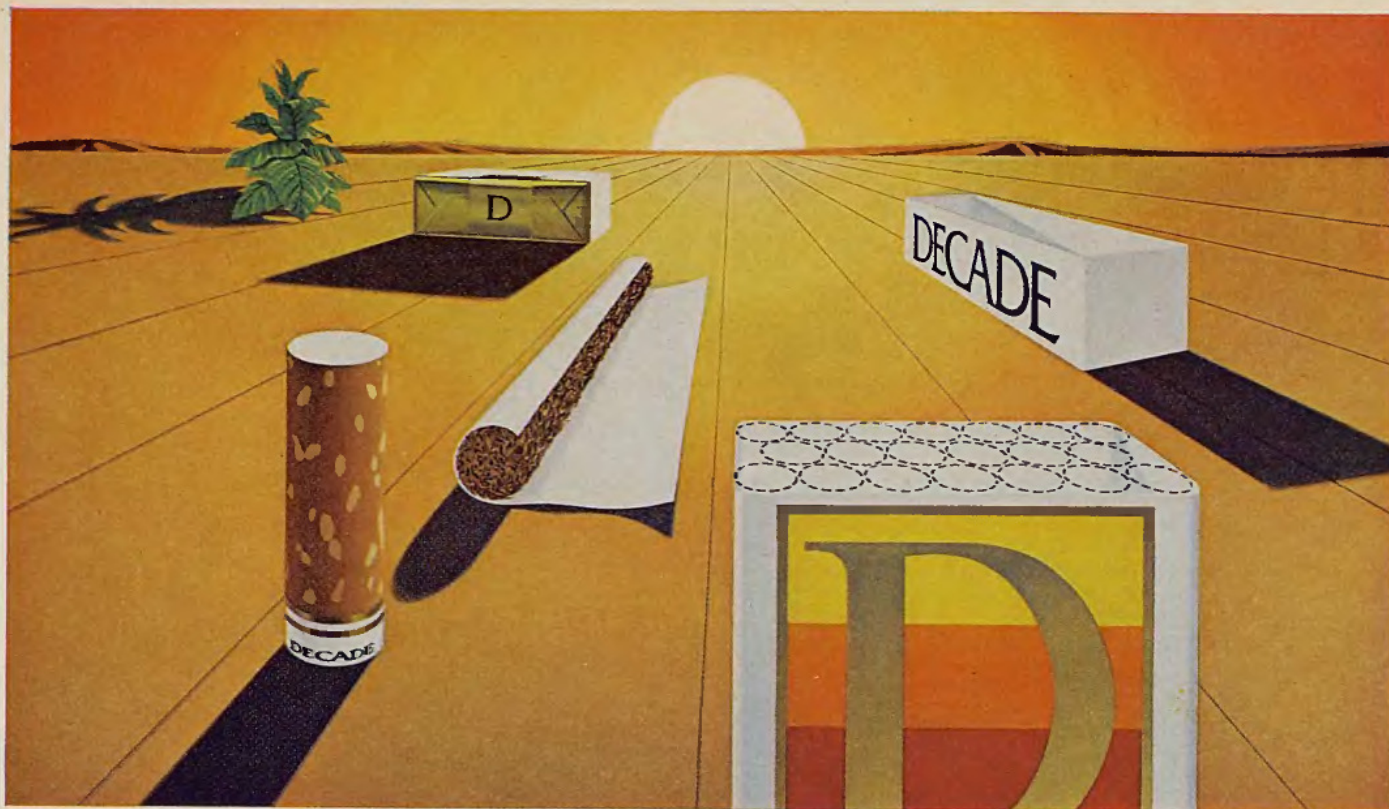


O'Neal in *A Bridge Too Far*. John Beck had the possibilities in *The Other Side of Midnight* but, shall we say, failed to rise to the occasion. And Warren Beatty, in another of his fallow years, spent most of his time getting his remake version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, now titled *Heaven Can Wait*, off the ground.

Which means that of all the old pros, only Paul Newman—the gray lion—really got it on. *Slap Shot* was, in many ways, a reprehensible movie, punched up with egregious violence and studded with four-letter words that seemed excessive even for a losing ice-hockey team. But there was a sobering sense of reality, and of sadness, in the bedroom sequence where Newman tries to console himself over his team's losses with the attractive wife (Melinda Dillon) of a player on the rival team—and she reveals that her husband's maniacal passion for hockey has turned her into a lesbian; or the sequence in which Lindsay Crouse, as the wife of one of his own teammates, comes to his flat because she can't cope with a rival that is only a game. It's a strange film for Newman, because, while it keeps alive the image of our blue-eyed he-man as just about the sexiest guy around, it also injects a bitter, nasty note. Some deep undercurrent in the script seems to be asking what he has done to merit those women's trust and favors. And the answer comes up zero, which is not the best answer for a fading sex image.

The answers are by no means in yet on Rudolf Nureyev, Ken Russell's exotic choice for the title role in his lurid and bizarre new *Valentino*. Casting the great Russian ballet dancer of the Seventies as a ballroom dancer (and movie star) of the Twenties may prove to be either pure chic or pure cheek; Russell is capable of both. What he is not capable of is an uninteresting movie; and the idea that in private life the screen's greatest lover was twice married to lesbians is in itself outrageous enough to summon the crowds. For their money's worth, they'll also get nude scenes, a tango performed by Valentino and Nijinsky and a sequence in which Valentino makes love to a girl who turns out to be a male transvestite. One possible problem: Nureyev is pushing 40, while Valentino was dead at 31. Anyone who has seen Nureyev dance knows that he can create the aura of passion, but when the camera is on him in close-up, can he be convincingly passionate as a youth in his 20s? Well, Valentino's entree into the movies was as a dancer; perhaps it will prove the same for Nureyev.

But the most outrageous movie debut of the year had to be that of Canadian-born Craig Russell in a modest Canadian entry titled, appropriately enough, *Outrageous!* At 26, Russell has already established himself as one of the world's greatest female impersonators (some would



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insist the greatest). And after watching him do, with devastating accuracy, his tarty impressions of the likes of Carol Channing, Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Bette Midler, Barbra Streisand and the inevitable Mae West, few would argue. At the age of 13, Russell organized an international Mae West fan club, then went to Hollywood to handle her fan mail. Later, he began working the nighteries (including the L.A. Playboy Club) and did some television; but none of that indicated the abilities he brings to a dramatic role. Playing a gay hairdresser, a compulsive transvestite living with a girl fresh out of a mental asylum, he calls to mind that old aphorism "Show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you a gay corpse." There's a sadness to *Outrageous!* but also a positivism that suggests there are affirmative answers for all the crazies of the world. Already the film is being hailed as one of the sleepers of the year and Russell as one of the year's major discoveries—though it's difficult to imagine what he could do for an encore.

If 1977 has been less than outstanding for male actors, it's been even weaker for the females, those impatient lilies of the field. They still complain, with reason, of the paucity of strong women's roles in today's movies, not to mention the fact that there just aren't enough roles of any sort—good, bad or indifferent—to give a young actress the exposure she needs to become known; to become, as they say in the industry, "bankable." Consider, for example, pretty Jessica Lange, for love of whom King Kong took that header from the twin towers of the World Trade Center. Both her looks and her performance won her critical kudos but not, apparently, another job. Perhaps she was just another flash in the paw.

Jessica had a pivotal role in one of the year's biggest and most publicized films; what about the girls whose main function is simply to be there whenever the script calls for a little romance? Virtually interchangeable in appearance, they are asked to play colorless, unmotivated characters in films that are invariably dominated by the male leads. What chance have they to make an impression? Who has heard lately of Jane Hitchcock, who stumbled myopically between Ryan O'Neal and buddy boy Burt Reynolds throughout the interminable running time of *Nickelodeon*? Or of Ingrid Boulting, so beautiful—and so lost—in *The Last Tycoon*? Red-haired, sexy Joanna Cassidy, she of the lilting laugh, seems consigned to playing philandering wives (as in *The Late Show*) and ending up dead. And Candy Clark, so promising in last year's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, finds herself this year on the short end of a C.B. hookup in Paramount's dud *Citizen's Band* (which has been retitled *Handle with Care*).

Even the girls who keep working are

generally going nowhere. One would think that after her vital performances in *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *Lenny*, Valerie Perrine would never again have to prove herself. After the aforementioned *Mr. Billion*, in which she plays a girl detective hired to keep Terence Hill from reaching San Francisco, she will. (Maybe she'll make up for it as the sinister Eve in next year's all-star production of *Superman*.) The outspoken Candice Bergen, after an uncommonly drab role in Stanley Kramer's *The Domino Principle*, removed herself to Italy to participate in Lina Wertmüller's first movie for an American studio, *A Night Full of Rain*. Perhaps it will change her luck. Susan Sarandon, who left an indelible impression as a Southern belle in TV's attempt at an F. Scott Fitzgerald biography, keeps getting the wrong roles in the wrong pictures. In *The Other Side of Midnight*, she was the wife that John Beck jilted for the wealth of Raf Vallone and the charms of Marie-France Pisier. In the upcoming *Pretty Baby*, she is the mother of a 12-year-old prostitute in a New Orleans brothel; since that film is in the capable hands of Louis Malle, who has managed to handle tastefully such touchy topics as incest, we may hope it's less exploitive than it would seem at first blush.

Dark-eyed Katharine Ross is another attractive and capable actress who has had more than her fair share of career problems. After a brilliant start in *The Graduate*, she managed to make her presence felt in the first of the "buddy" movies, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, but somehow got mired in such efforts as *The Singing Nun* and *They Only Kill Their Masters*. This year, she managed to impress again, though in a minuscule role, as a Havana prostitute in the all-star *Voyage of the Damned*; next year, she gets a bigger chance with the female lead—opposite Laurence Olivier and Robert Duvall—in Harold Robbins' *The Betsy*.

The point is that even for the girls who have ostensibly made it, the roles aren't always there. Of course, Candy Bergen can always go off and photograph something and Lauren Hutton can do some more ads for Revlon; but for those whose whole life is centered on the movies, frustration sets in early. "When you want to work and all they offer you is garbage," says longtime starlet Tiffany Bolling, "you take the garbage." But there is just so much garbage that any aspiring young actress can take. Tiffany married an airline pilot this year and is now in semiretirement—at least until she can find a role that is not too offal.

Curiously, she echoed the sentiments of Swiss-born Marthe Keller, who has been in enormous Stateside demand in the past year or so, appearing in *Marathon Man*, *Black Sunday*, *Bobby Deerfield* and Billy

Wilder's forthcoming *Fedora*. Marthe, who was also one of the jurors at this year's Cannes Film Festival, told a reporter there: "At the start, when you are offered soup, you take the soup."

The fact is, however, that the foreign-born actresses today aren't taking just the soup—they're getting the cream. It's Marie-France Pisier (the "other woman" in *Cousin Cousine*) who dominates *The Other Side of Midnight*. Catherine Deneuve stars in *March or Die*, Dominique Sanda in *Survival Run*, Julie Christie in *Demon Seed*, Isabelle Adjani (of Truffaut's *Story of Adele H*) in the upcoming *The Driver*, opposite Ryan O'Neal and Bruce Dern. Without impugning these talents in the least, the sad fact is that our own American producers don't give our own actresses the same opportunities to display—and stretch—their capabilities. In *And Now My Love*, for example, Marthe Keller had the opportunity (which she used superbly) to portray three generations of women in the same family. Billy Wilder's *Fedora* script demands an actress who can go from 16 to 60. Which American actress has met that challenge recently? Keller draws a neat distinction. "The French actor wants to be good in a movie," she explains. "The American actor wants to be in a good movie."

Unfortunately, his and, more especially, her chances are limited—except in the pornos. Being good in a good porno is no longer a contradiction in terms: superstars like Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Chambers, Harry Reems and John C. Holmes have emerged in the field (generally, it must be admitted, with the aid of a persistent D.A.). It used to be that most porn performers demanded anonymity or pseudonymity, but today's porn star is beginning to demand top billing. The incredibly endowed Johnny Wadd, for example, is now John C. Holmes, and don't you forget it. The female sex star of the year on the porno circuit, though she swears she's going to retire, is blonde, 40ish Jennifer Welles, whose *Inside Jennifer Welles* shapes up as this year's *Deep Throat*. Welles, who is as sexplicit as you can get, has a lot in common with Mae West (herself attempting a comeback in her 80s in a film called *Sextette*). Mae would probably be the first to deny any resemblance, since her sex was always more verbal than oral. But it's sobering to realize that what Mae West said (in a play called *Sex*) sent her to jail in 1926, while the things that Jennifer does (which Mae would never approve of) probably won't even get her arrested in 1977. Time does march on—and even though there are always attempts at repression, we never quite go back to where we were.



"What the hell is all this?"



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SAGE SEX

(continued from page 203)

gray in every fiber, said with indignant sorrow in one of his outbursts on improper books: "And these two young people, who had been perfectly pure up till that time, after reading this book went and had sexual intercourse together!!!" *One up to them!* is all we can answer.

—D. H. LAWRENCE

Lust is nature's free gift to us all, and the hours of its consummation are beyond all measure the most real and ecstatic hours of our life.

—LLEWELYN POWYS

He [Homo sapiens] is proud that he has the biggest brain of all the primates, but attempts to conceal the fact that he also has the biggest penis.

—DESMOND MORRIS

What's the matter with you girls from Smith is raw virginity.

—GERTRUDE STEIN

Some obstacle is necessary to swell the tide of libido to its height; and at all periods of history, wherever natural barriers in the way of satisfaction have not sufficed, mankind has erected conventional ones in order to be able to enjoy love.

—SIGMUND FREUD

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

—SHAKESPEARE

We swear to her that she is an angel
and prove to her that she is a beast.

—PAUL GERALDY

You should have just so much disgust
for your husband as may be sufficient to
make you relish your lover.

—WILLIAM CONGREVE

Bed is the poor man's opera.

—ITALIAN PROVERB

*No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll
die.
Behind the elms last night, cried
Dick,
Rose, were you not extremely sick?*

—MATTHEW PRIOR

I still have a diary entry, written a few days later, asking myself whether talk about the size of the male organ isn't a homosexual preoccupation: If things aren't too bad in other ways, I doubt if any woman cares very much.

—LILLIAN HELLMAN

The reason why the bosom of a beautiful woman is an object of such peculiar delight rises from hence: that all our first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance and repose are derived from this interesting source.

—C. C. COLTON



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*Chloë's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender:
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!*

*But Nature, graciously inclined
With liberal hand to please us,
Has to her boundless beauty joined
A boundless bent to ease us.*

—LORD LANSDOWNE

Madame de Genlis, to avoid the scandal of coquetry, always yielded easily.

—TALLEYRAND

Girls generally speak very harshly about bashful men, and yet they secretly like them. A little embarrassment always flatters a young girl's vanity, she feels her superiority, it is earnest money. When you have lulled them to sleep, when they believe that you are ready to die from embarrassment, then you have an opportunity to show that you are very far from that, that you are well able to shift for yourself.

—SØREN KIERKEGAARD

A woman occasionally is quite a serviceable substitute for masturbation. It takes an abundance of imagination, to be sure.

—KARL KRAUS

The possibility of being seen, watched, discovered can be more exciting than the actual presence of an audience. Anyone who has ever fucked in the warm sunlight of a (seemingly) secluded beach, or within earshot but out of sight of others, must admit the added excitement which the imminence of an audience brings to an already fine fuck . . . or she's a liar.

—NANCY FRIDAY

I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and vulgar way of coition: It is the foolishlest act a wise man commits in all his life.

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Eros is the first, the creator, the principle from which all things proceed. The relation of the sexes . . . is really the invisible central point of all action and conduct, and peeps out everywhere in spite of all veils thrown over it.

—ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

I love football. I really love football. As far as I'm concerned, it's the second best thing in the world.

—JOE NAMATH

If strict monogamy is the height of all virtue, then the palm goes to the tapeworm, which has a complete set of male and female sexual organs in each of its 50-200 proglottids or sections and spends its whole life copulating in all its sections with itself.

—FRIEDRICH ENGELS

Since having children, I'm much looser at touching people I like. But I can't excite myself over the thought of sex with women. For one thing, there aren't enough parts.

—HORTENSE CALISHER

What saves the virtue of many women is that protecting god, the impossible.

—HONORE DE BALZAC

The Devil, having nothing else to do,

Went off to tempt my Lady Pollagru.

My Lady, tempted by a private whim,

To his extreme annoyance, tempted him.

—HILAIRE BELLOC

The degree and essential nature of any human being's sexuality extend into the highest pinnacle of his spirit.

—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

In hotel bedrooms I learned to call people *toi*, and I learned a vast, all-embracing kindness for men—men sweating or coughing, handsome or ugly, sunburnt or pale, who all smoked after

they had made love. The time of shady hotels with their creaking lifts and dangling wallpaper is past, but I have never forgotten that kindness.

—FRANCOISE MALLET-JORIS

Women cannot help moving, and men cannot help being moved.

—ANTHONY BURGESS

But it is in periods of sexual deprivation—to which the young and the old are far more subject than those in their prime—that males, at any rate, are likely to reap psychological benefit from pornography. Am I mistaken, or have I read somewhere that geriatricians occasionally prescribe the reading of it to their patients? At any rate, it seems to be axiomatic that most of those who have lost all interest in sex have also lost interest in living.

—VIVIAN MERCIER

If sex were all, then every trembling hand

Could make us squeak, like dolls, the wished-for words.

—WALLACE STEVENS

Nothing which human beings do to give or receive physical pleasure with each other is unnatural. I find all uses of the flesh except the infliction of cruelty or harm an affirmation of life, and pity men and women who lack the curiosity to explore them.

—MARYA MANNES

There used to be societies for the protection of young girls. They are no longer necessary. Women can take care of themselves, and the societies could do well to reverse their aims and set out to protect young men from girls. . . . Women have become the Don Juans.

—C. G. JUNG

It is better to be silent than to say things at the wrong time that are too tender; what was appropriate ten seconds ago is so no longer, and hurts one's cause, rather than helps it.

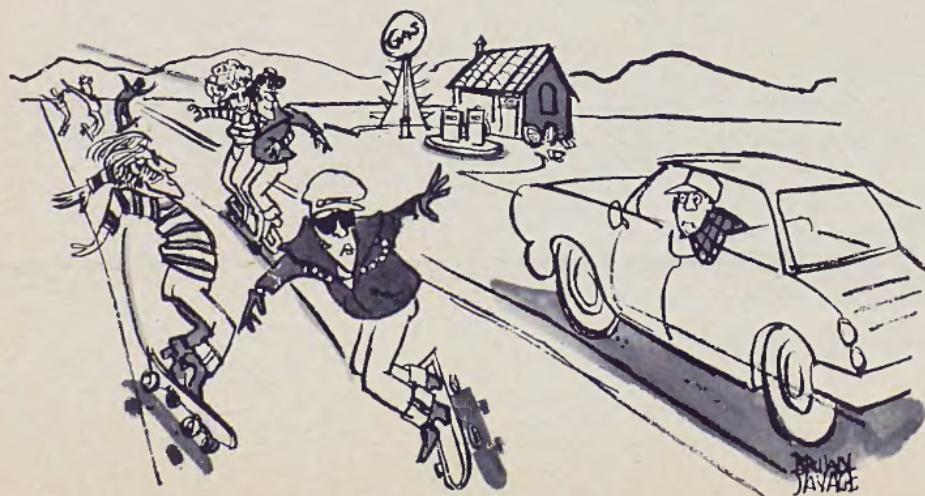
—STENDHAL

Sex has been with us since the human race began its existence, yet I would estimate that 90 percent of human beings still suffer from enormous inhibitions in this area.

—XAVIERA HOLLANDER

I liked sexual intercourse because of its amazing power of producing a celestial flood of emotion and exaltation of existence which, however momentary, gave me a sample of what one day may be the normal state of being for mankind in intellectual ecstasy.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



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SLIPPERY CITY (continued from page 112)

"After a moment, he stepped out of his shoe and began gently to move up Fanny's calf with his foot."

But I will if you want me to."

"Let's eat," said Dubin.

Fanny pulled off her nightgown, drew on black bikini underpants, then got into a deep-pink minidress. Her hair she wore elegantly up and slightly messy, though the effect was splendid. She wore no bra and her nipples were imprinted on the dress. Then she draped on the gold crucifix.

Dubin wore a black-silk suit, loafers, a soft lemon tie.

Regarding herself nearsightedly in a framed oval mirror on the wall, she screwed on large earrings, concentric gold circles, then slipped on her blue glasses.

"Do you have to wear them?"

"Don't you like them?"

"One loses the quality of your face."

"I hate the glare," Fanny said.

"You are the glare."

She liked that and laughed.

When Fanny, in her vivid dress—not Dubin in his silk suit—appeared in the Hotel Contessa dining room, it burst into life out of emptiness. The vast elegant room, with gold-decorated white walls and a flight of cherubim in blue tones across the ceiling, fronted the dark canal. Before them as they entered, a multitude of empty tables draped in white cloths stretched into semidarkness. Only a brightly lit rectangular section under two small crystal chandeliers was roped off with a white-silk cord and lavishly set for dinner. Into this dining area of about two dozen tables, none presently occupied, Fanny and Dubin were led and courteously seated by the maitre d'hôtel.

"I guess we're early," said the biographer.

He had seen the man's discreet yet momentarily stunned glance at Fanny and had noticed that the four waiters who had been standing impassively at the doors had stirred and come, if not to military attention, at least to animated interest in and concentration on her. Though her fine legs were outstanding in short dresses, if he had had his wits with him upstairs, Dubin would have suggested a longer dress for the dining room.

"Not at all, sir," the maitre de responded sadly, "the season is at the end. Only a few guests stay."

He was a handsome heavy-eyed man who, as Fanny smiled and he bowed to her, this time let his eyes rest fleetingly on her bosom; he lingered on the crucifix and recommended the *pesce*. Dubin

felt the unpleasant stirring of mild jealousy but did not let it surface. Surprised, he castigated himself.

After studying the menu, Fanny ordered brains and Dubin, bass. She had shrimp and he, melon with prosciutto. Fanny had turned down a drink—too many on the plane—so Dubin called the steward and ordered a bottle of white wine.

He urged her again to take off her sunglasses. "They put you at a distance."

"I'll come nearer." Fanny dropped them into her stuffed purse. He had noticed she had tucked her diaphragm box in the bag before they left the room.

"What for?" Dubin had asked.

"Just a habit." She left it there.

Her eyes were alert but gentle, comfortable, her eyebrows ragged. The nails of Fanny's plain, efficient hands were bitten to the quick. When the wine was poured, she drank half a glassful, gulping as if it were water. She was affectionate, chummy.

"What were you saying when I was in the bathroom?" she wanted to know.

"To you?"

"I don't think so."

"Then I was talking to myself?"

"Don't you know you do it?"

"As a rule, though not always."

"What were you saying?"

"Encouraging myself," Dubin felt.

"Do you have to?"

"More or less, when I'm away from home and operating adventurously."

Fanny then asked him how he had met his wife. "You said you would tell me."

How she harps on my wife.

"I told you she was a widow," Dubin said casually. "She was married to a doctor who died of leukemia. He evidently was an unusual man who had quite an effect on her. I had trouble competing with him in her memory, but that changed after the birth of our daughter."

She listened, chewing absently.

Dubin then said, "I'm sure you understand, Fanny—and I won't bring this up again—that she mustn't know about us, not have the remotest suspicion. Her life hasn't been easy. I wouldn't want to hurt her."

"Would you want to hurt me, William?"

He swore no, quickly, warmly. "I want to be kind, warm, make love with you. I feel tender to you, Fanny, and hope you feel something similar for me."

She said she did. Her wine-flushed face was bright, lovely. Her eyes, more intensely green, smiled at him. She was

enjoying the food and liked the half-hidden stares of the waiters and the attentions of the heavy-eyed maitre de, who came by often to see how things were progressing.

"What about you?" Dubin asked. "I know little about you; for instance, what does your father do?"

"He imports."

"You don't get along with him?"

"It's very mutual."

"May I ask why?"

"Because he's a selfish bastard and doesn't have much respect for me or my mother. She's a gutsy lady, but I don't want to talk about her, either. I'm enjoying this meal."

He lifted his glass in agreement. Dubin drank wine freely and loved the evening. Fanny relished the brains.

One or another of the young waiters appeared from time to time, ostensibly to replenish bread or pour wine. All, he thought, came to view Fanny up close, who seemed to radiate nudity through her clothes and was, she confessed, very happy. He felt she was one of those gifted people who give public pleasure, not a bad thing in life. He would enjoy the sight of her wherever she was.

As they were waiting for dessert, he felt a hand on his knee, then, as it slowly traveled up his thigh, he decided it was Fanny's foot. She had removed her shoe and was caressing him under the table.

"You make my foot warm," she confided.

"Warm or cold, it's a wonderful instrument. Is this what they call footsie?" the biographer inquired.

"Do you like it?"

"Won't the waiters know what you're doing?"

She laughed. "They don't give a shit. It goes on forever in restaurants."

"I should be more observant."

Dubin poured the last glass of wine as Fanny, her face composed as she sensuously stroked his leg, after a paradise of expectation, at last touched his aroused organ. Dubin made no objection. This was Venice, this was Italy; this was what, according to the arts and humanities, it was all about.

He felt in his pleasure a loosening of ties, concerns, restrictions, a sense of trumpets blaring in the woody distance. William-the-Bold Dubin with upraised sword on a black charger under the triumphant blue sky. After a moment, he stepped out of his shoe and began gently to move up Fanny's calf with his adventurous right foot. Deadpan above table, impassioned below, he could feel her womanly thighs yield to his insistent gentle probing. Fanny gazed at him dreamily as, at last, he pressed the soft flesh under her lace panties. Dubin experienced a desire to pull off his black sock, but the perspiring maitre de fortunately came by, inquiring again if they

(continued on page 352)

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*"Be careful, dearie, I started out like you,
trying to screw my way to the top."*

had enjoyed their meal. The biographer, with dignity, said they had, indeed, and could he have his check. Fanny nodded. Dubin felt drunk and embarrassed as they got up and walked past the waiters at the French doors, all silently aware of them, one regarding him with a connoisseur's approval as they left the dining room; but other patrons were beginning to come in and it was not so bad. Yet he felt he had overeaten and overdrunk, the weight of food and wine antipathic to self and spirit.

"Can we go out tonight, William?" Fanny asked in their room. Her things were still strewn all over the place. He felt he knew her well.

"Where, for instance?"

"Some place lively where we can dance."

"Like the opera? There are no night clubs in Venice. The theater is closed, this is off season. We could find an Italian movie, if you like."

"Let's have some fun."

"What about a walk in St. Mark's?"

"Could we go to Harry's Bar?"

Dubin agreed. "Put on something warm."

The night was dark, damp, the streets still. House lights went on as they walked up Marzò XXII. Fanny touched his arm and they stopped in midstreet. When he turned to her, she was waiting. He put his mouth on hers. They kissed with wine-soaked tongues.

"I'm wet through my pants," she said. "Let's go home."

"Wonderful," said Dubin.

In their room, he undressed her, brief episode—dress, underpants, shoes.

She insisted on undressing Dubin and had trouble getting his undershirt over his head.

"Why do you bother wearing them?"

"Kitty buys them."

"Tell her not to."

"They help in wintertime. She shops for me; I hate to."

"I wish you wouldn't praise your wife to me—do you mind?"

"I didn't think I was."

"Lift up your arms."

She drew the shirt over his head.

"Pardon this bit of belly. You wouldn't think I exercise."

"You wouldn't have the belly if you stood straight."

"That's what she says."

"I don't want to know what she says. Step out of your shoes."

"I wish I were younger for you."

"Fuck your age."

"Well put," Dubin said.

When she bent to remove his socks, there was a tearing noise.

"What was that?"

Fanny laughed wildly. "I farted." With a sob, she darted into the bathroom, flushed the bowl.

After several minutes, when she failed to answer his inquiring knock, Dubin

cautiously turned the knob and pecked into the bathroom.

"Are you all right, Fanny?"

She was standing at the toilet bowl, retching, a blob of diarrhea dripping down her leg.

Afterward, she was sick, vomited raucously, spilling her supper, weeping, spitting.

"I feel so sick."

"Poor baby, what can I do for you?"

"I also feel I am tripping. 'Scize the day,' Hump your lay."

After he had cleaned her with paper, when after sobbing awhile she lay asleep, her mouth open, breathing noisily, her face a child's face, Dubin washed her legs and buttocks with a warm soapy cloth but could not wholly remove the odor of her sickness.

The biographer remembered Yeats on love's mansion in the place of excrement; but not much came of it.

As he was falling asleep, Maud appeared in his mind; Dubin awoke. Was it she he had seen in the fog, ironically with a man old enough to be older than her father? Whoever he was had looked over 60. "My daughter is not for thee." But could Dubin despise an aging man who desired the company of a young woman—endless insistent hunger? The old gent, he guessed, would have to be one of her teachers—probably someone from her dig in Mexico last summer. So soon out of the crib, so quickly grown—bleeding, breasted, gone, lost to me. Out of the house at 18; at 19, as deeply as he into amorous intrigue? How is it possible—the hunger to adventure in contravention to time's good sense? He figured her age, with her friend's, would average a good 40; his and Fanny's, 39. Himself less culpable—if one were to use the word—than Maud's male friend—if it were Maud—because Fanny was three years older than his daughter and no innocent. Life responds to one's moves with comic counterinventions.

He got up and dressed in the dark so as not to awaken the girl.

"I don't want to die," she moaned in her sleep.

A universal lament.

He went down in the lift and through the half-lit hotel lobby, though it was not much past 11; into the street. Where does a troubled father seek his erring daughter? The sky was heavily cloudy, no sign of a moon, the night hazy, cool; he crossed a stone bridge over a narrow canal exuding mist. In an alley, he passed a huge black man touching the wall as he walked; he was blind. The biographer drifted through a maze of crooked streets around La Fenice, peering into lit places, staring at elderly men with young women. Though his search, if it were one, came to nothing, he fantasied meeting Maud—she wandering alone, looking for him—their encounter, recognition,

embrace! Afterward, they'd walk together. He wanted to tell her why he was in Venice, though she probably wouldn't want to know. Perhaps they had experienced similar disappointments and might, in the morning, leave together for the States. Dubin doubted it in afterthought. He doubted Maud was in Venice.

Entering Harry's Bar, he sat at a table in the corner. An old waiter with gray sideburns brought him a brandy. Dubin was moved to speak to him but did not. He sipped his brandy, watching those at the bar and the tables, good-looking men and sensuous young women, even when oddly dressed, beautifully dressed. He looked among them for a woman with a sense of past: past time, past pain, awareness of the difficulty of loving. Only the young, the raw young, were present. He did not want to be with them.

Dubin wandered into St. Mark's Square, through the *piazzetta* to the water. It was a square walk he was making in a circle. There were a few tables in front of Florian's, three or four people sitting quietly in the dark. The cafés were closed, their tables set top on top, chairs stacked. Some of the summer tables were piled up under the gallery arches. On the embankment by the mooring poles, a few gondolas lay like dead fish out of water, to be stripped and stored away in back canals and there await the end of winter. Two gondolas were still moored in the dark water. The tide was rising and the undulating water smacked the boats and sucked at them. A narrow plank boardwalk on carpenter's horses had been laid across the piazza for the winter floods.

Over the sea, the night was large, hazy, starless. A string of dim lights ran along the misty shore of the Giudecca. A dark mass of houses rose behind the shore lights, here and there a lit window. Beyond this island, other islands floated in the water.

An island is a mystery. A man is an island, not an easy way to be. We are in essence separate, self-conscious lonely selves. We live in the cosmic mystery, a cosmos of separate, lonely bodies. It is all a loneliness.

Dubin stood at the low wall overlooking the water in front of the small tufted umbrella pines in the *giardinetto*. A dozen starved cats were consuming the remains of somebody's spaghetti supper on a spread newspaper. An old man in a gray hat approached and asked him for a cigarette.

"I have forgotten my own," he said.

Dubin thought it was the waiter he had seen at the bar, but this was another man. He handed him his pack.

"Thank you, *signore*."

"For not much. They're bad for your health."

"I have no health." The old man touched his hat and walked slowly along



When they remember the gift
they remember the giver.



88 PROOF

the embankment. He crossed a small bridge and disappeared.

In the street near the Campanile, a long-faced girl in sweater and jeans sat on a stool bowing a cello clasped between her legs. The music was from a Bach suite for the cello unaccompanied. Dubin had the record but stayed to listen. He listened, standing to the side, not to distract the girl. It was late. On the ground lay a small cardboard box with a few lire in it. The girl did not play all that well, but he listened till the end of the movement. He liked the harsh-sweet gutty bowing. He liked the sensuous dignity of J. S. Bach, husband of two wives and father of 20 children, jigging in a state of grace, his music flowing like water ascending and falling in an iron fountain. The pouring fountain was the music. The cellist was not a beautiful girl—her face was thin and dark and she had a meager figure—but she looked handsome playing the cello in the Venetian night and Dubin felt he loved her.

In the morning, Fanny said she was so much better, though her gut felt tender. "It was all the wine that did it. I always overreact to wine." Dubin had hovered over her like a mother duck. He had given her a pill that stopped diarrhea and another that reduced nausea. These were the pills that Kitty always brought along when they traveled. And he fed Fanny dry toast with sugarless tea. She was hungrier than she had any right to be, but he wouldn't let her have any more food. "I'm dying of hunger," Fanny com-

plained. She still felt queasy and had occasional cramps, but they weren't bad, and she was decently comfortable and even "cozy." He felt close to her.

It was raining on the canals. They watched the rain through the window, Fanny lying propped against two pillows in their double bed, her legs covered with a blanket. She wore a light black nightgown. She was reading *Sons and Lovers* and said she liked it.

"I'm up to here: 'He only knew she loved him,'" Fanny read aloud. "'He was afraid of her love for him. It was too good for him, and he was inadequate. His own love was at fault, not hers.' Why is he such a schnook?"

"He's a young man," Dubin answered, "with a lot to learn."

"Don't tell me if he does or doesn't. I don't want to know the end."

"The end is already there."

"I don't want to know it."

Fanny went on with her reading as he looked through a guidebook of Venice. He felt easy and carefree, as though they'd been living together for years. She smiled, as though acknowledging his thought, and the biographer was glad he had suppressed his doubts and gone off with her.

Fanny told him more about her life—the usual happy unhappiness of childhood. She had an older sister she called a bitch and a father who called her one. "My mother is the best of us all."

Dubin told her about his father, the waiter, without telling her about his mother; and he told her about his work

without mentioning Kitty. She listened with interest, playing with her long hair, winding it around her fingers.

"I like it when you tell me what you know. I like the vibes you have with what you are doing. I wish I had that kind of feeling."

"It comes when you know what you want to do."

She said she would let him kiss her but hated to think what it would taste like.

He got up and kissed Fanny's dry lips and her ears and eyes. She pressed his hand to her breast.

She had tossed the blanket aside and her long nightgown touched her body like an enduring kiss. Extraordinary the grace a bit of draping gives nudity. Her casual movements stirred him.

"But I still have cramps that come and go," Fanny said.

He went into the bathroom and briskly brushed his teeth.

She said she could eat half a horse but, when he advised nothing solid yet, said she would settle for some ginger ale. "Ginger ale is what my mother used to spoon us after an upset stomach."

There was nothing in the midget refrigerator in the room but hard liquor and mineral water, and she didn't want that. Dubin called down for a bottle of soda, but the waiter offered only Pepsi. Fanny made a face: She had this thing about cola drinks—they gave her hives. Dubin said he would hunt up a bottle of ginger ale. He put on his raincoat and borrowed an umbrella from the *portiere*.

He walked in a steady rain from their hotel to the Rialto before he was able to find a small bottle of ginger ale. He was happy he had found it for her. He imagined Fanny saying when he returned that she had bathed and wanted him to undress and get into bed with her.

"I think you'll feel better after we make love," Dubin, speaking to himself, said to her.

When he returned to their room, she was lying in bed wearing sunglasses. "Jesus, William. I thought you were dead and gone." She said she had ordered a sliced-chicken sandwich because she was painfully famished, had eaten every bit of it and held it down.

He was happy to hear it. Dubin thought he'd take a shower.

Minutes later, she threw up the bread and chicken, weeping, spitting into the toilet bowl; her diarrhea returned. Hours later, he began to spoon-feed her some warmish ginger ale, which, by God's grace—if not her own—she was able to retain. Fanny promised not to do something equally stupid. "Please don't hold it against me."

Before falling asleep that night, she whispered, "Tomorrow, William."

Tomorrow appeared exquisitely—warmish, clear, "inspiring," Dubin said. Fanny awoke glum, circles under her



"There—by the time I shave, you should be just the right temperature."

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eyes, as though she'd long worried in her sleep; but after chancing—against his solemn advice—a Continental breakfast without suffering consequences, she took a bath with salts, vigorously shampooed her hair, opened windows and doors to air the room and, though still pale, became energetic, ebullient.

"Let's zap out and see the sights."

He readily agreed. She put on the crucifix, then removed it and dropped it into a drawer. Fanny took it out again and draped it around her neck. "Does it bother you?"

"Not if it doesn't bother you."

"Not if it doesn't bother you—"

They hurried to St. Mark's Square, she—after shedding a cardigan because of "the heat"—in white jersey over black brassiere, and denim swing skirt, carrying her large suede shoulder bag. Though she wore heavy-heeled shoes, there was a ripple in her walk and people on the street seemed to like to watch her go by.

Fanny and Dubin hurried on in the brilliant sunlight, she keeping pace with his long strides. The biographer wore his blue blazer, with flared reddish-plaid slacks and a striped blue shirt with a watermelon-pink tie. He was growing longer sideburns, gray or no gray. Dubin had occasional thoughts of dyeing his hair. Venice, absolved of fog and rain, had let a golden day rise like a balloon over its annealed islets. The sky floated azure over the green canals of antiquity. The effect was of island, *plage*, seashore—once more of holiday.

"Fanny," Dubin advised, "take those silly glasses off and look around. Some extraordinary painters took their light from this sky."

She blew a kiss to the sky, removed the glasses and slipped them into her shoulder bag. She walked close to Dubin and their bodies touched. He had never felt younger.

Pigeons rose wheeling, fluttering over them in St. Mark's Square. There were a few tourists on the square. Dubin enjoyed showing Fanny around, pointing out artifacts, objects of interest in and around the cathedral, reading aloud from his guidebook what had been plundered when and where. She listened, looked where he pointed, walked on. Kitty, on first seeing the cathedral, had cried out in excitement. Fanny gazed almost without curiosity, looking back more than once, as though she did not trust either what she saw or her response. He was not dissatisfied: She was who she was; he enjoyed her company. Fanny liked to lock fingers as they walked—what pleasure the simple gesture gave, what a compliment, flesh on flesh.

She had a Kodak in her bag and pulled it out to snap his picture. Dubin threw a hand up in front of his face.

"Oh, come on—what's a picture?"

"Let's take yours." He borrowed the camera and took one of her, one knee

bent, extending her palm to a curious pigeon. Another alighted on her head. "Get off me, you shitty bird." She laughed in embarrassment.

A priest in skirts and biretta, carrying a briefcase and a rolled umbrella, perhaps noticing Fanny's cross, if not her looks and vitality, inclined his head in courteous greeting.

He offered to take a picture of them with his Polaroid.

"Let's, William—"

Dubin thanked the priest; said it wasn't necessary.

"Are you from the States, Father?"

"Newark, New Jersey."

"Small world," Dubin said. "I was born there."

"I was born in Trenton," said Fanny.

"Were you?" the biographer asked in surprise. "We're all from the Garden State—maybe the same garden."

They laughed.

"Where was your wife born?" Fanny asked.

"Montreal," Dubin answered, clearing his throat.

The priest tipped his biretta to Fanny. "Blessings on you, my child."

Later, she squeezed Dubin's hand.

"What made you ask about my wife just then?"

"Just then, I wanted to know where she was born."

They wandered around the piazza, along the galleries, toward the Campanile. He asked her impression. "Does this place get to you? Some people wonder if they're the victims of their imagination."

"I like it all right, though it isn't Fat City. Is it supposed to send you? There's so much pigeon shit and I can smell smog. It's like a whiff of L.A., only oilier."

"That's from the mainland. Still, not everybody likes the square or Venice. Lawrence in a poem refers to it as 'the abhorrent green slippery city of Venice.' In a letter, he calls it *écoeuré*—without heart."

"Then why did we come here?"

"To be together."

"Yes, but why here?"

"I thought it might produce a bit of magic and blow it around."

"Did your wife like Venice?"

"Again my wife?"

"It's an honest question."

"I'll give you an honest answer. She loves it, though we've never been here but a short time before something unexpected happens."

"What did?"

"Once, I had a manuscript stolen out of a suitcase. I got it back a year later. It was mailed to me in the States and when I reread it, I was glad I had lost it."

"Why?"

"It wasn't that good a piece of work—a blow to my ego."

"What else happened?"

"Once, Kitty got awfully sick here."

"Like me—the trots?"

"She ran a high fever for no reason we could understand—she almost never does—and wanted to leave. She was afraid the plague was back for a visit, but the day after we got home, she recovered and that was that."

"What bugs her? I noticed she goes around sniffing the gas burners."

"She does—it's not important."

"Not important? Man, it's weird."

"Forget it. Think of us here together."

"I wish we had stayed in Rome."

"We'll go back in a day or two. I wanted to scoot up here with you to see if Venice affected you as it does me."

She momentarily rested her head against his shoulder.

"Should we go back to the hotel, Fanny?"

She smiled warmly, self-consciously. "Later, lover."

"How are you feeling?"

"Terrif—"

They stopped in front of a small jewelry shop. Dubin, taking notice of something in the window, asked her to excuse him.

"Can't I go in with you?"

"It'll take a minute. I'll be right out."

"Suit yourself."

When he came out of the jeweler's a moment later, Fanny was earnestly talking to a taut-bottomed, erect, red-haired young Italian in front of a lavish glass shop a few doors down.

"This is Amadeo Rossini. He wants us to ride in his gondola," she said to the biographer.

"I thought they were mostly put away till spring," Dubin said genially.

"Not his," Fanny said.

"I am steel een beeziness, *signore*," the young gondolier said. He resembled a matador in bearing, with black T-shirt and jeans. His pants were tight, buttocks elegant.

"Care for a ride, Fanny?"

"I wouldn't mind."

The gondolier led them, Dubin carrying Fanny's cardigan, up a narrow street to a mooring pile where a single battered gondola, its prow spotted with bird droppings—the boat looked as though it had barely escaped a drastic fate—lay in the green water at the dock, lapped by ripples a parting *vaporetto* made.

After assisting his two passengers into the bulky boat—he seemed charmed by the vision of Fanny's black bra through her white jersey—Amadeo, wearing his professional red-ribboned yellow straw hat, pushed off with his long oar and the ride began pleasantly in the warmish October sun. Fanny, her color fully restored, lifted her face to the warmth. If there were Indians in Italy, this would be an Indian summer day.

Amid the decay, what beauty! Many of



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the *palazzi* were façade-eroded yet stately, elegant, despite asymmetry of windows and columns. Some houses were boarded up—pigeons nesting in the grillwork—in need of restoration; but their shimmering reflections in the greenish water—salmón, orange, aquamarine—excited Dubin. He lit a cigarillo and smoked contentedly, at times beset by thoughts of Venice subsiding in brackish water at the sea's bottom to be nibbled at into eternity by bony pale fish. The gondola was gliding toward Accademia bridge and as he watched the reflections in the water, it was no effort to think of himself afloat in an insubstantial world. With open eyes, Dubin dreamed of passionate love in a fantastic city.

The gondolier broke into song. In a not-bad high tenor, he celebrated love in a gondola. His eyes, when Dubin turned to look, were anchored on Fanny. Hers, dear girl, were shut as she seemed to listen. Perhaps he was singing to her black brassiere? Or was it her crucifix that had inspired his song—he sang to save her from an infidel? No doubt, simply Fanny, sexy Pippa passes. Dubin experienced no jealousy. What he felt in her presence, no doubt the gondolier also felt—but me first by prior contract. I met her once on a country road, wooed her by wanting, flew away with her over the sea. She's with me, my girl. No point feeling sorry for the gondolier—he has youth; I am momentarily graced by her presence. Next week, it's back to hard work.

"Two bits for your thoughts," he remarked to Fanny.

She smiled affectionately. He bent to her. They kissed in the gondola as the youth sang.

Fanny lightly ran her fingernail up along the inside of Dubin's thigh.

"We're visible here; should we go elsewhere?"

"I dig this ride," she gently sighed.

The battered gondola with blue seats and a faded green carpet glided on, the youth singing still, confessing passion and pain to an unknown ear—Trident, maybe? Though he didn't understand the Venetian dialect, Dubin made out a phrase now and then. He got, for instance, "the jealous husbands" from "*La bel toseta gall mario geloso*" and was tempted to advise the young man to rest his voice but refrained.

The boat was in mid-canal after rounding the bend toward the Rialto before he noticed people staring at them from *palazzi* windows, others from small craft on the canal. It then occurred to the biographer that theirs was the only tourist gondola out that morning. The Venetians were commercial types, but he beheld no other sight-seers around and felt momentary apprehension, which he ridiculed, but it was there. Had the gondolier on his fat nerve taken them out at a forbidden time? Had he waked that morning short of cash and decided it was

still summer? So he hauls his banged-up boat from a back canal and goes hunting for belated tourists? Summer, anyone? Fanny with Dubin had walked into his practical needs? What a nuisance if they were stopped by the police *motoscafo*. He looked around and saw the municipal garbage scow, trailed by floating lettuce leaves and a few boiled onions bobbing in the water.

There was also a sand barge and a variety of rowboats, blunt- and sharp-nosed, plus assorted *topi* delivering produce, meat, some cases of beer, even a small coffin for a child or a midget.

A hairy-chested man called to them from a barge filled with gray sand.

"What's he saying?" Fanny asked.

"I think he says get off the canal, they need the water."

"*Va fan'gulo*," chanted the gondolier.

The hairy bargeman cupped his palm over his arm, thrusting the fist into the air.

Unperturbed, Amadeo went on singing his love song. Now he celebrated a little blonde in a gondola who out of sheer pleasure went to sleep as a gondolier rowed. To what end, he didn't sing. A few people crossing the outer stairs of the Rialto stopped to stare at the battered boat. A woman with flowers waved them. Dubin, facing an audience, felt self-conscious: glad-ragged goat of 56 courting a chick of 22 who would be better served, at least in appearance, by the youth who rowed them.

I should be rowing them. Why, he asked himself, didn't this happen to me when I was 25 and had less to be self-conscious about? Why was I studying law when I should by some miracle have been in Venice? He felt false and hungered for privacy.

"Pull over, please," he said to the gondolier. "We want to get off."

"Oh, not yet, please," said Fanny.

"Pull over to the dock there," the biographer said. "If the cops come by, we may be ordered off the canal."

"You mak' beeg mistake, *signore*," the gondolier replied, angered. "No one 'as the right to tell me when I weel work or what to do if ees summer or weenter."

But Dubin, still uncomfortable, insisted and paid him off; to placate Fanny, he included a healthy tip over an exorbitant fee. The handsome gondolier lifted his straw hat, bowing stiffly. His copper head of hair remained an enduring vision.

"I wish you hadn't done that, William," Fanny complained on the embankment, her face lightly flushed. "So what if the guy was singing at me? It did no harm."

Dubin denied the singing had bothered him. He said he was restless. "There's so much to see in this city. We'll do better on foot. Distances are deceptive here."

He insisted on showing her where some extraordinary people had lived and

worked. Close by, near the Goldoni Campo, where Venetians gather in talky droves every evening, he pointed out the *cortile* where Marco Polo's house was supposed to have stood.

"He left Venice when he was a boy of seventeen for a fabulous journey through the East," Dubin explained, "that ended a generation plus a Venetian war later, in a prison in Genoa. There he dictated a book of his travels that is, among other things, a masterpiece of observation of an anthropological sort. In folklore, he's become a comic liar—Marco Million— but, actually, he said what he saw in a precise, detached, Venetian way, with little poetry and less passion; yet he saw well and kept the Asian world in his head until he could record it via a literary hack he'd discovered in his cell. Many years later, Columbus read the book and it was another reason to take off for what turned out to be the New World. Isn't it marvelous the way things happen?"

"I read about him when I was a kid," she said quietly.

They then hurried by ways Dubin knew over stone bridges arching quiet canals to the once Moorish neighborhood where Tintoretto had lived and painted. Dubin and Fanny entered the Church of Madonna dell'Orto to see his frescoes. They gazed at his tomb; he was buried by the side of his favorite daughter, Marietta. Dubin told Fanny that Tintoretto was a self-educated, imaginative painter with great force of genius. "Some say he painted too much and was not as good as the Venetian best, but many of his pictures knock me cold. His miracles have the force and sweep of the miraculous. The daughter he's buried next to was herself a fine portrait painter who used to help him in his studio dressed in the then equivalent of jeans. She died at thirty and he mourned her the few remaining years of his life. There's a legend he painted her portrait as she lay dead."

"Didn't he paint her when she was alive?"

"He probably did. This was a last act of love."

"Maybe he flipped," Fanny said.

Reversing direction when they were again outside, Dubin led her back to St. Mark's and then along the embankment to the Ospedale della Pietà. Fanny was showing fatigue. He asked if she wanted to rest but she said she would stay with it if it was the last of their sight-seeing that morning. Dubin assured her it was.

Inside the church, he said, "This was once a church orphanage with a music chapel for girl foundlings. Rousseau said not one was without some considerable blemish but once they had played he loved them all. Vivaldi—he had red hair and was known as '*il prete rosso*'—taught them to fiddle and sing and confessed himself in waterfalls of stringed music. He worked there, on and off for

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**Who could
make light of
themselves
better?**

forty years, composed in a hurry, and earned piles of ducats. Musicians and kings came to hear his concerts but in the end he ran afoul of the Pope's nuncio, presumably for no longer saying Mass and for being friends with a singer and her sister who had traveled with him for fourteen years. He spent money like water and died a pauper. Like Mozart's, his grave has vanished, but given his music, who needs it?"

She looked weary. "Jesus, all you think of is biography."

"Not all," said Dubin with a choked laugh. He said that since they were so near to where men of this kind had lived, it was only right to stop by to pay their respects. "I get this mind-blowing sense, as you say, of their lives and being. One hopes the quality is catching. I'm a sucker for those who celebrate life by making much of their own. It's a subtle altruism."

"If genius is your bag," she said, "which I am not."

Dubin thought their genius made their humanity more clearly visible. "That makes it easy to learn from their lives."

"I've got my own life to live."

"To live it better, Fanny. To live it well, with accomplishment."

Fanny, though her face had stiffened, assented.

She said she was dead-tired and could they now go home. "At least, in the gondola, it was a ride."

Dubin led her by short cuts back to the Hotel Contessa; but not before he had stopped off at the jeweler's he had visited earlier, where he picked up a bracelet for Fanny, a thin gold band overlaid with a spiraling coil, that surprised and delighted her. She kissed Dubin warmly and as she admired the bracelet on her extended arm, said, "I am really, really happy."

After a light lunch at the hotel, spaghetti *al burro* with a small bottle of nongaseous mineral water for her, fettuccini with red wine for Dubin, they went out again. Fanny, after the meal, had complained of cramps, but they soon disappeared. The day's beauty persisted, the flawless sky flared blue; the green canals encrusted with sparkling light: the aura of Venice, expansive, enlivened—sense of island, sea, voyage.

To Dubin's surprise, though not Fanny's, a small fleet of pleasure gondolas appeared on the Grand Canal, as though a carnival had been declared. The biographer offered to make restitution for the aborted ride of that morning by taking her out again, but she, after seriously surveying the scene, shook her head. He suggested if her cramps were gone entirely and she felt refreshed, the Accademia Gallery, so she could see some Tintoretto paintings after the frescoes that morning. But Fanny said she had to do some shopping first and Dubin went

along with her. She shopped discreetly—a few modest presents for friends that he offered to pay for because she had only \$50 with her. Fanny gratefully accepted.

Wherever they went she cast occasional glances behind. Dubin, looking where she had looked, saw bright sunlight between houses. If you looked through dark glasses, would that people the world? She removed her shades only to examine the colors of objects in the shops.

"Do you feel all right, Fanny?"

"I guess so. I guess what's on my mind is I better have a bath and get some rest instead of tracking along with you to the museum. That is if you expect me to have enough energy for tonight, or maybe this afternoon."

"In that case, do rest, my darling."

She told him, gently squeezing his hand, not to stay too long, and Dubin promised to be back at five.

He took the gallery, picture by picture, at first viewing slowly, then not always seeing, thinking of Fanny: as Venus bathing; Fanny revived, lying lustfully in bed; Fanny with Dubin making love. He stayed until half past four and considered remaining longer to give her more time to rest—he had worn her out with walking that morning—but Dubin hadn't the serenity to wait longer. He left the gallery and as he was recrossing the Accademia bridge, the biographer observed below him in a long gondola on the sunlit canal an auburn-haired girl with a gray-haired man, his arm around her shoulders. They were sitting with their backs to him, the girl resting her bronze head against the man's chest. Dubin, watching them in a confusion of emotion, called from the bridge, "Maud, Maud—it's your father. Maud, it's me!" She did not turn. He hurried down the 50 steps and ran, as Italians watched, across the campo Morosini and S. Angelo, then into Calle de la Mondola. After ten hot minutes, he emerged at the Grand Canal close by the Rialto. Dubin got there before the gondola and waited, winded—not sure what he could do or say, or not do—for the boat to catch up with him. But when it floated toward the bridge, the gondola—another that followed had in it two young women and a boy—contained only the gondolier poling it. Could this be the one he had seen? Dubin looked into the distance and beheld no others.

He called in Italian to the gondolier: "Where are your passengers?"

The gondolier blew his nose into the water and waved vaguely with his hand. "Al sinistro."

Dubin went hastily up the bridge steps and down the other side into the market streets. He hurried through crowds shopping and on the first side street spied a red-haired girl about a block away—but not the man. Was it Maud? Though fatigued, Dubin hastened toward her.

When he reached the corner, she had disappeared, but the first house as he turned into the street was a pension and he was convinced that was where she was. He thought of entering and seeking her out but on reflection decided not to. If it was Maud, it would be wise to talk to her alone. The last thing he wanted was to confront his daughter in the presence of her lover—who else? Seeing a bakery across the street, Dubin went in, tempting the reluctant baker with a 1000-lire note to produce a telephone book, then he called the pension number.

"Is there a *signorina* Maud Dubin registered there?"

The *padrone* said he wasn't sure and who was calling?

"Tell her her father, William Dubin."

"I can't tell her a thing, if you're really her father, because there's nobody here by that name."

"She's red-haired," Dubin explained, and the *padrone* laughed and said, "We've got two different redheads this week. Eh, *signore*, they're a deceptive lot. You can't tell what they really are until you've looked up their legs."

"I'm much obliged," Dubin lingered at the corner to see if either of the women came out and in less than 30 minutes, both did, one a girl with hair dyed orange, the other a middle-aged strawberry blonde with a middle-aged spectacled escort; neither so much as faintly resembled Maud. Dubin, vastly relieved, though irritated with himself for wasting time he could have put to better use, hurried back to the Rialto, where, since a *vaporetto* was about to depart and he felt weary, he hurried up the gangplank.

It was an interminable trip. He arrived at St. Mark's at close to seven and broke into a run. What a stupid god-damned waste, he thought in anger.

He absently got off the elevator at the fourth floor and walked up the other flight. Fanny was not in their room. Dubin began to undress for a shower when it occurred to him that the adjoining room was giving off percussive sighs. As he gently tried the door, it opened easily. The bed was made and unoccupied; but not the floor.

On the rug, crouched on hands and knees, was the red-haired Amadeo, his fiery hairy ass not so handsome as it had seemed in Levis, and under him lay Fanny. Dubin saw her gold-braceleted arm around the young man's broad back. Her eyes were tightly shut, her face drawn, and she looked, he thought, before slamming the door shut, like a woman of 50.

The biographer felt as though he had lost every cent of a large investment and stood at the edge of desolate loneliness.

Afterward, when he brought himself to return to the room late that night, Fanny, dressed in denims and shirt,

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tense-eyed, pale, her expression sullen, said she had waited hours for him to come home and had more or less decided he was simply not interested, when the gondolier knocked on the door.

"Why didn't you tell him to go fuck himself?" Dubin shouted. "Why did you so quickly and easily demean us both?"

"Don't think you own me because you brought me to this phony city," she wept. "I did it because I felt like it. Because I was sorry for him. Because he's young," she said cruelly, "and I like his ass. And because you don't deserve me."

She accused him of loving his wife. "Why do I always get hooked up with these married schmucks?"

After a dismal night, when he slept little—listened for sobbing, a voice begging forgiveness, but heard only silence, her quiet breathing—hungry to embrace her, to blot out betrayal by making passionate love, Dubin slept as though awake and awoke early. What will it profit me to fuck her in anguish? Fanny, her face in a pool of moist hair on her pillow, lay heavily asleep. In sleep her expression was dull, the face and aspect of a stranger. And what, my God, am I doing in the same bed with her, back to back, 4000 miles from my work and home? He detested himself for having fallen into the hands of a child. How could I be so much an idiot? He felt in himself a weight of mourning he could not shove aside, or climb over, or even slightly diminish. He was, he thought, again mourning Dubin for having offered himself to her to betray. He sensed a more intense commitment to Fanny than he had guessed, or permitted, and wondered if he had been almost in love with her. If that's so, I'm glad to be done with it. Love—given who she is, given her promiscuity and my bad judgment—would have led to something miserable. Better momentary pain than long heartbreak.

She woke as he was dressing, looked at him with one eye and reached for her thighs.

"I am," Fanny said, "just as moral as you."

"How would that work?"

"Don't give me that apeshit sarcasm."

He said he had asked an honest question.

"He needed me more than you ever did."

"His needs—supposing you're right—hardly constitute a requisite of morality."

"I have no obligations to anyone."

"Maybe you should have thought you had. Listen, Fanny," Dubin went on, "I'm going out for a walk to air my brain. I'll have your breakfast sent up. You needn't get up yet, it's very early. Maybe you ought to think a little bit about yourself."

She fell back in bed.

When he returned after two hours of aimless walking, aimless thought, not

much relieved, conscious of his age, appearance, Fanny had eaten and was reading in bed.

"What will you do?" he asked her.

"What do you mean?" Though her face was inexpressive, her voice wavered.

"What are your plans?"

She studied him unhappily. "I think I want to go to Rome, and maybe Naples, but all I have on me is fifty bucks in traveler's checks and about ten in bills and change."

"And your air ticket home." He handed it to her.

"And my air ticket home."

"I've packed," Dubin told her, "and we're checked out. Why don't you get dressed and meet me across the street in Alitalia at eleven? I'm told there are two flights to Rome this afternoon."

"What time is the first?"

"We can find out. If you decide not to go to Rome, you can have your ticket changed to the Air France late-afternoon flight to Paris and from there to New York."

"I've got a friend of mine to see in Rome."

She said it as though the friend were female, but he suspected a man.

He said he would see her at 11.

She arrived at 11:15 in a tight black dressy dress and black pumps—a stunning woman, or so it seemed. Dubin resisted a resurgence of desire—"*Carmen, il est temps encore*"—born of frustration, the overthrow of his late happy adventure.

They greeted each other politely. Fanny, before glancing up, looked seriously at the floor. Dubin nodded formally. She had on her smoked glasses, reflecting ceiling lights, and her Star of David—Jewish gentleman she was meeting in Rome?—and still wore Dubin's bracelet. Her light hair was full and thick. The girl could not have looked more attractive or, for that matter, more innocent. Why? My need to absolve her? He was moved to say, "Forget it, Fanny—a serious mistake, no doubt of it, but not fatal. The moment's mistake, not for all time. Let's talk it over, if you care to, and stay together for the rest of the week. Perhaps there's something for us both to recover."

But he couldn't bring himself to say it. Pain is divisive. It spoke one word: schmuck.

At my age, Dubin modified it, all young women are beautiful. I will keep it in mind and not hastily forgive her.

She paid for her ticket to Rome, but the biographer insisted she accept \$100 in cash. "It's not much, but if you're careful, and with what you have on you, you can stay abroad another week or two."

"Do you want your bracelet back?" She had slipped it off her wrist.

He flipped his fingers in annoyance. "It's yours. I bought it for you with

pleasure—affection. Do what you please with it."

"You could give it to Maud."

"Maud will have to inspire her own bracelets. Think of it as a parting gift."

"Do you think I deserve one?"

He laughed hoarsely.

"Are you punishing me with kindness?" Fanny asked.

"That wouldn't be kind."

She slipped her fingers through the gold band. Fanny dug into her suede bag and returned *Sons and Lovers*. He accepted the book.

The hotel baggage porter wheeled her suitcases to the dock on the canal. Dubin said he would see her off. "Why bother?" He said he preferred to.

They waited on the dock for the water taxi to return. It was another beautiful day, sky and water combining light; in the lagoon, a scattering of islands they had planned to visit and never would. If one could embrace the day.

"You'll like Rome," he said.

"Where are you headed?"

He wasn't sure.

"I'll bet you hate me."

"I wish we had done it differently."

She remarked, after a minute, "It was your fault as well as mine." Her lips were firm.

He nodded gravely. "What will you do when you get back to the States?"

She shrugged. "Maybe I might get married, maybe not."

Dubin advised her to go on with her studies.

"They can't teach you in college what I want to learn."

He asked her what she wanted to learn.

"I'm not sure."

"I see." He saw nothing.

The *motoscafo* was approaching.

"Take care of yourself, Fanny."

"Ciao. I appreciate what you did that time I got sick."

After mutual hesitation, they kissed lightly. Not better than nothing.

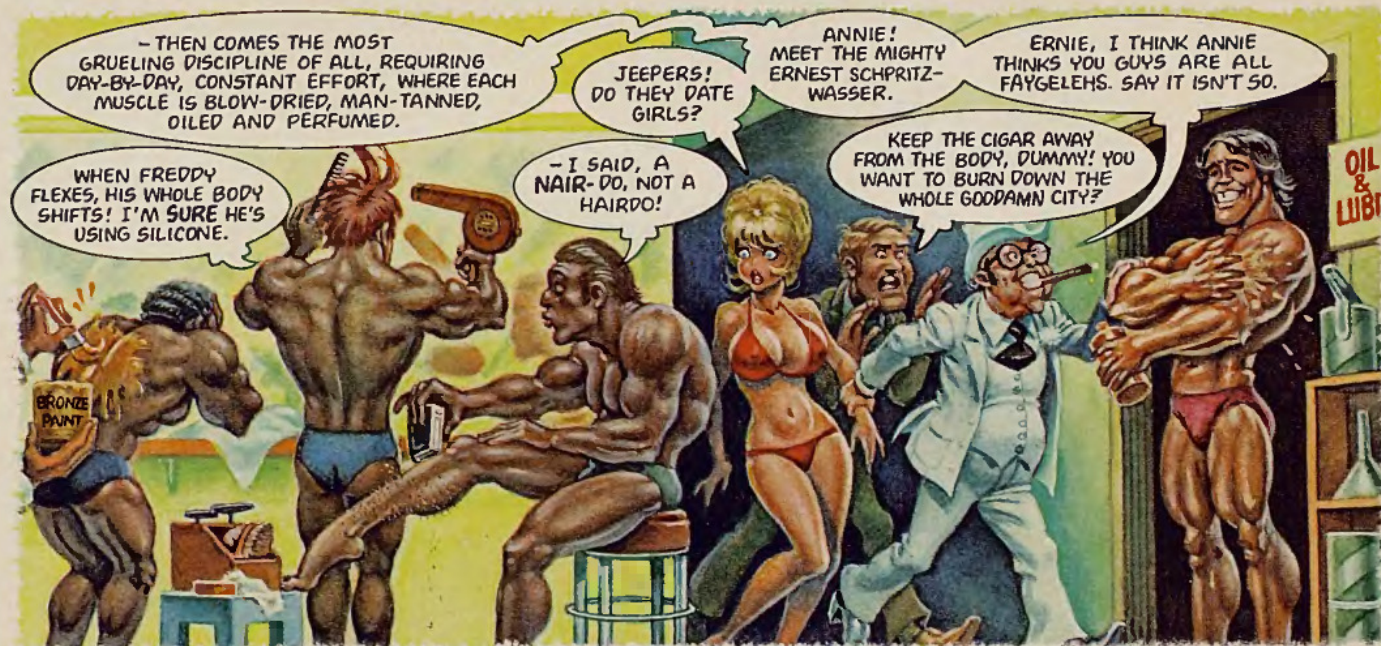
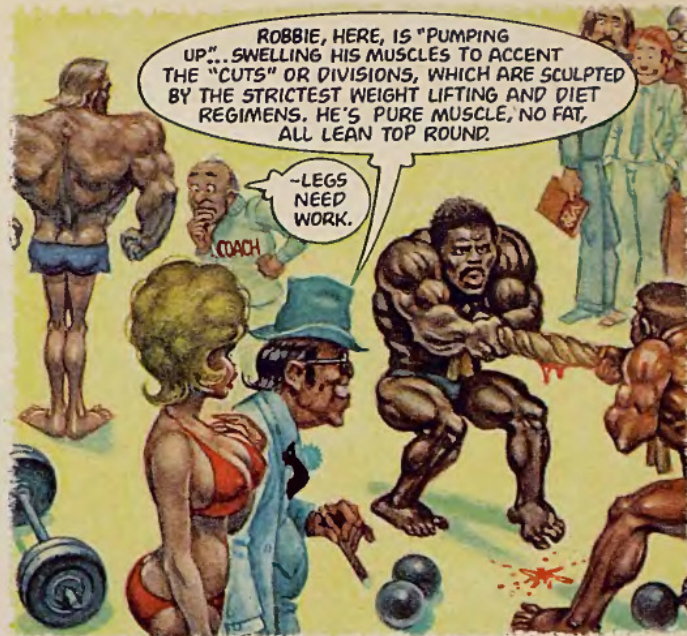
The motorboat slowly docked backward, piloted by a young *capitano* in lavender pants.

He wore a damp cigarette in the corner of his mouth and a white French sailor's cap with a red pompon. The *capitano* with gallant care assisted Fanny and her luggage into the chugging boat and seated her on the bench behind the wheel outside the cabin. There were no other passengers. He raised the accelerator, twirled the wheel and at once they were off in the water in a churning wide arc.

When the boat hit mid-canal, Fanny, her hair flying golden around her shoulders in sunlight, turned to wave to Dubin—to Venice? He lifted his hat, feeling as he did, glad at last to be alone, and had then his moment of pure elation.

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

WOW!
HE'S EVEN
GOT MUSCLES
IN HIS
TEETH!







Crystal by Baccarat

'Twas the night after...

...and all through the house, not a creature was stirring except the two of you as you sipped Amaretto di Saronno. The *originale*, beautifully wrapped for the holidays in the green velvet box with roses on the cover. The gift of love from Saronno, the village of love. Whether you give it, or receive it, Amaretto di Saronno means a memorable night after.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SPORTS

GOING NOWHERE IN A HURRY

If our exercise package beginning on page 241 leaves you hankering to be off and pedaling and you've neither the time nor the place to ride a bike, do the next-best thing (those with an aversion to being hit by a truck claim it's even better) and climb aboard an exercycle. When equipped with a speedometer/odometer and stationed in front of a picture window or TV, one of these machines can be almost fun to pump. Obviously, workouts on a regular basis call for self-discipline; you may not notice results immediately, but keep pedaling and see if your whole bod

doesn't take on a more healthy glow. Furthermore, you'll also find that as your body gets in shape, your sex life will improve, too. You can, of course, get those results by joining a health club, but we personally dig the convenience of having a private gym. Gentlemen, start pedaling.

—ROBERT L. GREEN



Top left: We'll lay odds that you've never seen a fat Finn; those hardy people from the north are taskmasters when it comes to keeping themselves in shape—and one of the ways they do it is by pumping a Tunturi training cycle that accurately measures work with an odometer, speedometer, timer and tension controls, imported by Mac Levy Products, \$350. Top right: Here's an even more inexpensive way to pump your way to better health; a Rotocycle, complete with speedometer, odometer and adjustable handle bars, by Vita Master, \$130. Bottom left: OK, muchachos, let's ride! And you'll be looking good, too, if you do it on a Swedish-designed Spa Training Cycle, with speedometer, odometer and tension controls, that collapses for easy storage, imported by Mac Levy Products, \$250. Bottom right: Look, Ma! No hands! And no excess baggage on the thighs or midriff bulge, either—just glowing good health and physical fitness when you work out regularly on a Walton #400, which also features an odometer, speedometer and finger-tip tension controls, from Gem Sporting Goods, \$129.90. (Cyclemates' shorts, tops and hats, except crazy cap, bottom left, from Unique Clothing Warehouse.)

THE SELF-SUFFICIENT PORSCHE

By the looks of it, and by the way it handles, you would expect the Porsche 924 to be high-strung and demanding. But it turns out to be one of the most practical of all sports cars.

Goes 500 highway miles on a single tankful.

The 924 is designed to cope with the energy crisis. It gets a surprising 31 miles per gallon on the highway ('77 EPA-estimated) and 17 mpg in the city, with standard transmission. Your actual mileage may vary according to where and how you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Has a carrying capacity of 18 cubic feet.

Thanks to pneumatic assists, the rear window/hatch lifts up

effortlessly, providing quick access to your belongings. For maximum space—an amazing 18 cubic feet—the rear deck folds down. And for privacy, there is a built-in cover that conceals your luggage.

Handles with ease.

The 924 belongs to a new generation of Porsches that uses the transaxle system. With the engine in front and transaxle in the rear, weight is almost perfectly balanced; handling is something you have to experience to believe.

Shifts for itself, if you wish.

In recognition of traffic conditions today, and acknowledging those who prefer not to shift, this is the first Porsche ever to have a fully automatic transmission as optional equipment.

Costs less than you think to own and care for.

The 924 costs under \$11,000.* And the engine was designed to make parts accessible and servicing easy, keeping repair bills to a minimum.

So, if you have to ask what it costs to own a Porsche, you may still be able to afford one.



DRIVE ONE OF OUR LEGENDS
PORSCHE
+AUDI

THE 1978 PORSCHE 924

*Suggested 1978 retail price \$10,995. Std. Trans. P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional. Automatic Transmission, sunroof and special wheels optional.

HOBBIES

FIRST-CLASS FEMALES



EQUATORIAL GUINEA

If you think today's breed of stamp collectors are little old men who live in musty garrets, wear two-inch-thick glasses and spend their every waking hour poring over collections of U.S. commemoratives, you haven't been to a philatelic convention lately. The modern collector, indeed, can often be found carefully examining his latest acquisition under a magnifying glass, but the reason for such close scrutiny is not necessarily to make sure all his latest acquisitions' perforations are in pristine shape.

High Renaissance, French Impressionist, Baroque, classical and modern erotic and semi-erotic female nudes are becoming increasingly popular as stamp art. And you can bet all but the most uptight philatelists are adding them to their collections. What's your preference? The bathers of Renoir, the native women of Gauguin, or do you lean toward the Italian nudes of Titian and Bressano? For derrière fans, there are works by Degas and Bonnard. Furthermore, your acquisitions needn't be limited to figures surrounded by nymphs and cherubs. There are beach scenes, lush forests primeval and the intimate quarters of a woman's bath, all awaiting the scrutiny of a glass.

To make your collecting even simpler, some stamp dealers are more than happy to put together special packages of nudes for your approval. Bob Ruck of Stamp Farm informs potential customers that he has

ROMANIA



HUNGARY

selections in specific categories, including "nudes on stamps." And the nudes he's referring to aren't diminutive in size. They are mostly "giant-sized, multicolored stamps picturing nudes at the bargain price of less than 10 cents per stamp."

It's a sure bet that you won't find these



AJMAN

beauties at your local post office. In fact, many weren't intended to see a first-day cover. Ajman and Fujaira, two tiny emirates south of the Oman Promontory, designed many varieties of stamps for state revenue. From 1961 to the early Seventies, they were a major source of income for the oilless countries and never were intended to serve

OMAN



FUJAIRA

legitimate postal purposes. You'll seldom see them in philatelic catalogs.

Oman's nude-stamp production reflects the sultan's interest in European art. And he has the petrodollars to buy the originals! Paraguay, a Catholic country, prefers printing the Roman erotics. Old-time collectors see nothing unusual in the nudes from Equatorial Guinea—except for the fact that the figures are now European rather than native. Socialist realism doesn't prevent Hungarian or Romanian stamp designers from adding a bit of Impressionistic spice to their issues.

Despite the fact that dozens of Lilliputian naked ladies are being turned out abroad, the U.S. has studiously avoided the nude stamp. Creating philatelic value is anathema to the Postal Service and it has judiciously avoided bare female flesh in favor of safer subjects such as astronauts and rural America.

There are three domestic dealers who specialize in nudes: Stamp Farm, LG3, Oxford, Wisconsin 53952; Summit, 11465 49th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11219; and Coleman Stamp Company, 411 Hawthorne, Smithville, Missouri 64089. All you need is a 10" x 14" matboard, a 35-cent bag of hinges and a cheap frame. Then you're ready to begin putting together a miniature erotic collection that art connoisseurs would eat their hearts out to have.

—BRIAN R. PETERSON

PARAGUAY



Cavett Redux

For those of you who went into mourning when ABC canceled "The Dick Cavett Show" some years back, you can take off your black arm bands—DICK CAVETT is back with a new, improved talk show, this time on PBS, a half hour, five times a week. "Because the show's on PBS," Cavett says, "I don't want people to think I'm just going to have logical positivists on. But the good thing about PBS is that if I wanted to have a logical positivist on, I wouldn't have to balance him with Phyllis Diller, who, incidentally, happens to be a metaphysician. She told me that herself. On the other hand, maybe she said she met a physician." Will the new show be as controversial as the old one? "You can't plan controversy," says Cavett, "but I don't think I could ever top the Mailer-Vidal fight I had on the network show." We'll just have to wait and see.



LIAISON AGENCY



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5



LYNN SWEIGART

Private Author

If there is a book of the year in 1978, it very well may be ROBERT COOVER'S "The Public Burning." A giant masterwork dealing with the electrocution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg for stealing atomic secrets, the book has already stirred considerable controversy because of its rather unashamed use of real characters (such as Richard Nixon) who do outrageous things (sexual perversions and so on). Six years ago, Coover was working on a novel about a pornographic-film hero named Lucky Pierre when he interrupted that to dash off something about the Rosenbergs. The interruption lasted until "The Public Burning" was completed. Coover now lives in England, where he is finishing the Lucky Pierre book and writing a play about Fernando Rojas, a Spanish bard who predated Cervantes. Coover has become known as a recluse because he shies away from publicity (despite the fact that he was a copy writer for Playboy's College Bureau back in 1961). When we wrote him a note congratulating him on the success of "The Public Burning," he wrote back, "I regret all that foofaraw attached to the new book. Hopefully, it will die down soon." Asked about his current writing, he remarked, "The less said the better." But Coover isn't really reclusive. He just knows what most good fiction writers know: If you talk it all out beforehand, you won't have very much left to write.

Model Money-maker

In the surprisingly tough woman-dominated business of agenting big-time fashion models, JOHNNY CASABLANCAS, young owner of the New York-based Elite Agency, has streaked to a position of eminence. His meteoric rise has left some people burned; there have been accusations of model stealing and threats of lawsuits by some rival agencies, which has prompted Casablancas to say, "They are jealous and angry because of my success. You cannot afford to go to court with mud on your hands, and there are things I know about them I have not yet revealed. This is a man's business, not a woman's. Female modeling agents always have competed and always will compete with their girls. They can't help it." Ring-side seats for the next round, anyone? No rabbit punches and no fingernails, please.

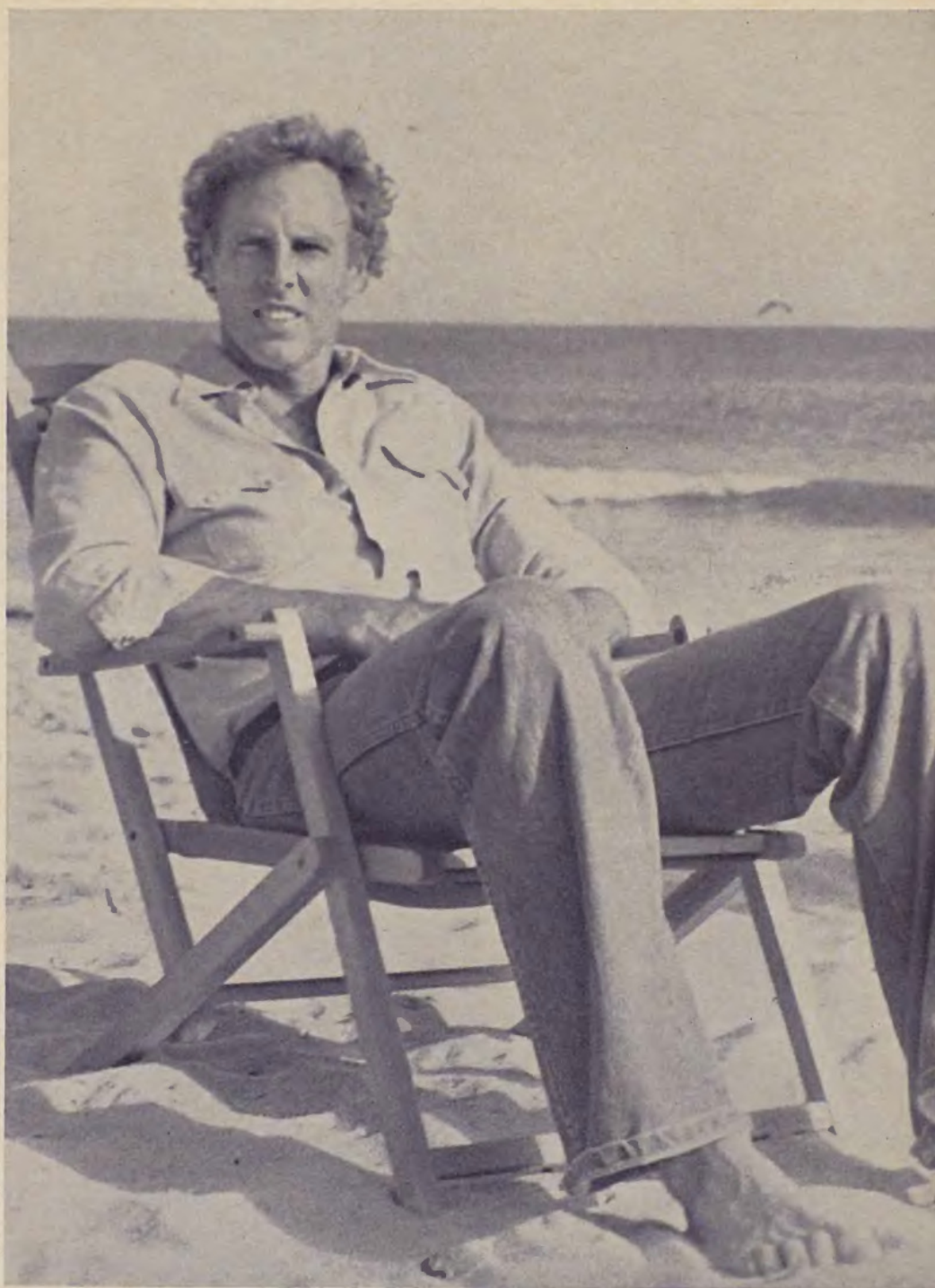


FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Celluloid Summer

DONNA SUMMER, the lady who made heavy breathing and other respiratory disorders fashionable, has just done a movie, "Thank God It's Friday." "It's a comedy, but some sad things happen," she says. Donna plays Nicole, a chanteuse who's trying to make it as a disco star and who would like to go bump in the night with the club's d.j. Eventually, the two dance off into the sunset. This is not Donna's first dramatic role. "I got into singing because it was easy for me. Black acting roles weren't available in the United States when I started out, so I went to Europe and did a lot of musicals and TV there. Acting gives me more—I like to explore other people through roles. Singing, on the other hand, is more giving to others." Yeah, like giving them high blood pressure. We asked if she is, in real life, as steamy as she sounds. "People tend to think you are what you sing. They expect me to prance around in a negligee. Now, I can be sexy, but no one in the world really acts that way—at least no one I've ever met."

NANCY ELLISON/SYGMA



Keeping Busy

There are lots of interesting little facts about BRUCE DERN. Such as that his uncle is poet Archibald MacLeish. And that he lost his virginity in Kankakee, Illinois. "When we were kids, we used to go down to a whorehouse in Kankakee. Most of my friends became men there. But me, I lost it at the sink—before I ever got to the whore's bed. She still charged me ten dollars. It was humiliating. I begged her to let me stay in her room. She relented and sat there knitting a scarf while I waited for a decent amount of time to pass."

But Dern—veteran of over 100 TV shows and 34 films—isn't one to cry over spilt whatever. He has two big films opening in the first half of 1978: "Coming Home," with Jane Fonda and Jon Voight, in which he appears as a disillusioned Marine captain back from Vietnam; and "The Driver," in which he plays a modern-day detective, one-upping it with wheelman Ryan O'Neal. When he's not in front of the cameras, Dern runs—six to seven miles daily. "It's absolutely essential that I do an hour and a half after I get home from the studio and before I sit down to dinner. I need to separate my two selves—and running does that for me." And what would he have been if he hadn't become an actor? "I'd have worked for the Park Service. Being superintendent of Yellowstone would have been fun."

INSIDE STORY

Sexual fantasies may be raw onions on the juicy steak of love, but what your mind actually cooks up to make the experience spicier can be as different as breakfast, lunch and dinner, depending on whether you're masturbating, daydreaming or fucking. This was disclosed in a study conducted by Dr. Richard Mednick, a New York psychologist who examined the sexual fantasy patterns of nearly 100 men and women to see what the differences were.

He found that, for women, daydreaming often meant aggression. They thought of themselves as coming on superstrong to a gorgeous stud who succumbed to their charms. But when getting themselves off, or making it with a lover, women frequently imagined that they were the traditional object of sexual attention—guys made all the advances to them.

When Dr. Mednick studied male fantasy patterns, he discovered that during daydreaming, guys also had a tendency to think of themselves as aggressors. While masturbating, they imagined themselves as sex objects—again, just like females. It was while screwing that men's self-image differed from that of the opposite sex—they saw themselves as the aggressor.

The psychologist told us his study shows that, in spite of all the changing cultural and sexual roles in our society, our fantasies may be the one place left where we can bring balance back into our lives and experiment with behavior that we might not feel comfortable acting out but that turns us on as it simmers in our brain.

ROADS SCHOLARS

Nighttime on a lonely, winding road. A beautiful, helpless woman stands beside her stalled car, anxiously waving at each passing motorist for aid. Will someone stop?

Don't bet on it. Results of an experiment published in the *Journal of Social Psychology* show that females alone on a road at night are *least* likely to receive help. A single man or a man and a woman together stand a much better chance of being rescued.

The scientists who made this discovery at California State University in Northridge had originally set out to see if the sex of a "victim" affected chances of getting assistance. They hypothesized that drivers would be more obliging on a heavily trafficked road than on a deserted one, that aid would be more available during the day and that women would get help much faster than men.

They guessed right only about the busy roads. Drivers were more inclined to stop both for men and for women—day or night didn't matter—as long as there were plenty of other cars around. However, quiet dark lanes represented the biggest problem to the single woman, because motorists viewed her as a decoy for her mugger boyfriend.

OH, FUDGE!

Goddamn it! Fuck! Shit! Piss! Those are some garden-variety epithets that most men fling around when they're angry, frustrated or just want to let off steam. After all, using foul language is a manly prerogative. But when women talk that way, they tell a different story. California psychiatrist Dr. Aaron Stern told us that there are a number of reasons why a female will use cuss words—when she's not in bed, that is. Here are just a few:

She may be affecting a kind of *machismo* because of her own insecurity, taking on the male role to prove she's one of the boys.

She may want to give the impression of being promiscuous, so she'll use a lot of four-letter sex-oriented words. This tends to turn men off, because she seems a little too much like them—even while indicating that she's a quick fuck.

A woman who might not be comfortable socially overcompensates by acting tough and cool with her vocabulary so people think she knows what's going on.

Even if a man thinks a woman is sexy because of her use of language, there's a good chance that she'll be uptight and unable to translate her feelings into the physical act of love. The curse words are a mask for her sexual anxiety.

BAD VIBES

Nymphomania. That word evokes visions of women frantically hopping from cock to cock in their ceaseless search for erotic satisfaction. "It's not a useful term from the standpoint

of either diagnosis or treatment," asserts Dr. Theresa Crenshaw of the University of California Medical School, San Diego. "There is, however, a syndrome called noninfectious clitoritis. It's a chronic irritation of the clitoris—and is very rare. A woman can get it from too much masturbation with an electric vibrator—four to six hours or more daily, over a period of years. The resultant inflammation causes her to feel constantly aroused and she can orgasm at the slightest movement."

HIDDEN ASSET

Ever wonder why a woman doesn't have her clitoris behind her ear? Or on her neck? Because it was put where it is for protection and direction, reports *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*. It's located near enough to the genitals to be a guide for the budding woman. As a child, when she gropes around down there, she'll encounter her clitoris and the pleasure it gives her and will begin to respond to her vagina as an area of excitement. And she'll begin to discover erotic situations in nonsexual experiences such as horseback riding and bicycling. If it were actually *in* the vagina, she'd have the desire to screw incessantly and would start reproducing much too soon. —HOWARD SMITH



One nice way to celebrate the new year is by hanging a naughty picture on the wall. The Erotic Art Masterpieces calendar for 1978 features a delectable variety of them, such as Ingres's "The Turkish Bath," above, plus info on famous erotic personalities' birth dates. Order the calendar from Two Continents, 30 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017, for \$5.45.

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SA-5470	399.95	85 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.8 μ V	36.2dBf
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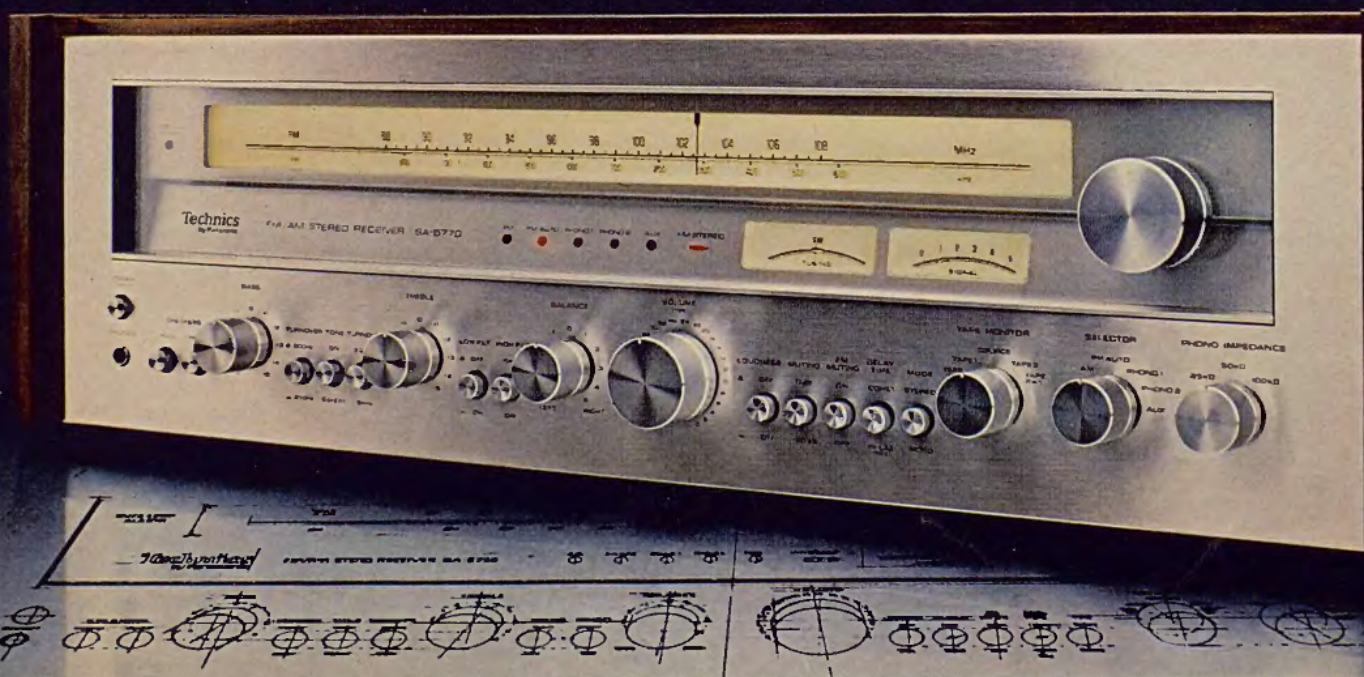
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NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S GALA HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

IRWIN (RICH MAN, POOR MAN) SHAW SPINS A YARN ABOUT HOW AN AGGREGATION OF FOOTBALL CASTOFFS COULD HAVE CLOBBERED THE N.F.L. WITH A LITTLE GYPSY KNOW-HOW, IN **"FULL MANY A FLOWER"**

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, IN A REMINISCENT MOOD, CONFESSES ALL TO **CATHERINE CHAINE** IN A **"CONVERSATION ON SEX AND WOMEN"**

ALEX (ROOTS) HALEY INTRODUCES EXCERPTS FROM HIS GREATEST **PLAYBOY** HITS: **"ALEX HALEY'S CANDID CONVERSATIONS"**

MEL BROOKS, THE MAD GENIUS OF **SILENT MOVIE**, GIVES **PLAYBOY** READERS AN EXCLUSIVE ADVANCE LOOK AT THE NUTTIER SCENES FROM HIS UPCOMING HITCHCOCK TAKE-OFF, **"HIGH ANXIETY"**

ERICH SEGAL PLAYS A WRY NEW TWIST ON THE OLD PACT-WITH-THE-DEVIL STORY IN **"DOCTOR FASTEST"**

DAN GREENBURG REVISITS **SANDSTONE** FOR ITS GRAND FINALE AND FINDS HE'S JEALOUS: ANOTHER MAN'S SPOUSE IS UNFAITHFUL TO HIM, YET. IT'S ALL IN **"TAKE MY WIFE—PLEASE"**

DR. J. ALLEN HYNEK AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED EXPERTS FUEL UP THE FLYING-SAUCE CONTROVERSY IN A **"PLAYBOY PANEL: UFOS"**

JIM HARWOOD SPELLS OUT THE DOLLARS-AND-CENTS REASONS BEHIND THE FACT THAT THE NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIEHOUSE MAY SOON BE A THING OF THE PAST IN **"HOLLYWOOD GOES BIG-BUDGET BANANAS"**; **PENNFIELD JENSEN** REVEALS SOME OF THE INDUSTRY'S SPECIAL-EFFECTS SECRETS (E.G., PAINT-FILLED CONDOMS EQUAL BLOOD-SPURTING WOUNDS) IN **"SO THAT'S HOW THEY DO IT!"**; AND, AS A SPECIAL HOLIDAY GIFT FROM THE **PLAYBOY** STAFF, A NEW BOARD GAME, **"THE HOLLYWOOD HUSTLE."** IT'S ALL PART OF A GIGANTIC PACKAGE ON THE MOVIES. ALSO: **FEDERICO FELLINI**, **MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI**, **LOUIS MALLE**, **RICHARD BROOKS**, **SAM PECKINPAH**, **GORDON PARKS**, **ROGER VADIM** AND **JERRY SCHATZBERG** SHOW US WHAT TURNS THEM ON IN **"MOVIE DIRECTORS' EROTIC PORTFOLIOS"**

BRAD HOLLAND, **PLAYBOY**'S **RIBALD** CLASSIC ILLUSTRATOR, OFFERS A COLLECTION OF INCISIVE POLITICAL DRAWINGS WITH COMMENTARY BY **THE NEW YORK TIMES**' **TOM WICKER**: **"HUMAN SCANDALS"**

JUDITH WAX REMINDS US OF ALL THE WACKY THINGS THAT HAPPENED DURING THE PAST 12 MONTHS IN **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**

PLUS: **"THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LITTLE ANNIE FANNY AND MUSCLEMAN"**; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; **"THE YEAR IN SEX,"** AN IRREVERENT LOOK AT LIFE AND LUST IN 1977; **"PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL AWARDS,"** EXPANDED TO HONOR ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY AS WELL AS WRITING; **"THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA,"** SUGGESTIONS FOR LAST-MINUTE HOLIDAY GIFTING; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEWS WITH **DON MEREDITH**, **LIV ULLMANN** AND **SYLVESTER STALLONE**; **"THE DARKWATER HALL MYSTERY,"** A DEADPAN SPOOF OF THE SHERLOCK HOLMES THRILLERS BY **KINGSLEY AMIS**; **"MIND CONTROL,"** A TWO-PART INVESTIGATION OF THE MENTAL-HEALTH INDUSTRY BY **PETER SCHRAG**; AN EXCITING SLICE FROM **GRAHAM GREENE**'S NEW SPY NOVEL, **"THE HUMAN FACTOR"**; **"THE FAINT,"** A HUMOROUS SHORT STORY BY **JOHN UPDIKE**; AND BEHIND-THE-SCENES VISITS TO TWO OF THE COMING YEAR'S BIGGEST MOVIES, **FRANCIS COPPOLA**'S **APOCALYPSE NOW** AND **LOUIS MALLE**'S **PRETTY BABY**.

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